THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A... Weekly
Found... Benj. Franklin

Volume 197, Number 28

JAN. 10, 1925

5cts. THE COPY

Richard Washburn Child—Herbert Johnson—Charles Brackett—Henry Milner Rideout
Samuel G. Blythe—Thomas McMorrow—Nina Wilcox Putnam—Will Levington Comfort

© C. OF W. 1924

"THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE"

© H. H. Co.

NEVER before, Madame, have you had such a wonderful opportunity as this—to match the loveliness of your every costume with lovely hosiery. And Fashion, today, demands just that.

In Holeproof Hosiery, first of all, you have the very smartest of new shades, tints and colors. And the actual colors are enhanced by the lustrous richness of finest silk—flawless in texture. For only highest quality *in everything* is permitted in the making of this exquisite hosiery.

There are filmiest chiffons—styles with lace effect Paris clockings—sheerest silk in the light and heavier weights, both full-fashioned and mock-seam. Other styles, too, in fine lisle, in worsted, and in silk and worsted.

In all of them workmanship is perfect. Trim, neat fit—from toes to tops—is invariable. Many painstaking inspections make very sure of this. Streaky or uneven texture is similarly guarded against, so that Holeproof, now, is the exquisite hosiery for every costume.

At many good stores you can see the correct, new Holeproof styles. Prices are moderate; durability is proverbial. If your favorite store hasn't it, write direct for illustrated price list. Styles also for men and children.

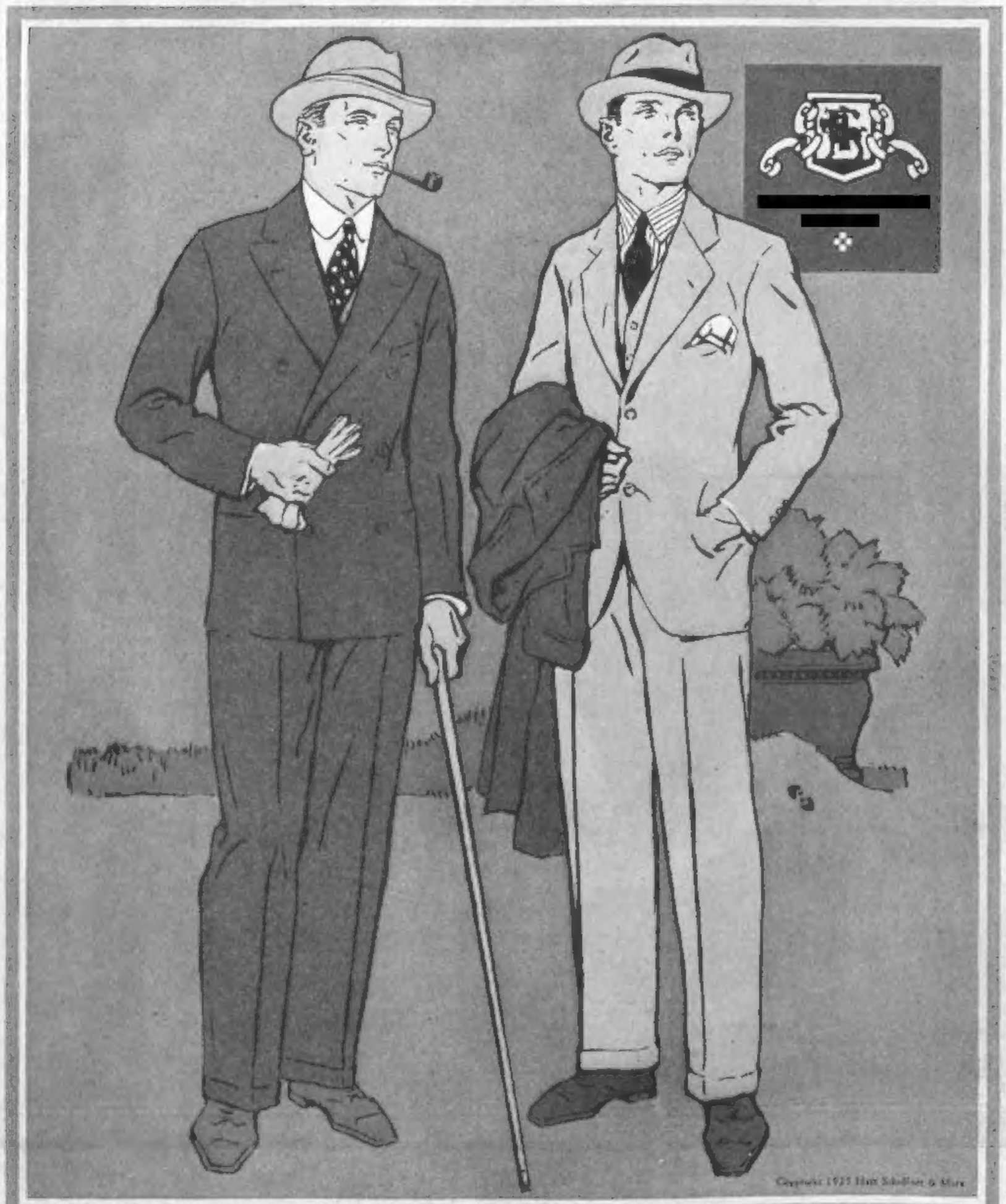
An Exquisite Hosiery

for every costume

Rich fabrics and color of the new mode demand this. Shorter, more clinging skirts require greater discrimination in choosing.

Holeproof Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN :: HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO



TWO NEW
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX STYLES

Young men who are "up" on style - and most of them are - will see exactly what they've been looking for in these new suits Wider shoulders, pockets and buttons are lower; the coats have a suggestion of a waist line; they are shorter and snug over the hips - "gathering" in slightly the hip-fullness of the trousers They're smart all right and our fine fabrics and needlework go with them

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1925, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

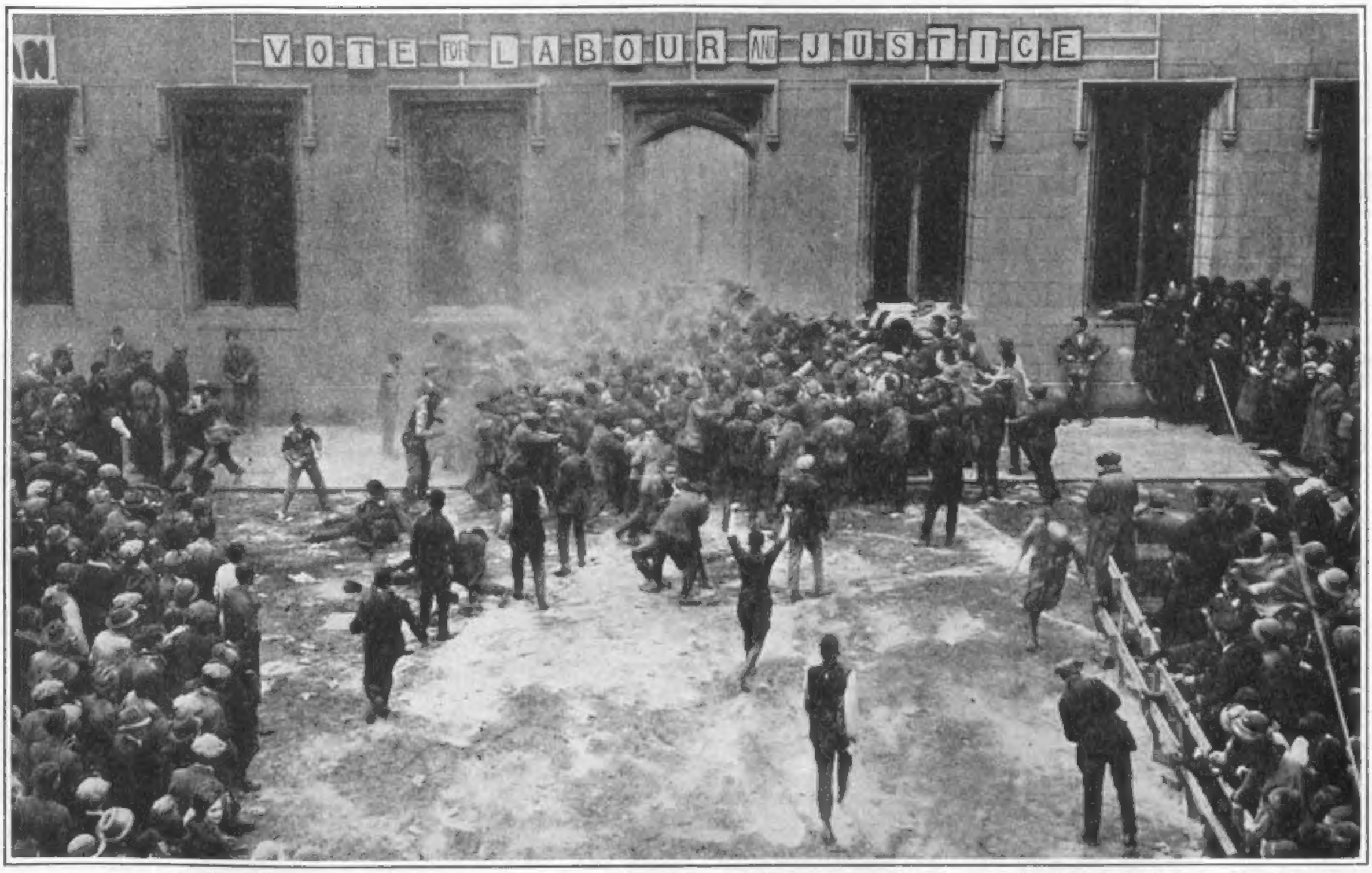
Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 10, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 28

GREAT BRITAIN MUST DECIDE



Scotch Students Take Politics Seriously, Judging by the Election Battle Pictured Above, Which Shows Unionists Attacking the Labor Stronghold at Aberdeen University

By Richard Washburn Child

ONCE upon a time British politics was a subject which a college professor made a bore. We learned something about British politics and rather regretted having done so. British politics did not seem to touch our lives. **It was a rather muddy subject and far away.**

Today the continuity of the British Government and of the British Empire, its prosperity or its decline and its solution of its social problems are as exciting and as simple as a baseball game, and vastly more interesting to the American, because the way in which it goes may give a push to the destinies of our own national life.

If anyone desires to go over the files of letters and propaganda from Moscow, released by various secret services, one will find that the Russian Bolshevist régime has never wavered in its opinion about Great Britain. More moderate socialism has never wavered about it. In my own contacts with diplomatic and secret representatives of the Soviet Government I have learned that the following conclusion goes without saying: **Great Britain is the main key to world revolution and to the advance of evolutionary** socialism.

When I read, years ago, a kind of primer of British politics and government, bound in red, I could not work up a great interest in battles between Tories and Whigs and other parties and shades of opinion about a budget, a colonial policy or even the proposal to build a tunnel under the Channel in order to save half an hour and the smelling salts.

Today, motoring, I passed through an industrial town where, as if to symbolize angry futility, the cold black ruins of the town hall, burned down a few years ago by a mob, remain to memorialize this current period of new industrial and political experiment. **An election is over and whether or not we like to believe it, whether or not the British** like to believe it, and regardless of one's own partisanship, wherever it may lie, the result of this election has one clear meaning. **Do not be deceived into** believing that this sweeping Conservative majority in Parliament means that the battle **is over and the final decision taken. Depend upon it that the one clear fact which** stands up as hard as flint, is that in the next few years an empire which achieved an unparalleled greatness in a space which, when one begins to figure, is less than three hundred years, will have to take a decision, unlike the mere settlement of any ordinary question, even one dividing political parties. It will not be a final decision of what to **do but of what to be.**

When the garnishings and masks, the frills and the deceptions, the trappings and the middle courses are stripped away, the question remains, Is Great Britain to continue with a system of constitutional government no matter how liberal, or step over into a whole new field of political, economic and social theory labeled Socialism, no matter how **conservative? Like it or not, Great Britain must decide.**

She is being drawn toward that final decision. This election with its overwhelming majority of Conservative seats in Parliament has been heralded by the world called "capitalistic and bourgeois"—to use a term out of the mouths of the radicals—as a return to normalcy, almost a final answer to socialism. The European—and American—press has given the impression that the reaction against newly proposed forms of government has come and bids fair to put its foot on the necks of the bleeding doctrines of one Mordecai, alias Karl Marx. But with the election and all its results passing under my nose on English soil, and the voices of many of the prominent participants in my **ears, I do not read it so.**

To me this election with its wiping out of the Liberal Party, its elimination of middle-course leadership which finally straddled out, means, as Wheatley, the defeated Labor Minister of Health, was saying in one of the postelection swan songs, that at last it is clear that now there are only two camps and one battle.

How that battle will be decided in the end I will say later, but nothing could be more evident than that the British since the war have steadily moved toward that issue. We in the United States, still far away from any substantial problems of that kind, often think of the simmering British conflict of political forces as being like our own. We have been seeing a good many ghosts and misusing a good many words and meanings, while the British are facing a slow crystallization of realities in proposed transformation. I do not say that Great Britain is facing any impending violent revolution, meaning complete and violent overturn of the established system of government under which she has reached her greatness, but I do say that between the condition of the United States and that of Great Britain there is a gulf of difference. Great Britain has seen, heard and smelled the proposals of revolution, sometimes "moderate" and masked, and sometimes unmasked and bald; we are still in a position where, comparatively free from her difficulties and her vexatious experience, we may, with great profit, observe what she has to meet and what methods are successful and what are futile in meeting it.

The Requiem of British Labor Government. Reading on the Front Steps of the Royal Exchange, London, the Royal Proclamation Dissolving Parliament

The Late Government's Handicaps

IN MANY ways the MacDonald government showed moderation; in some it showed wisdom. The extreme reactionary elements of the Conservative Party—the Die-Hards—have been telling me that the MacDonald government died because it was not fit to govern, and that it was not fit to govern because it engaged in flirtations with the nightmares of communist chaos. The communists tell me that it died because it was too timid. It would have died in any case. You could have labeled it with any party label in the world, no matter how reactionary, no matter how radical. It would have died under any banner of any theory of government, under the flag of any social force, besieged or besiegers, for the simple reason that it lacked training and ability to run the engine, especially as a minority engineer. The engine is a much larger engine and a much more delicate mechanism than the Labor Party foresaw when its ministry took it in charge.

Looking back on that administration of Labor, fairness requires anyone to admit that Labor did not have anything like a complete control. There were reasons for that. First, Labor had no majority in Parliament; it was a "permissive" ministry. Second, it had the burden of all new movements based on theoretical program—it had its quota of extremists and of jealous personalities. Extremists helped to involve the Labor Party in the tangle of pro-Russian intrigue which, exaggerated by the Conservative campaign, brought Labor to grief in these elections. Jealousies between personalities such as the warm and rather magnetic emotional MacDonald and the rather coldly intellectual and physically invalid Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, could have been foreseen by all those who have watched new causes and untried movements. Reformers the world around have deep love for human kind except that particular human kind which sets up competition challenging their own leadership of reform. No one is so irritated by a Roosevelt as a La Follette; no one is so exasperated by a Colonel House as a Wilson. Third, the British Empire is not a new vehicle which Labor could crank up and start in motion. It has motion; it has ponderous motion. To steer it out of its track by any swift reckless twists of its constitutional steering gear would overturn the whole machine. MacDonald had in his ears the cries of those who screamed "Turn to the Left!" But moderation not only appeared to be his choice, it was, in fact, his necessity.

Fourth and finally, Labor had all it could do to scrape together a ministry which even Labor itself would pronounce fit for the job. I have heard no one saying that MacDonald was to blame. He did the best he could, but that best in terms of men not only fit by character and wisdom but also by training and experience, was not impressively good. Aside from all social and political theories and labels, government is an art. One does not expect a man who has never held a brush to produce on the first day a technic like that of a Gainsborough or a Reynolds.

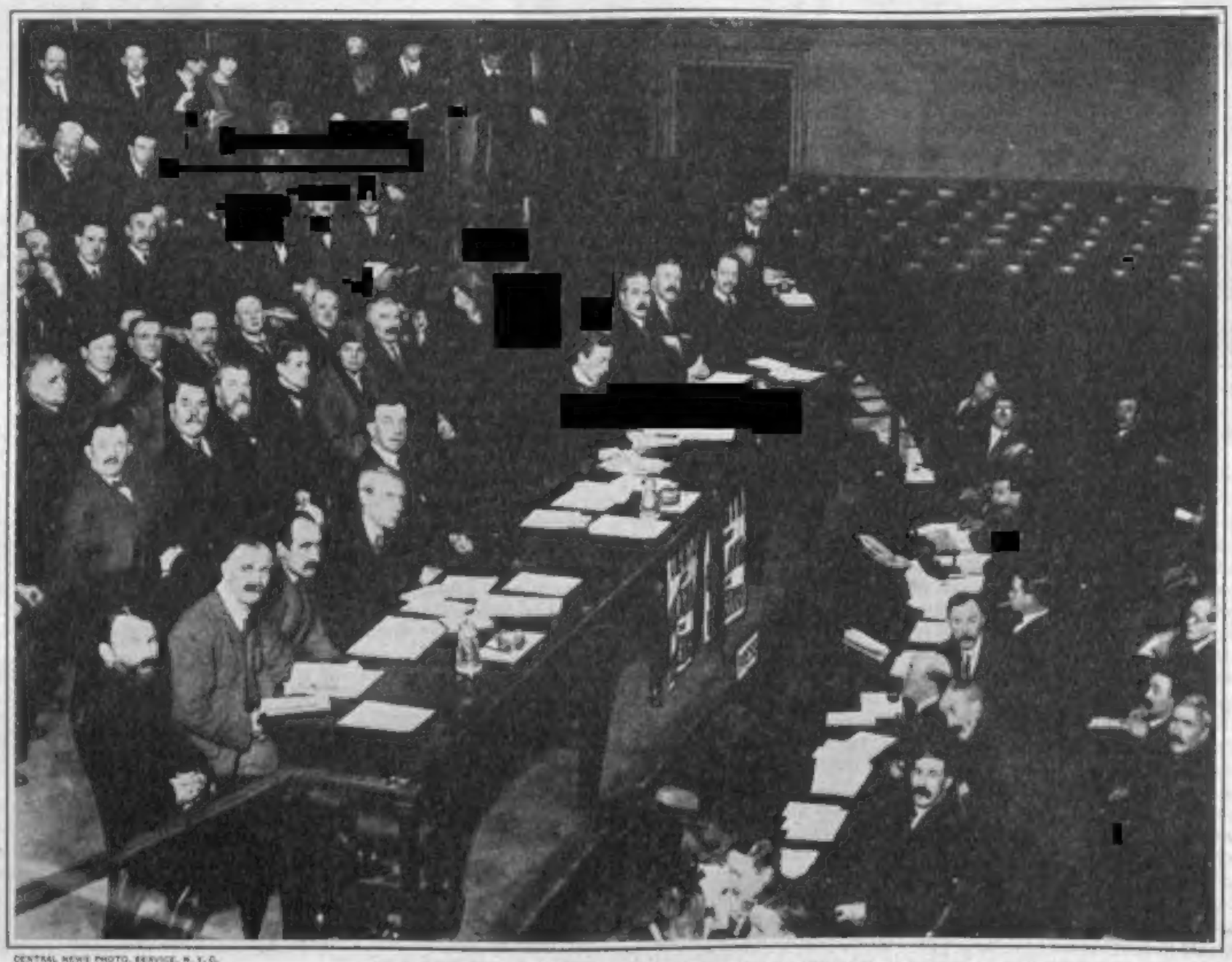
With these disadvantages the Labor Party in one form or another, and in the sense that in whatever form there is a suggestion of overturn evolutionary or revolutionary of the economic system, had its rather timid or moderate inning in a movement directed toward socialism.

Labor Party Leaders in American Terms

WHEN the American citizen compares the political situation in his own country with that in Great Britain I wonder whether there is any realization of the gulf of difference in the advance of radicalism. I was struck suddenly by this fact as I sat in one of the living rooms at 10 Downing Street waiting for an appointment and talking with one of the cabinet while the noise of Labor moving out went on around us. Suppose, I thought, that the President of the United States was MacDonald.

Now MacDonald, as I have seen him in conversation and at moments of stress, is a conscientious and magnetic personality. Petty considerations sometimes obscure his larger view, but in his larger view he did a great deal of effective, sympathetic and generous work for the cause of European settlement. It must not be forgotten that he was following policies in part laid down by his conservative predecessors. I know some of the men who worked with him before and during the London Conference, and from the French, the German and our own point of view, there was nothing small about MacDonald. His touch on European reparations and loan questions was the touch of a liberal and a conciliator, and it is not certain that the same could be said of some well-meaning and perplexed Conservatives and Liberals who preceded him. Nevertheless if MacDonald had

(Continued on Page 130)



CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

The Labor Party in Conference to Hear Report on Ireland

OVERBALANCE OF POWER

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

A FEW days before the opening of the Versailles Peace Conference, Woodrow Wilson made a great speech in England, almost overcoming British fears that the idealism of the League of Nations might interfere with strictly British freedom of and balance of power on the seas. The same day, in the French Chamber of Deputies, Georges Clemenceau—having shortly before welcomed the American President to Europe with many Latin embraces—insisted that while the League might also be the French ideal, the absolute necessity of France was to be a strong unit in a new balance of power. The old phrase was a shock to the exalted Allied amenities of that epoch, and there the row began that made both the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations what they are today.

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

The German Reichstag at the Time of the Presentation of the New Cabinet

"Balance of power" had been the European watchword for centuries. The overbalance and subsequent crash of Napoleon raised superambitions in other European breasts; even the strong leadership then assumed by England could not succeed on the Continent without bargains, alliances and ententes. She maneuvered a balance of power that often kept the peace, but the adjustment became more and more delicate, finally causing an overbalance that resulted in the World War.

America, in her foreign relations, has been able to ignore these infinitely subtle and difficult questions. We have tried to be friends with everybody. Our frontiers are far apart, our language and our system of education the same everywhere. We have carried on quite well by ourselves, and since our infancy the threat of a foreigner has never seriously disturbed us. Recently, however, the balance-of-power specter has risen from within. Combinations in Congress have upset or held up legislation. Some among us also believed that La Follette and his party might so disturb the classic political balance as to make President Coolidge's election doubtful.

The British Party System

THE European idea of international balance of power, on which new alliances are forming even now, was born in ministries of foreign affairs, back in the days of Cardinals Wolsey and Richelieu. From these the poison still spreads down to the very bottom of European politics. It speedily developed in the parliaments. There it frequently results in overbalances that cause governments and even thrones to totter and fall.

Close frontiers, different languages, clashing systems of education—all make for both individualism and ultranationalism. Nearly every country on the Continent has a political crisis on an average every six months. It is sometimes amusing, often theatrical and always foreign to the American conception of politics. These internal crises are caused by the same germ that in foreign relations blossoms into treaties that spell balance of power. Clemenceau resurrected the phrase "balance of power," in its international sense, jolting the Peace Conference to its base. A different phrase is used for the internal overbalances. In parliamentary rather than ministerial language, the idea is labeled the bloc system; or, to be right up to the minute, the latest word, now become common in France, is "cartel."

My first impression was that the so-called bloc system came from that very human and fertile maxim—two can live as cheaply as one. The marriage of European political parties is quite as often polygamous as monogamous, yet the basic idea seemed prompted by the thought that Jack and Jill could both live together—in office—more cheaply than either could live—out of office. Then this new word cartel cropped up. In France nowadays one only hears of the Cartel des Gauches, or the Left Bloc, that is running the government. The word cartel originally meant a provocation to a duel. Later it became a provisional convention between two enemies for ransom and exchange of prisoners and for the burial of dead. Thus in a sense it is like one of our fusion tickets. It contains no thought of brotherly love. Its aim is simply to conduct burial services over hostile parties.

In order to understand these latter-day blocs, or cartels, of European politics it is necessary to recall certain fundamental differences between European governments and our own. Practically every government on the Continent is copied from the British parliamentary system. The King reigns, but he does not govern. He is forced to call upon the chief of the majority in Parliament to form a cabinet. The cabinet does the actual work of government so long as it enjoys the confidence of its parliamentary majority.

The same situation exists in France. The President of the republic resides at the Élysée Palace, enjoys a handsome salary and is known as the chief of state. The real chief of government is the Prime Minister, who holds his job just so long as he can keep his Chamber of Deputies in order. Once he gets an adverse vote on any question that calls for confidence in his scheme of work, he is forced to resign. The President then calls the leader of the successful opposition to rally round.

This plan of cabinet government grew up in England with the two-party system. The Conservatives and Liberals, or Tories and Whigs, as they were formerly called, date back to the seventeenth century. Obviously the system worked better with two parties, as is shown by the difficulties which England has had since the advent of the Labor Party. Before the Labor Party there were, of course, certain small independent parliamentary groups, notably the Irish Home Rule group, which for brief seasons did hold a balance of power. But nothing startling ever happened. When the British system spread to the Continent it was an entirely different story. There it worked out very differently, because the two-party system never had a chance.

In America and in England it is necessary for parties to grow. They cannot be made out of whole cloth or adopted like a scheme of government. This is one reason why the two-party system has not been successful in Europe. Our two great American parties developed out of fundamental differences of opinion regarding our form of government. The Federalists, or Whigs, wanted a strong national government, while the Democrats supported states' rights. The slavery issue, which led to the formation of the Republican Party, really only carried on an old fight. The Republicans took the Union viewpoint, which was the Whig viewpoint, while the Democrats carried states' rights to the extreme of secession.

The English Tories and Whigs likewise had fundamental differences of opinion that colored all their party development. The Tory aim was to strengthen the power of the King, while that of the Whigs was to limit it. Immediate issues changed, but throughout history the Tories, or Conservatives, have favored the powers that be, while Whigs, or Liberals, have aimed at restricting these powers, whether they be called royal or economic or what not.

The Seating of the Blocs

ON THE European Continent there is also this fundamental difference or division between Conservatives and Liberals, but it has never grown into two well-defined, well-organized political parties. Temperament of most Continental peoples differs radically from that of the Anglo-Saxons. This is particularly true of Latins, where the racial individualism makes impossible political teamwork or party discipline. But whatever the causes may be, there is no mistaking the result. There is no Continental country where the two-party system has taken root. Each country has anywhere from five to fifteen parties, and it is the rare exception for any one of them ever to have a clear majority in its Parliament.

From this plurality of parties we get the phrases "the extreme left," "the left," "the center," "the right," and "the extreme right." These are the everyday aids in distinguishing the party's political tendencies. The most famous and picturesque of all Continental houses of parliament is the ancient Palais Bourbon in Paris that shelters the Chamber of Deputies.

The room where this often unruly and always demonstrative body foregathers is almost an exact half circle, or shaped like a spread fan. The seats run back, with aisles between, like the leaves of the fan. The tribune of the president, or speaker, is the point where all the leaves join to form the handle. As the speaker faces the assembly, from his extreme right to his extreme left the political

(Continued on Page 118)

TENTH-WORD LOVE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS late May and there was a smell of hyacinths through the house. Under the map of Fairyland in the nursery the children were eating the first strawberries, stewed of course.

Katherine the Small, who was already a lady at four, ate hers with a spoon, spilling only a little; but Patricia, who at two and a half gave no promise of being one, ever, lifted her saucer and drained it, and red streams coursed down her chins and her bib, and made her look microscopically carnivorous.

Katherine the Great said "Please, Patty!" in an exhausted voice. "You're making such a mess!"

It had been a frightful morning. Lena had been sulky because she'd been asked not to take it for her day, and finally as a compromise measure Katherine had had to let her off until four, which would give Katherine time to dress before the men arrived; and Sarah the cook had been cross because a guest was coming, and muttered things about the comparative size of her wages and Mrs. Wilmerding's Margaret's; and the landlord's agent had come just when the children were dressed to make pies, and their continuous howls had made hideous his intrinsically unpleasant stay, and Patty had somehow disturbed the equilibrium of a large ladder, and in trying to keep it from falling on her Katherine the Great had caught it on her own leg, which now hurt like fury.

"Pats is a bad little girl, isn't she?" Katherine the Small remarked in a complacently conversational tone.

"Well, I think you're a very smug one," Katherine the Great told her, rather tartly.

"Smug" sent Katherine the Small into gales of laughter, during which she, too, dripped vegetable gore.

Katherine the Great thought about Doug's telegram again with perhaps a slight increase of irritated resentment.

"Can't get home until four-thirty tomorrow. Bringing Monty. Love. Doug."

It wasn't the conventional reaction of the young wife to an unexpected guest which troubled Katherine the Great. Indeed "bringing Monty" were the only two words in the message which didn't irritate her.

"Can't get home!" she repeated in a disdainful voice when she had put both babies in their cribs and was waiting to see whether either of them would think up something which really deserved attention.

"Can't get home!"

And to those words she added the ultimate "love" with a sound which, had it come through a less pretty nose, would certainly have been a snort.

Why couldn't Doug have said frankly that Helen was giving an amusing party and he didn't want to miss it? There was no need for him to whine and be oblique.

He Opened the Telegram With Hands Which Trembled, Which Was Sheer Asininity

Katherine had sensed what had happened when she first read the wire yesterday, and the morning Times had borne her out.

"MISS CAVOUR ENTERTAINS

"Miss Helen Cavour, of Cavour's Martin, entertained a party of twelve last night at the Budapest. Among the guests were the Duchess of Porchester and her daughter Lady Hilda Vernay; Gif Ins, the Hungarian portrait painter; Prince Rospiglini, Ramon Ricardo ——"

Doug's name hadn't appeared, but Katherine knew he'd been there, unconscious of his shabby dinner coat and very elated with his breath of the old life.

Katherine could picture just how it had happened. He'd called up Helen, as he occasionally did, and Helen had said, "I'm having a party. It's great that you're here! Oh, Kitty would want you to stay over! I'm really giving it for Ramon Ricardo, but there'll be plenty of lovely ladies. . . . Who's Ramon Ricardo? Oh, you ridiculous cultured people! I should think in the country you'd be driven to the movies. He's the one who's so divine in Lord Lovelace."

No wonder Doug stayed. Katherine would have stayed herself. It promised to be rather more interesting than the drear little engagement waiting for him in Westford.

Katherine went about the day nursery picking up bibs and toys and dirty dishes, and saying "Would I have stayed? Well, rather! I only wish business would take me to New York once in a while. But I wouldn't have sent a telegram saying 'Can't get home.' It would have read 'Extending furlough another day,' and instead of 'Love' it would have ended 'Hurrah.'"

Then Katherine went down to luncheon, to discover that Sarah's angel food tasted like wet sawdust, and that the tea set looked dingy, and she flew into the kitchen and made some little cakes with white of eggs and brown sugar, and took the high silver and all the cleaning things upstairs and worked on it in the hall while she listened for the babies to wake. For some abstruse reason the sight of her, so engaged, lent Sarah the courage to lumber up and deliver a wage ultimatum.

It was five o'clock when the men arrived. It had grown dusky enough for candles and cool enough for an open fire. Katherine was at the tea table in trailing chiffons.

"I won't come near you," Doug announced at the door. "I've got a cold in my head. The kids better not even be in the room with me."

"You always get one in New York," Katherine said. "Hello, Monty."

"Madame l'Impératrice!" Monty saluted her, approaching with a courtly ceremoniousness and bending over her hand.

"What a nice title for a lady serving tea on Main Street!"

"Tea on Main Street!" Monty repeated. "I suppose we're the only people in Westford, or in the entire county, observing this civilized rite! Now why?"

Monty's blue eyes looked very disturbed and bellicose.

"It is supposed locally to spoil one's dinner," Katherine said.

"But there's a moral aspect in the disapproval too," Monty insisted. "It is thought to do something to the character, particularly the masculine character. I am convinced"—Monty spoke very slowly and emphatically—"that if it were generally known here that Doug and I took tea this afternoon, and the matter were decided by public vote, we would both be tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a particularly angular rail. Now why?"

Monty was always charging quite imaginary windmills which would have been horrid structures had they existed. To be with Monty was to become at once part of a beleaguered but enchanting group which he loved and yet of whose dangers and even faults he was acutely conscious.

Doug began blowing his nose furiously.

"Oh, Doug, I'm so sorry!" Katherine told him. "You don't suppose it's that hay-fever thing you get at this time of year?"

"It may be. I'm waiting to see."

"Hay fever in May!" Monty exclaimed. "Isn't that rather impatient?"

"How's everything gone here?" Doug asked.

"The babies have stayed well; but everything else has been Satanic. Sarah wants a raise, and the landlord won't renew our lease unless we pay five hundred a year more, and Lena has apparently set her heart on a ten-hour day off, and —— But there's no use going into those things before Monty. Monty is my season of grand opera, and I intend to enjoy him. Did you have a good time in New York?"

"Rotten," Doug answered. "I couldn't even see anybody worth talking to with the Wagstaff people, and that's what I went down to do. I don't understand it."

"He didn't sell one pasteboard pail," said Monty, to whom the product of Doug's factory was simply matter for hilarity. "He got awfully depressed about it."

"But wasn't Helen's party fun?"

"Just one of her zoo performances," Doug grunted. "Where did you hear about it?"

"The Times, my love. They're still importing them. Were you there, Monty?"

"In a way. I was between the wall and the duchess; and compared with the duchess the wall was vibrating with responsiveness. She's as deaf as—I don't know anything on earth as deaf as the duchess. I tried to do smoke writing with a cigarette most of the evening, but she was so nearsighted she couldn't read it."

"Heavens! I should think Helen would have had to have Braille place cards and amplifiers in the bonbon dishes. Is Lady Hilda lovely?"

"Perfectly beautiful!" Monty got up and stood and made gestures, she had been so beautiful. "Beautiful! Her eyes are crossed just enough so that it does something to you when she looks at you."

"That doesn't sound to me like the last allurement. What was she wearing?"

"An old thing that looked like a dinner jacket with egg on it; and right next her Helen had planted this movie actor, Ramon Ricardo. Ramon was wearing every article of virtue or vice known to the Rue de la Paix. No, really. A bracelet, a cord with some kind of diamond slide, large pearls, and a diamond fob. Really it gave one the feeling that biology is fast working toward the monosexual."

"It doesn't sound as though Doug need grieve his heart out at having missed Mary McGraw's candlelight supper party."

"Great guns, I'd forgotten all about that!" Doug said.

"I hope you won't mention that fact to Mary. I spent all evening composing messages of adequate apology from you to her."

"Could she get someone in my place?"

"Oh, yes. She sent down to the town hall and had the janitor look through the archives, and at the bottom of one file was old Willie Whipple just as he'd been sent back by the last distressed hostess, so the janitor dusted him off with a bellows and delivered him, for a small consideration. Mary paid it gladly. There's nothing like the desperation of a small-town hostess, you know."

"How do you like the agonized gayeties of the provinces, Katherine?" Monty inquired.

Katherine told all with her shoulders.

"Anything else happened?" Doug wanted to know.

"Mrs. Wilmerding called, and told me the other side of the story Mrs. Bronkhart Smith gave us. They're the rival social lights here, Monty, and Mrs. Bronkhart Smith had convinced us that Mrs. Wilmerding was simply up from slavery with chains clanking. Now I learn from Mrs. Wilmerding that Mrs. Bronkhart Smith's own father kept a livery stable, and a livery stable with horses behind which no lady who was a real lady would even have dreamed of riding; and that in Mrs. Wilmerding's younger days her father was the judge from this district. I got the impression that while Mrs. Wilmerding's father and Mrs. Wilmerding and all their friends were tramping in and out of the courthouse they were always having to step over or on Mrs. Bronkhart Smith, who was as likely as not out scrubbing the front steps, and that, in fact, Mrs. Wilmerding began hating Mrs. Bronkhart Smith at that very time, she got so many falls because she did her hair so slippery."

It was Katherine the Great's best vein. Monty screamed and shook and pounded the floor.

"You're wonderful, Katherine. No wonder that everyone resents Doug's clamping you up here at the end of the world. You can talk. There aren't three women in New York who can talk! Why do you stand for it?"

"We're poor, and Doug and I have given two lovely, honey-colored little girls as hostages to fortune, Monty."

"But you won't even accept invitations for a week-end."

"Everyone with children goes through what I call declining years. I regret invitations when I get them now, instead of waiting for the babies to get colds or measles just as I'm ready to start. Isn't the same thing true of the Harry Cuttings?"

"Well, of course I see them more because they're more accessible."

"I thought they were in the south of France."

"They are. But you know that's more accessible than Westford, New Hampshire, when you consider the change at Albany."

"That's funny, Monty; and awful, besides, because it's perfectly true."

"I should think some arrangement like theirs would be ideal for you, of all people."

"Ideal!" Doug roared at him. "It would be impossible. I've got every cent I own in this pasteboard-pail factory, and it's still mortgaged up to the neck. By living here as we do I can pay my interest and something on the principal every four months, but don't get Katherine thinking about a European trip. It simply can't be done."

"I'm not talking about a trip," Monty defended himself. "I'm talking about living in France. You certainly have twice as much as Harry Cutting or you couldn't live here as you do. Do you remember the attics and cellars they had to inhabit in New York? In France they're positively smart, with a nurse for the boys, and a *bonne à tout faire*. I visited them at Antibes last summer."

"Where's it getting them?" Doug inquired, from the center of his handkerchief.

"Oh, Harry is polishing off his sonnets."

"He can do that in France. I don't see myself running the Westford Pasteboard Pail Company from there."

"The Cuttings don't live on what he makes?" Katherine inquired.

"Oh, they have some patrimonial pittance. Five or six thousand a year, I should say."

"We've never been able to keep under ten here," Katherine said. "I'm not very clever at that sort of thing."

"Shan't I tell Monty we're not dressing for dinner?" Doug asked, just as he and Katherine reached their room.

"You shall not," Katherine answered. "Let's not be any dingier than we have to be. I've taken the entire back and most of the chest out of that cloth of gold I had in my trousseau, and, by a strange contradiction of terms, it looks almost decent."

Doug didn't argue, but he began to fume over the rent business.

"Five hundred more a year! That means just so much less on those damned notes. I suppose there isn't another house we could get."

"Well, we looked over everything in town before we found this, but I'll look again if you want me to."

"I suppose we'll have to do it; but I'll be hanged if I'll go up on Sarah's wages."

Katherine knew he would if it were necessary, and she felt that he was just trying to make it unpleasant for her by groaning about it.

In order not to say something ill natured, she changed the subject.

"Doug, if that is a cold I wish you'd go to bed."

"Of course you do," Doug responded. "You wish I'd have tuberculosis. Your ideal husband is a chronic invalid. I never saw anyone who liked to fuss over people so much. You're morbid about it."

He was interrupted by a blizzard of sneezes.

"At least," Katherine pleaded, "you'll go and see that specialist Mrs. Cavour had, and find out whether it's some kind of rose cold."

"I certainly will not. I can stand hay fever a great deal better than I can throw money away on fool specialists."

"Doug," Katherine said, "if you mention money once again for an hour I shall lie down on the floor and scream."

"That'll help," Doug declared, putting cuff links into his shirt viciously.

Katherine tried again.

"I'm so glad you brought Monty. He's always an enchanting experience."

"Yes, I can see that," Doug answered, and his voice was so furious that Katherine looked up delightedly.

(Continued on Page 154)

Oftenest of All There Came One Picture That Had Happened Long Ago, Before Katherine the Small Was Born

UNDER THE HORSE TENTS

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Hunters and Racing Horses Often Come From Real Track Stables. At Left—The Circus Baby

IT WAS at that time of the year when circus men, fatigued after months of struggle and hardship, swear to the heavens that they'll never be caught within shooting distance of the old rag again, knowing full well that when the bluebirds sing in the spring they'll be right on deck once more, as bright and eager as ever—the autumn, when one by one the show trains denude themselves of performers, and, loaded only with menagerie stock, operating paraphernalia and workingmen, turn toward winter quarters for the long months of rehabilitation ere they take to the road anew.

I was in the office of a friend. His show had closed after a disastrous season of opposition to a larger aggregation—a fight which had cost him attendance, peace of mind and a large share of his bank account. Circuses are primitive. When they fight they do it with every bit of savage resource they know; billing crews wallop one another with fists, brushes and paste buckets; general agents scheme and contrive to beat one another to cherished territory; performers are bought from the enemy only to be rebought at a higher figure; billboards are covered and recovered with the advertisements of the opposing factions, until often the successful billing is that which is put in place at dawn of the morning of show day. It is a matter of expending every atom of resource and energy and money to beat the other fellow to the attendance, no matter what the cost; and more often than not it leaves both sides exhausted, and with little else besides satisfaction for their pains.

This fight had been one-sided. My friend had lost heavily enough to force his closing far before his scheduled date, and I was in the office to hear his tale of agony. But something seemed out of the ordinary. Instead of gloom there was rejoicing.

Ed Gets Even

MY FRIEND waved a telegram jubilantly and gesticulated, at last to find voice:

"Well, they got theirs just the same," he shouted. "Look at this telegram! Had a fire on their lot yesterday—in the horse tents. Their stock went crazy and wouldn't come out. Burned 'em up—two hundred head of 'em. I guess that pays 'em back! They can't keep going without horseflesh!"

But as he talked on I thought I detected a quality in his voice which reminded me strangely of a boy whistling his way past a graveyard. By and by he became less explosive. After a while he voiced a few words of sympathy for the suffering of the horses.

PHOTO. BY JOSEPH H. LANDER

Finally he called his secretary.

"Take a wire," he ordered.

"To whom?"

"That bunch of safe blowers."

Whereupon he exploded for a moment more. Then calmed. He dictated:

"*Dear John:* Just heard about your bad luck. Can't find it in my heart to hate anybody in the fix you're in. Sure is tough. Deepest sympathy. Know what you're up against. Been through it myself. Shipping you today three cars baggage stock and two of ring and hippodrome horses. Keep 'em until you can get straightened out. Best regards. ED."

Which meant not so much altruism as the innate knowledge that John would have done as much for him. Circus men are that way when their horses are concerned, for it is by their horses that circus men live.

Strange that the circus, which first introduced speed in transportation, coördination of departmental activities, and formed an object lesson to the Kaiser in the swift movement of armies, should be the last to abandon horses! Not so strange after all, for the circus is the one place where motor transportation in its fullest sense has failed. More than that, a circus man knows an unusual thing when he sees it. He's in the exhibition business, that of showing people what they have not the chance to see every day.

The horse has come into that class. In daily life he is becoming a rarity. One by one the larger cities are taking up the problem of ruling the horse-drawn vehicle off certain streets to give the motor car the right to speed, by which municipalities of today must live. The tractor has cut in upon his activities on the farm and in a hundred other fields of endeavor. But in the circus he is still supreme, over gasoline, machinery and electric motive power, to remain supreme as long as circuses are circuses in the sense that they exist today, as traveling organizations.

Where the Horse is Still Supreme

THE tractor and the motortruck have been found wanting. Owing to the peculiar necessities of loading and space saving, circus wagons must be built for strength, not buoyancy. Ten-ton loads are not at all unusual, piled upon a wagon itself weighing nearly half that much. And these must be pulled upon vacant lots in the morning and yanked off at night. Trucks cannot be depended upon to fulfill the necessary tasks day in and day out; bad weather will cause them to mire and bring just that much more grief. Even army tanks have just so much traction in mud and no more. It takes the horse, doubling down in its harness and hook-roped to every conceivable part of those wagons, to yank them out when they're in trouble, and there's nothing else in the world that can do it except the elephants. Besides, there's the attraction element becoming stronger and stronger every year. One might as well ask a circus man to part with his life as with his horses.

Which means that in these days of horse scarcity it's a bit of a question as to where the circus equine comes from. Horses are not simply horses around the big tops. They're specialized things, matching up to definite requirements for every position they are to fill, whether it be the heavy Percherons, which in teams of six and eight and ten head drag the wagons from the railroad runs to the circus lot and back again, or the high-school horses, or the twenty-four-horse act, or the broad-hipped, dappled rosin-back upon which Elitah-h-h-h, ladies-e-e-e champeen bah-back ridah-h-h of the wor-r-r-rld, twice daily turns her death-defying somersault.

To this end the hunting of circus horses has become almost as much of a sport as that of chasing the fabled wobblegook. One never knows just where

Every Elephant Herd Has its Elephant Horse

they're going to bob up. Therefore the circus man looks everywhere, for it is just as probable that he'll find what he wants hitched to the business end of an ash cart as in a horse show. In fact, there's many a circus horse with just such a history, and more of him in the performing arena than in the tents which house the baggage stock.

It is when the circus begins to round into that part of its summer itinerary which includes the states of Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and parts of Indiana that the showman's eyes become keenest. He's looking for a certain thing, and his search includes everything from drays to the plodding plow teams looking up in bored fashion as the show trains grumble by upon their Sunday runs, to say nothing of the constant vying of agents at the Chicago horse market. For it is this district which furnishes the circus those heavy, big-rumped, thick-legged steeds which slowly but surely put the show on the lot in the morning and guarantee its return to the show train at night. And when it comes to these heavy animals, or baggage stock, as the showman calls them, the circus is as finicky as the most particular old maid.

In the first place, it wants horses that weigh from 1600 pounds to an even ton. It wants Percherons or Belgians, with the former preferred; a Clydesdale is about as popular as a pad of passes at a turn-away performance. It wants its horse blocky and symmetrical, with plenty of bone, good legs and a sense of determination, so that it can settle down in the harness to pull—and keep on pulling. And while it is making out its bill of particulars, the circus throws in the fact that it wants dapple grays, blacks and brilliant sorrels, with a scattering of bright-colored and unusually good buckskins thrown in. The bays can keep right on at their coal wagons; to the circus man they're off color.

A Roanback Must Never Falter in Its Pace—a Break of Speed May Mean Death to the Rider

A Never-Ending Search for Horses

SO IT goes in every department. There are requirements to be filled for the racing horses, often purchased from Thoroughbred stables owing to some slight defect which has disqualified them for the grueling work of the track but leaves them fit for the shorter course of the hippodrome contests. There are requirements for the high-school horses; the circus man doesn't worry about the training; he'll attend to that as long as the animal has common horse sense. What he wants to know is whether the saddle will slip back over its kidneys when the animal stands on its hind legs, whether it has a sense of balance and whether it has the stamina and common sense to stand the excitement of circus life. As for the ring horses themselves there was an old fairy story of the princess whose royalty was tested by a bit of roughage concealed beneath seventeen mattresses. The situation is about as bad when an equestrian is looking for a new mount for his act. Nor does he overlook the ash cart either.

It's a never-ending thing, this search of the circus man for his equine animals; especially now that this portion of a traveling organization has become almost as much of an attraction as its menagerie. Never is there a day in horse territory that the circus grounds, near the horse tents, are not cluttered with from one to five applicants for the life of the trouper, but many a day goes by before there is ever a purchase. In the first place, not more than one horse out of a hundred—and perhaps that average is too favorable—is fitted for the life of the big tops; and besides that, many of the horses that are brought out for the circus man's inspection are not for sale.

It's the favorite trick of the horse trader, and of the horse buyer, for that matter. There are parts of the country where men who still engage in trading horseflesh for a living show practically no activity until the circus bills begin to make their appearance upon fence and barn side. Then the campaign begins; but the deals aren't consummated, for the horse trader wants opinions that are more valuable than his own.

Consequently upon circus day he appears at the grounds and hunts the horse tents, bringing with him his collection of animals. There is every indication that they are for sale, and the trader watches with keen eyes every move of the boss hostler, the superintendent of ring stock or the manager, or whoever happens to be the buying expert for the circus. One by one the applicants are gone over, the rejections are turned to one side and the worthy beasts selected. About that time the trader has a change of heart.

"I reckon I'll think it over," he says, and moves away with his charges.

His campaign is fully mapped out. The horses that have been turned down by the circus he will sell at the prices already talked over with his prospective purchasers. But the ones which the circus wanted to buy—they become prized animals, to be heralded as such, and if the horse trader doesn't get double prices for them it isn't the fault of his broadcasting abilities.

Meanwhile the circus man stands and cusses. He has wasted his time and he has failed to get that for which he was particularly keen. The circus man has his limitations. Once let him pay a foolish price for an animal, and by some mysterious form of grapevine telegraph the news is before the show wherever it turns, with the result that horse prices go up as if by magic.

Yet the circus-horse hunter is not stingy. He can't be. His needs are too urgent. Always the cry is "Horses, horses, horses!" and the demand must be filled. Besides, no one ever knows when a horse jinx is going to attach itself, with its consequent thinning of the ranks.

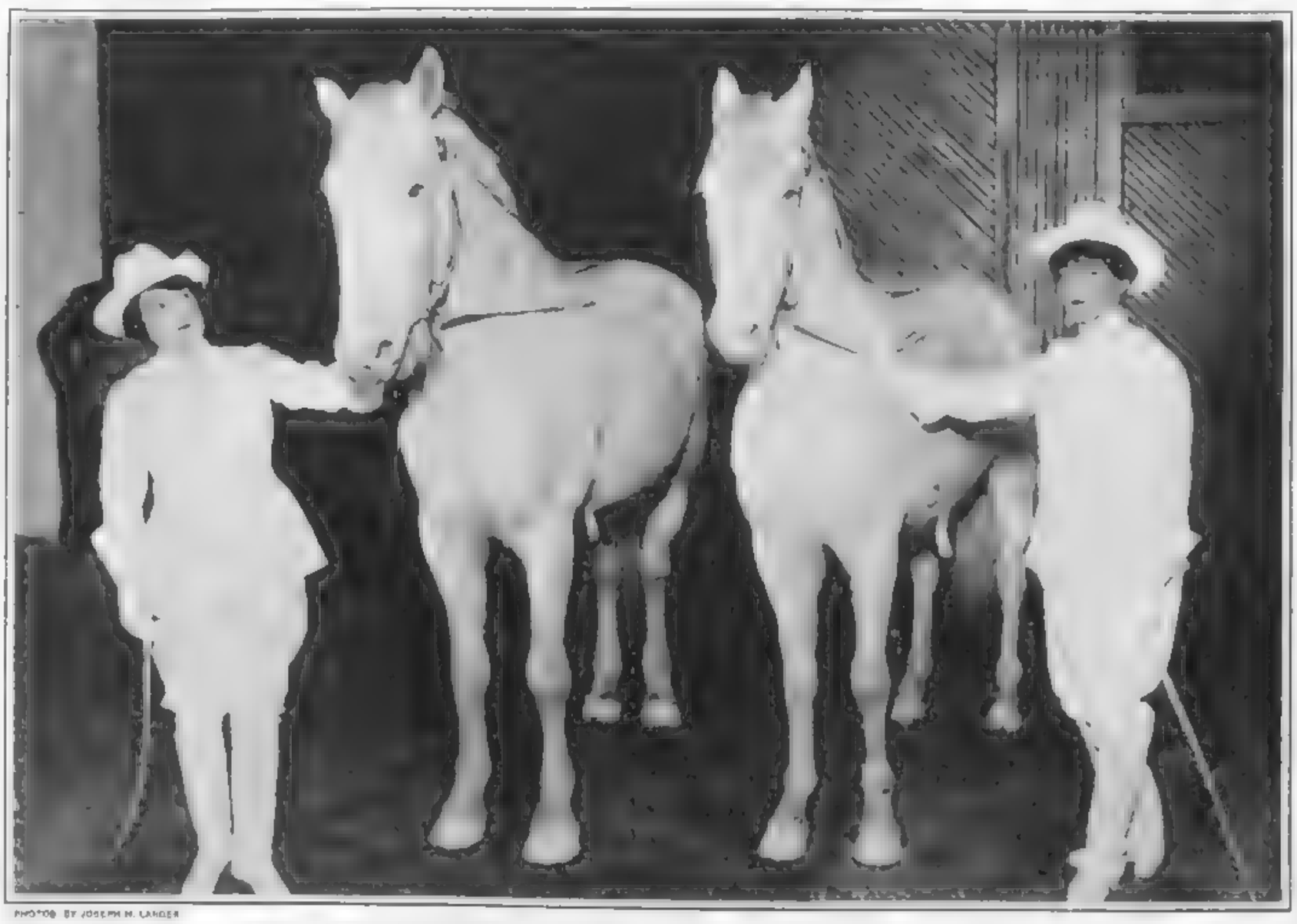
The Toll of the Horse Jinx

FOR instance, a few years ago a Western circus was jubilant. It had procured through a large packing house in Chicago eighteen of the finest circus horses in existence, for which it had been glad to pay $500 a head. Nine were steel gray and the nine others beautiful dapples, all evenly matched as to color, manes and weight, and not one less heavy than 1900 pounds. It meant a number of things for the circus. First of all, it meant two strengthy eight-horse teams, with an extra for each team—and insurance against mud and wagons sunk hub-deep in the mire. Then there was the feature of the attraction they would be. People will trail a wonderful team of horses like boys behind a band wagon.

So the circus was excited and happy. Then the car started forth from Chicago, bearing its $9000 worth of horseflesh. By the time it had reached Kansas City two of the horses were down with shipping fever and were taken off, to a veterinary hospital, where one of them immediately died. This meant that the extras were gone. The car traveled on to Denver, there to display two more horses ill with the shipping affliction, and one of these died also. Sixteen horses now were left, counting the one in Kansas City, which was too ill to troupe, meaning only fifteen horses in winter quarters. The dream of two eights was gone, with the result that they fitted the harness to an eight and a six, leaving one for an extra, and started forth to Wichita, the opening stand of the season.

During the long run to Wichita the train stopped to feed its animals, and while unloading the baggage stock one of them was kicked. The result was a broken leg, the sharp report of a revolver, and now there was again no extra.

(Continued on Page 55)



PHOTOS BY JOSEPH H. LANDER

Statue Horses Whose Stillness Demand a Price Every Moment in Offerings of Sugar

KOOT HOOMI

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

SOME time back, when Townsend Sessions was under six, his mother took him by the hand and they walked a long way to a very dusty road, definitely to see something called a parade. Plumed horses, painted wagons with animals in cages; then, after the flashing brasses of the band wagon, the most gorgeous shock of all—a great gray mountain that walked.

He let go his mother's hand. He was altogether silent until they reached home; then began to articulate to his father of a vast creature with two tails.

Enchantment even in the name—elephant. The word was repeated again and again on the way to sleep that night. At the same time his mother was reading of a classic child who put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, confessing his singular courage. But the illusion was gone from literature. Life had been met.

"How could he pull out a plum with his thumb?" came the voice of a face turned away. "It wouldn't stick to it."

He was even willing to let his mother go and put out the light, to lie in the dark and think of that vast dusty——

"Where's Tod?" said Mr. Sessions, who was home to luncheon because it was Saturday.

"I don't know, and I'm worried," said Tod's mother.

They sat through a dismal meal, and toward the end the telephone was heard from afar in the library. Mr. Sessions did not wait for the servant to call him.

"Yes, yes," he responded to a voice inquiring if he were the father of Townsend Sessions.

"We have a thirteen-year-old boy here who says that's his name."

"Where—who are you?"

"This is police headquarters. He says he is your son."

Radiant anxiety in the form of Mrs. Sessions was bending over her husband's shoulder. The voice in the instrument was damnably deliberate.

"What's he been doing?" Mr. Sessions asked in a tone cramped with strain.

"You'd better come down—no, not here. We're taking him over to Juvenile Hall."

If Mr. Sessions hadn't known it before, he had good reason to learn that day how utterly closed up a town can be Saturday afternoon. Every half hour, at least, in the midst of forlorn dashes from one municipal office to another he had to connect by phone with Mrs. Sessions. Except for one point, it became more and more confusing what Tod had done. Everyone agreed it was about a dog. For a while it looked as if it would be Monday, but Mr. Sessions finally reached home with a promise of quick action tomorrow morning. A sleepless night, the mother weeping to go and sit on the doorsteps of Juvenile Hall, saying she could call over to Tod that she'd never, never forsake him

"Call over what?"

"Isn't there a wall around it?" she moaned.

Mr. Sessions was full-length sick himself, but kept up an appearance of being very firm and cold. At ten o'clock Sunday morning the front door of Juvenile Hall opened and he and Tod emerged, the law having been appeased. They sat together in the back of the car, and this was Tod's story, quietly, very quietly told:

"Why, I was crossing the park yesterday a little before noon, hurrying home to lunch from the tennis courts, when I heard one of the gardeners say there was a dog tied up in the bushes that had been hurt by a machine out in the street and that he had sent for the dog wagon to take it away. I left the fellows and went over into the bushes and found the dog. He was standing up. I guess he couldn't sit down. He gave me such a funny look. I can't see yet how he got torn that way—one hind leg laid wide open on the inside. He was standing up so quiet and seemed to know that I had come to help him.

"But just about this time the dog-wagon man came and connected up with the gardener. I said I'd take the dog home and take care of him; that he only needed to be sewed up and would be all right. They wouldn't let me. The head gardener was away and the man who had telephoned said he would have given me the dog if the dog wagon hadn't been sent for, but it wouldn't do to send it back empty. I knew what they would do with the dog at the pound, so I hung on. It was the way the dog looked at me."

It appears that they had had to take the dog by force and that young Townsend Sessions had put up such resistance that the help of a police officer was necessary.

"You see," Tod explained, "it wasn't the dog they were thinking of, but that the dog wagon had been sent for."

In order to prevent his son from doing so, Mr. Sessions called up the pound as soon as they reached home and was informed that that park pick-up of early yesterday afternoon had already been destroyed.

"You see?" said Tod. "And it wasn't necessary."

For the most part Tod fitted in quietly where he was placed. It was fully three years after the Juvenile Hall

Elephants and Dust—Always Together in Tod's Brain

episode, and he was in his third year of high school, before he was again caught in the cogs of social system, turning up at home with books and gym clothes, saying he had been expelled.

"What for?" said his father, without raising his voice.

"For telling the biology teacher my idea."

"Your idea about what?"

"Why, he said animals were incapable of affection."

"Animals again! Are you a self-authorized little David for the animals?"

"I let that go," Tod said, and the quiet of his tone made his father remember too vividly the back seat of the car coming from Juvenile Hall. "It was when he said it had been scientifically established that dogs only had attachment to their masters because they fed them; that the dogs are thinking about their feed all the time when they play up to a fellow or try to do what he wants, and nobody in the class seemed inclined to start anything, that I put in ——"

"What did you say?"

"I told him his brains were all eaten out by dry rot."

"And he took exception to that?" Mr. Sessions asked in dry tone.

"Yes, sir."

"Then what?"

"Then they had me before the principal and the assistant principal to make me apologize before the class, and I said they ought to apologize for having such a biology teacher. Then they helped me out."

Mr. Sessions looked down into his son's face and a drafty chill raced along his spine. No penitence in those cool eyes, no quarter, no fear. Of course, this sort of thing couldn't go on; yet it was the coolest, nerviest face he had ever looked into except—except ——

Now it flashed on him—the face of Phil Larson, a boyhood pal of his own. Phil had got into trouble and sort of been crowded out of town. It hadn't been necessary. The town found that out afterward. A little patience, a little humor was all that was needed. Mr. Sessions had been one who deeply mourned Phil Larson; and right now a little patience, perhaps a little humor —— Queer, mighty queer, the father thought afterward, that he should get a priceless tip from the memory of old Phil just in the nick of time; queer, too, how the old gamy, fascinating look of his boyhood chum could live again in the eyes of his son.

Tod's formal schooling ended then and there. On the following Monday morning his father took him down to the plant. Years before, Mr. Sessions had fashioned a motor valve, quite as effective as any and a shade more quiet. When a number of these valves were pulling together, a lulling purr came out from under one's hood. In a word, Mr. Sessions wasn't getting any poorer with the years, and Tod was an only son. Ancient problem—delicate as ever; but unless Tod was a superlative actor, he utterly forgot he was the owner's son—while with the other shop hands, at least. Within four years after leaving school he was making himself so valuable in the plant that his father would have heard of him had his name been Fogarty or Schultz.

Meanwhile he was learning to play just as hard. The Sessions country place was close to the great Tri-State polo grounds. A passion for the game had broken out in Tod during the first match he witnessed. From that day his spare hours were spent in the Tri-State stables. Grooms and players couldn't long stay blind to the fact that Tod had a way with the ponies. Mr. Sessions had to become pretty sure of the stuff his boy was made of before he secured a membership in the distinguished Tri-State and backed Tod for a string; but by this time father and son stood eye to eye, rather sound friends.

"I could use you right now in the front office with me, but I keep recalling that you never had much schooling," Mr. Sessions said, when Tod was between twenty three and four. "Besides, I don't want to seem to drag you too fast over the heads of others in the plant. If you could be away for a year or two ——"

Tod looked resigned.

"Oh, I'm not thinking of college any more," Mr. Sessions resumed. "It's your world. Go and see it. They say travel is intensive education. Take two years, make the circle; but don't hang out for six months at the first polo club you come to."

Tod turned westward and appears to have traveled fast until he came to Sarampur, India. That vast, sprawly town, overlooked by the distant hills and overpressed by intimate and frequently poignant smells, took queer hold of him the very first afternoon. The usual American, regardless of money backing, would have followed his luggage to the public resthouse instead of being escorted by players and patrons and put up at the I. C. I., one of the tidiest of polo clubs of Northern India. This for being the junior flash of the Tri-State, well up to the top of crack American teams. Even so, it was more than the I. C. I. that made Sarampur attractive.

The other thing happened before Tod was rightly introduced. Crossing a dusty road, his cart paused to let a small string of government elephants go by. All too soon the dust closed over them; but like a face at a window, for his eyes alone, apparently, the sole of an old female elephant's hind foot had turned up for a second, as if she had beckoned. A deep, inexplicable zest possessed him. Then he was informed that one of the great stockades was located here in Sarampur; that it was in fact one of the elephant capitals of all India.

Elephants and dust—always together in Tod's brain. He saw the mammoths through sun-shot dust, through deep white dust, the color of the Indian sky, too hot to be yellow—the white-hot Indian sky. Here in Sarampur elephants belonged, like a tribe, by themselves; yet appreciated, understood. At least they were handled by men who made it a life work to understand; not only that, but secrets of the craft passed from father to son among these men who took care of the elephants. Mahouts, they called them.

Tod found it very difficult to get close to the mahouts, though they made him forget polo, which had not happened before. They seemed to have lost their way with humans in giving their lives to understand the elephants. . . . An elephant wasn't like a dog, nor like a horse either, Tod came to know. An elephant might want the same thing a dog or horse did, but he would go about it differently. It was all like a great dusty book that no one but the mahouts could open.

Sarampur was only three days' journey by elephant from one of the likeliest tiger jungles in Central India. Shortly after Tod's arrival came the nobleman, Lord Percy Mylne, a patron, if not a polo player; but really there was one

(Continued on Page 122)

A Mighty Thud in His Ears—Shadow and Strike—He Was Torn From the Ground—Lifted High and Flung

THE FUTURE OF RADICALISM

Nothing But Foam

By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE La Follette movement in the 1924 campaign was like that interesting insect, the bumblebee. It was biggest when it was first born. Last spring when it was a menace instead of a materialization, when it was a dark and threatening cloud on the political horizon, a howling wind in Republican and Democratic tree tops, it had them all scared—all the professionals and many of the amateurs of politics.

Hard-boiled practitioners and stolid prognosticators came into Chicago, New York, Washington and other political ports of call with fearsome tales of the sweep and extent of it, and the main talk at the Cleveland convention that nominated Coolidge and the New York convention that handed the hemlock to Davis concerned the threat to the two old parties bound up in the adventure of the senator from Wisconsin along the road that leads to the White House. "What'll he do to us?" they asked. And all answers were speculative, and most of them frightened.

After things got going the terror increased. Every time a scout came in from Minnesota, Iowa, the Dakotas, Washington, California, Montana, Ohio, Indiana and Nebraska there was a distinct tremor in the Wrigley Building in Chicago. Radicalism was going like wildfire. Everybody knew La Follette would carry Wisconsin, and after that it was likely to be the deluge. Six states—ten states—gosh almighty! the whole country. All the farmers—all the Germans—all the labor vote—all the protest vote—all the nuts—millions of them. He started with a million Socialist votes, and it took only a small piece of paper and the stub end of a lead pencil to show that even if La Follette wasn't elected by a majority in the electoral college the election was sure to go into Congress. That was a cinch. This was poison to the Republicans, but it was grateful and sustaining water on the shattered and creaking Democratic wheel.

The Myth About the Labor Vote

NO DEMOCRAT outside of a padded cell honestly thought that Davis could be or would be elected. That was the one sure thing of the campaign. The only Democratic chance was the fostering of the La Follette vote in the hope that he would do enough damage to Coolidge to throw the election into Congress, divide the electoral vote with Coolidge, and, by this process, let Davis edge by in enough states to give Davis more electoral votes than either of the others, and thus hold him in a dominating position when the House of Representatives began voting on the three of them—Coolidge, Davis and La Follette; or, mayhap, in case of a deadlock, to win over the left shoulder with Charlie Bryan getting the Vice Presidency in the Senate and thus becoming President after March fourth.

The Democrats really had three candidates for President: Davis, the regular; La Follette, the irregular, and Bryan, the expedient. Although any statement that not all managerial Democratic hearts were exclusively true to Davis will be met by extreme protest by the submerged Davis conductors, the truth of it is that there wasn't a chance to help La Follette in normal Coolidge states that the Democrats did not take, and the further truth is that various chances were developed when none existed naturally. When the returns of this election are officially in and tabulated any person interested in this phase of the election who will take the trouble to analyze them is most likely to find that, so far as normal conditions are concerned, Davis lost more votes to La Follette than Coolidge did—votes that in a straight-out contest between Coolidge and Davis, uncomplicated by the third entrant, would have gone to one or the other.

The campaign was a dismal failure as a hurrah-boys affair. Not even Battling Bob could rouse the rabble to more than temporary enthusiasm. The point that escaped the professional managers was embodied in that fact. In reality this campaign was over before it began, and for three reasons: The first was that despite the initial hullabaloo for La Follette the final and determining thought of the great mass of the voters satisfied them with Coolidge conditions and opposed them to a change; the second was that Coolidge, the man, made a wider appeal to the people than either of the other candidates; and the third was that prosperity was seen in the near distance advancing opulently, and the people had no intention of interrupting or delaying that advance by any voting idiosyncrasy or impulse.

Moreover, after La Follette ceased to be the nascent menace of the preconvention period and became the materialized and nominated peril with recognizable metes and bounds, it was not difficult for the opposing politicians to localize him, to segregate him, and to go after him. Nobody knew La Follette's strength until he began to display it, not even himself. Everything about what he could do and what he couldn't do was assumption until he began to operate instead of orate. Then, with something definite to put their fingers on, the opposing politicians put their fingers on the same, to say nothing of their fists, and along about October first it was apparent that La Follette was petering out.

Aside from his million socialist votes La Follette's greatest potential asset was agrarian discontent. He expected to capitalize the hard-pressed farmer, but dollar-and-a-half wheat came along and emphasized and proved again the great agricultural political truth, which is this: The American farmer is not a permanent radical. He is an intermittent radical. He revolts when crops are bad and prices are low, but when crops are good and prices are high he reverts to his original status and, in the large majority, votes the Republican ticket straight.

The La Follette people fooled themselves with the farmer. They fooled themselves with the labor vote. They fooled themselves with the German vote. Ever since organized labor has been a factor in American politics the politicians have held to the idea that organized labor, in this country, either can be held in the support of one party or transferred to the support of another party by political devices called "appealing to the labor vote." This is one of the larger myths of American politics. The fictitious quality of this universal and continued assumption has been proved in election after election for years, but the politicians will not learn. The fact is that American labor, organized or unorganized, will not vote as a body, even for purely labor candidates. Notwithstanding the pledged support of the American Federation of Labor and several of the other great labor organizations, the returns show plainly that labor did not vote solidly for La Follette.

Gompers, after fighting radicalism and socialism in the American Federation of Labor for years, was forced to allow an indorsement of La Follette and Wheeler by the federation, probably because of the growing strength of radicalism in the organization. Whatever the reason, the federation indorsed the La Follette ticket, and if the federation had voted its full strength for La Follette there would have been a different story in the returns, for, potentially, there are several millions of labor votes in that organization. Also, some of the big railroad labor organizations were openly for the third candidate.

Official figures are not available as this is written, but the fallacy of a united labor support for any ticket in this country can be shown here and there in the great labor centers. La Follette received about 300,000 votes in Greater New York, our largest industrial center. Four years ago Debs, the Socialist candidate, got 131,351 in the same territory. Letting it ride that the socialist vote this year was no greater than it was four years ago, that leaves 168,649 as the La Follette vote in New York City, outside of the socialist vote. Some must have voted for him in addition to labor and the socialists—some Germans, some radicals—and many did. Say that there were 68,000, roundly, of this sort of support, which is most conservative; that leaves 100,000 labor votes for La Follette. The full labor vote of New York is more than half a million.

When the Millions Walked Out

THE same percentages hold in Chicago and elsewhere. San Francisco, of the closely organized labor cities, did more for La Follette than any other city, and Coolidge carried San Francisco. It is stretching generosity to wide liberality to say that one in five of the normal labor votes was cast for La Follette. Also the Germans left him in the lurch, and so did much of his other claimed support. His promised millions walked out on him.

Thus the La Follette radicalism that started early in the spring with such politically formidable prospects and with an atmosphere of power that had the politicians of the two old parties jumping sideways and fearing and expecting the worst, culminated on election day in a desertion of La Follette radicalism that was almost a rout. On paper, and

The Farmer Will Not Stay Put

by ballyhoo, it was to be a tremendous force. There were the million socialist votes, and the several million labor votes promised by the American Federation of Labor, and the six million German votes pledged by members of the Steuben Society, and the farmer to the number of a few millions more—millions of potential La Folletteites who were to march to the polls and set the rest of us free.

What happened was this: Aside from his socialist vote, which, if La Follette had not been running, would not have gone to either the Democratic or the Republican candidate, and counting that vote as a million, La Follette polled, as the unofficial returns show, somewhat in excess of three million votes. He ran third in the popular vote, several millions behind Davis, and more than ten millions behind Coolidge. Further, he carried but one state, and ran second in twelve. He got the electoral vote only in Wisconsin, and his plurality there was much smaller than it was the last time he ran for senator.

Roosevelt, running at the head of a third party in 1912, carried six states and ran second in twenty-three. Roosevelt received about 30 per cent of the total vote. La Follette, when the returns are all in, will do well to get 15 per cent, even with the million socialists who voted for him, and despite the fact that women voted for President in 1924, which they did not do when Roosevelt ran, and thus numerically doubled the field for La Follette's appeal. Why, even General Weaver, running for President in 1892 on a Populist ticket, got twenty-two electoral votes.

A Mile Wide and an Inch Deep

THERE were many brave statements on the day after election, when the La Follette politicians began to realize how completely they had failed to realize their expectations. The old and familiar patter of the radical losers was put into extenuating play. The radical faces were saved, in the public prints, to the satisfaction of the face-savers at any rate. They have just begun to fight. It is an axiom of government that the minorities are always right. Right once again deplorably remained on the scaffold, and wrong was again held arrogantly on the throne. Truth, which, strangely enough, seems to be monopolized by those who start such movements, was trotted out and the situation cheered by the ringing declaration that "Truth has lost many a battle but never lost a war." Then came Representative Nelson, who was La Follette's chief of staff, with the assertion that the results justify the formation of a third party.

It will be recalled that the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which dominated the Cleveland convention that nominated La Follette for President, plans to confer after election with a view of taking such steps as may be desirable toward its future political course. The constitution of this organization was written by Morris Hillquit, the socialist. Thus the ends in view may be surmised. That conference has not been held as this is written, but the results of it will not be important.

The decision may be to form a third party. It may be the idea of the leaders in this movement that the one million socialist votes that La Follette received and the three million scattering votes in addition are a sufficient basis for the projection of such an organization. That is exclusively the affair of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. To other observers it would seem that this La Follette campaign, instead of offering a substantial foundation for another party, merely emphasizes and reaffirms the history of such endeavors in the past. Greenbackism seemed to present similar opportunity in the seventies, and it died the death. Populism came along in the nineties and, after achieving twenty-two electoral votes in the election of 1892, quickly disappeared. The Roosevelt Progressive Party, formed in 1912, was dead and buried in 1916, and Roosevelt got 4,126,020 popular votes and eighty-eight electoral votes. All these movements failed to become permanent.

The result of the La Follette campaign shows a support of his ideas thinly spread across the continent. Like the famous Powder River that is a mile wide and an inch deep, the La Follette foray seems to have some small substance until one begins to sound it. In reality, it was a scattering, inconclusive conglomeration of the protest vote in this country. It proved nothing and got nowhere. It started out to be a three-ringed circus and wound up as a small side show. It had no stability because it could not hold its performers. It was to encompass millions of class votes and it held but thousands. Labor deserted it. The farmers deserted it. The racial vote deserted it, and it finished with a fluttering 15 per cent that was so widely disseminated over our forty-eight states that it captured but thirteen electoral votes, and those in the state where its leader maintains and operates one of the most effective and rigidly bossed political machines in this country.

The Idea That the Labor Vote Can be Held is a Myth

Senator La Follette and his socialistic and other associates may think they have the makings of a La Follette Third Party, but they have not. The only substantial basis for such a party, in present conditions, would be the solid amalgamation of the labor vote and the agrarian vote to be reënforced by the socialists and radicals not classed, the protest vote and the fringe vote that attaches itself to a new political fabric every four years. Eugene Debs cautioned the socialists, when in convention at Cleveland at the time La Follette was nominated, to keep the red flag flying, and it is not probable that the socialists would consent to lose their socialistic identity in such a political catch-all. Undoubtedly they will continue as a separate party.

As has been shown, labor cannot be depended upon; nor can the farmer. Labor in this country, which differs from the Labor Party in England, where there is a real political organization, will not vote as a unit. Agrarian discontent cannot be permanently capitalized. Good crops and good prices, when they come, dissipate all revolt among the farmers. Two typical examples of this are found in the campaigns of Magnus Johnson, in Minnesota, and Smith Brookhart, in Iowa. These men, running for reëlection to the United States Senate with a specific appeal to the discontented farmer, could not compete with high prices for farm products. Johnson was defeated, and Brookhart won by a few hundred votes. Early in the campaign both were held by everybody as certain winners.

The farmer will not stay put on the side of radicalism. He is an unstable political quantity. The prediction of a third-party movement on a solid agrarian vote is sheer lunacy in view of the past political history of the United States, and in view of the results of the La Follette appeal in 1924 to this important voting class. Thus the only basis La Follette and his associates have for such an organization comes down to the temperamental, the congenital, the revolutionary, the discontented, the for-God's-sakers, the crusading, the protesting, the panaceaist, the agin-the Government classes. There is no telling how many of these voted for him. Apart from his socialistic strength he had three million votes. Some of these were Germans. Many were nominal Democrats thinking to throw the election into the Congress. Some were labor. None of these is dependable in the long run. And probably there were two millions of them, all told. That leaves a million to go on, and a million of those unstable creatures is not enough.

The Campaign Was a Dismal Failure as a Hurrah-Boys Affair

A Personal Victory

LA FOLLETTE failed as a leader seeking to coalesce these heterogeneous elements into a workable political whole. His campaign puts nothing permanent into our politics. It was merely a personal adventure and enterprise, predicted on a set of policies shrewdly put forth to net every variety of radical vote and to capitalize every phase of political discontent. It will get its place in the political almanacs and its paragraph in the political histories. That is all it will amount to.

Nevertheless, those persons who think that the election just over permanently establishes the politics of this country on a conservative basis and rids our politics of radicalism and the attempts to put radicalism into practice are as badly mistaken as those persons—and there were many of them—who thought the campaign of La Follette would surely send us to the radical bowwows on the fearsome one hand, or result in a triumph for the Wisconsin panaceaist on the exultant other. Especially are those people mistaken who think the Republican Party is accoladed as the conservative party. There was small thought of that in the minds of the voters.

It is quite true that the Republican Party was given a prima facie indorsement as the conservative party, but quite false that that indorsement was given to the Republican Party as an organization. The conservative political indorsement of November fourth was given to Calvin Coolidge, and, incidentally, to the Republican Party because Mr. Coolidge was the Republican candidate and there was no alternative. This election proves no gain in estimation of the Republican Party in the minds of the people, any more than the tremendous majority given to President Harding in 1920 proved such gain. Two years later, in 1922, the people rose in the congressional elections and tore the Republican Party apart and scattered its pieces far and wide.

That same thing may easily happen in 1926, because it is as true now as it was in 1922 that

(Continued on Page 174)

THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Pardon Me," She Said, in a Voice That Was Velvety But Still Less Than Cordial, "You Took Three Neckties From the Counter Back There and You Didn't Pay for Them"

I HAD attended a studio supper down in Greenwich Village, a social gathering to interchange views on art and literature; and I caught a late ferry to Undercliff on the Jersey shore and arrived at our house sometime after midnight. The hour was not late, and I was as deadly sober as a joke book, but I saw a curtain move in the living-room window above me and I knew that my sister Genevieve had been on the watch. I was in for it. She was always peeping and snooping. She must have sat in that window for hours and hours, waiting for me, and she would tell my mother the first thing in the morning. I knew my mother too. It was her way to credit the story of that one of her children who got to her first; she gave judgment at once, and wouldn't listen to the other side at all. I determined to get to my mother before Genevieve. I slipped into my room, threw off coat and hat, popped a clove into my mouth and hurried upstairs. I occupied as my studio the room under the high front porch of our house in Undercliff, having chosen it because it afforded me seclusion for my work, and not, as Genevieve said, because I could get in and out without being observed.

My mother's room was in the remodeled attic, her choice, although I had sought to give her the room occupied by Genevieve. Genevieve, I may say, had fought to install me in the attic. I slipped upstairs quietly, knocked lightly on my mother's door and said, "Good night, mother."

I heard her start and sigh. She said sleepily, "What's that? Who is it?"

"It's Norman, mother," said I. "I just came in. Good night, mother."

"Yes—what time is it?"

Genevieve spoke instantly from below:

"It's ten minutes after three."

"It isn't," I said furiously. "You mind your business, you nosey old maid."

"Do I smell whisky, Norman?" said my mother.

"Yes," called Genevieve.

"It's witch-hazel," I said.

This was in the nature of an untruth; but it was a white lie at worst, as I told it for my mother's sake. I knew she didn't want me to drink.

"You've been drinking witch-hazel?" said my mother with a surprise that brought her quite awake.

"He's drunk," said Genevieve. "He started me out of a sound sleep with kicking every step of the stairs. You should speak to that fellow, mother. I'm not going to live in the same house with a night owl."

"Then why don't you get married and get out of here?" I cried.

"Why don't you get out?" she called back.

"This is my mother's house," I said with dignity. "I don't ask your permission to live here."

"Oh, don't start bickering at this time of night," said my mother, sighing again. "Let me sleep, will you?"

"Let her sleep, can't you?" I said indignantly. "I'm not going to have my mother waked like this at an unearthly hour."

"The hour he came home, mother," said Genevieve, shutting her door sharply to cut off any response.

"Shut up, both of you—a pair of fishwomen," called my oldest and married sister Gladys from her room on the floor immediately below.

She roused her husband, my brother-in-law, Jerry Bellows, and he said to her in muffled tones, "Why are you putting your oar in, Gladys?"

"If you won't let me sleep," cried my youngest sister Annie, throwing her door open and appearing in nightdress, "at least have some consideration for my mother. What do you people mean by starting a riot in the middle of the night?"

Annie was living with us at the time, having left George Jenkins for some reason or other.

"You know what you can do if you don't like it," called Gladys. "Go back to Jenkins, where you belong! No, I won't stop it, Jerry. She started it and she'll have to stop it."

"For heaven's sake," said I, completely disgusted, "I never saw such a family for fighting in all my life! You're all alike, every one of you. Always arguing and rowing and jawing. Dry up, dry up!"

I went downstairs and to bed.

I got up around eleven o'clock and went upstairs to the kitchen for a bit of breakfast; we used the kitchen for family meals because we couldn't keep help, living in the suburbs. This morning there was no breakfast worth eating. The coffee was nothing but dregs, and cold at that, and the rolls had been heated in the oven and then allowed to chill, so that they were now like stones. The others had had their breakfasts, and they didn't care about me; rather the contrary. I could just see Genevieve picking out the horn rolls of which she knew I was very fond and eating them with particular relish. There wasn't one left; not a blessed solitary one; nothing but these puffy water rolls, and they as hard as clinkers from the furnace.

My mother came in from marketing and at once made me some fresh coffee. She had bought a few fresh rolls, too, so that I did not go hungry.

Genevieve, hearing her stirring about, called back, "Are you making breakfast for that loafer at this time of day? Let him get his own breakfast. The idea of imposing on my mother like that! Come in here, mother; I want to show you some dress goods."

My mother had brought my mail from the box at the gate. It consisted of four returned manuscripts. She put them on the table before me, saying, "Four more masterpieces—ha-ha!" I did not mind her laughing. As I was her son, she presumed naturally that my stories were no good. I resolved only the more firmly that she should be proud of me some day.

I went to my studio, had a drink of gin for my stomach's sake and sat down to my typewriter.

I was then writing a novel. I had spent three years in preparing to write it, in studying life. It was a mordant thing, rather in the Russian tradition, planned with the remorseless logic of pure biology, and I am sure that it would have rocked our capitalistic system to its very base if I had succeeded in procuring a publisher and if I had written the novel.

One end I proposed was to demonstrate the idiocy of an economic system which produces for profit and not for use. That opened before me the prospect of an assault upon the entire theory of private property, an outrageous theory whereby men who have already too much are empowered to withhold land and goods from those who are in need. It was to point out the degradation of making selfishness the mainspring of society and involved a shattering assault upon the marriage relation and upon dogmatic religion. In a world where the moving picture, the press and the platform are organs of capitalism, it is nigh impossible to get an original work of that sort before the public; and also, my novel remained in embryo. Whenever I sat down to write it, I saw that its plan would have to be enlarged if it were to answer every question and to refute every argument. The greatness of my conception made my head whirl. I was compelled always to begin anew. So, on this occasion, I sat down and wrote briskly enough Chapter 1: Birth; and then the vastness of the subject of birth pressed upon me, and I saw that I should begin farther back, farther than the germ, farther than the atom, perhaps beyond the nebula. I lay down to think, and, I believe, I fell asleep.

Awakening, I washed my face and dressed carefully.

I had an engagement that evening with a girl who understood and appreciated me—a grateful relief from the attitude of my own people. I was sorting my manuscripts in search of some *vers de société* which I had tossed off in an idle moment, when my mother called down to me, "Stay in tonight, Norman. Dave is coming over and I've something to tell you all."

Dave was my elder brother. He was forty-eight at the time, was married, and lived with his wife and four children in an apartment on the lower West Side. He was a contracting steam fitter—David Allison & Company, my father's firm. Because of his supposed business ability, he had had charge of the family business since my father's death. We others had more than a suspicion that he was neglecting the estate, if not using it for his own advantage; he had an interest and a family of his own to look out for. And Mrs. Dave was not a friendly sort. It was almost impossible to get an expression of opinion out of her on any matter relating to our family. I had spoken to her about Genevieve, and I knew that Genevieve had spoken to her about me; but she refused to commit herself, which caused us all to regard her with suspicion.

I wondered what Dave was coming for. He was always complaining about hard times and about the demands upon the estate that we others made, treating the estate quite as if it was his own.

Getting money out of him was like getting blood from a stone.

I called back, "Mother, I need fifty dollars for a new suit of clothes. You tell Dave to give it to me, will you, and not start one of his arguments?"

"I don't know what you children do with all the money you get," said my mother. "Annie wants money too—and Gladys."

"Gladys has got a husband," said I. "Can't he pay her bills?"

"You leave Jerry alone," said my mother. "He's doing the best he can on the little he has, poor fellow."

"If you'd stop giving Gladys money, he'd do better fast enough," I said. "Let him give up that silly experimenting and go into business."

"Listen who's talking!" said Genevieve, on the alert as usual.

Dave came after dinner. Dave is a commonplace sort, slow-witted and prosy. As a family, we are temperamental if not intellectual; Dave is heavy. At the family gathering in the dining room, he sat stolidly in his chair with the light shining on his bald head and heavy jowls, and told my mother that the steam-fitting business was not all that it should have been and that we'd have to cut down our demands.

"You seem to make a very good thing out of it," said Annie. "Who's business is it—yours or my mother's?"

"Both," said Dave unmovedly. "I was father's partner, you know, before he died, and the business is now half mine and half mother's."

"You'd think it was all yours, Dave, the way you talk about a miserable fifty dollars," I said with spirit.

He cut a cigar, disregarding me, and looked at mother. I could see what was in his mind. He had the money and he didn't care what we said.

"Dave," said my mother, "I've made a will."

"Very sensible thing to do," said Dave cold-bloodedly. "So have I—years ago. Everybody should make a will; everybody who's got anything."

"Who's that meant for?" I said acutely.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, keep still, Norman," said Gladys.

"I want you to read it, Dave," said my mother, handing him a document.

"How is it that I didn't hear about this, mother?" I said, looking sharply at Genevieve. "Read it out loud, Dave. There's too much under-cover work in this family."

He read the will, and it proved to be a remarkably well-conceived instrument. It provided in substance that the estate was to be kept together after my mother's death and the income from it was to be paid over to those of her children who were in need. Dave, Genevieve and I were made trustees, and the decision of any two of us was to be final.

"Whatever mother wishes suits me," I said.

"And I'm to ask those three for my own money?" protested Annie and Gladys in one breath.

"I'm sure they'll be just," said my mother, looking at us.

"Supposing one of us doesn't need the money, mother," said Dave, coloring. "Doesn't he get any of it?"

"You're thinking of yourself now, Dave," I said.

"I am," he said boldly.

"Well, Dave, as to that," said my mother troubledly, "you don't really need the money, you know. I thought things should go on as they are now."

"I don't like the way things are going on now," said Dave, growing aggressive. "I'm doing all the work and I'm not getting a nickel for it, and now I hear that I'm never going to get anything. I'm just a bit tired working for my family, mother."

"Oh, Dave," I said, "how can you be so selfish? I think mother's idea is excellent. To every man according to his needs, Dave. You don't need any more than we do, and you've got all you need already, so there you are."

"I'm earning all I get, am I not?" he said hotly.

"There's the fallacy," I said with patience. "What has your earning got to do with it? You seem to be entirely befuddled by your experience of the capitalistic system of production for profit and not for use. You should find joy in your work, in the opportunity it gives you to express yourself, and you ought to be willing to do your best. From every man according to his ability, Dave, and to every man according to his needs. Let me lend you some books to read and maybe you'll get your mind clear."

"That's a lot of static," he said rudely.

"I'm sure I don't know, Dave," said my mother, threatening to cry. "I wanted you to be all one family, Dave, just as you always were."

"Mother," he said, "that thing of making the business the family cow was all right when we were all children and couldn't help ourselves, but it doesn't work out now that we're grown up. You can see how it works; you're raising a family of loafers."

"Is that so?" said we four others. "You don't have to work for us a minute longer than you want to. You can pull out right now if you like."

"That suits me," he said hardily.

"But I don't want Dave to go," said my mother tremulously.

"David is the only one of you that knows anything about business. If I thought that the result of this arrangement would be to drive Dave away ——"

"Let him go, mother," I said, coming to her defense. "Now you see him in his true colors. All he cares about is himself, and he doesn't care for the family."

"I do, too," said Dave. "But I'm not going to be made a good thing out of."

"No, you don't, Dave," said I firmly. "You asked to get out now and I'm in favor of letting you go."

"So am I," said Genevieve, agreeing with me for once.

"We certainly ought to have an accounting and see what he has done with all my father's money," said Annie.

"It's funny you children can't agree," said my mother. "I don't know what to say, Dave."

"But we are agreed, mother," I pointed out. "We're agreed that we're tired of having Dave boss us around when we're just as much my father's children as he is."

"They seem to want it, Dave," said my mother pleadingly. "Give them some sort of statement of where the money goes, won't you?"

"I can tell them where it comes from," said Dave illnaturedly, "but where it goes is something I know nothing about. What did you do with the fifty you got for a suit last month, Norman? Where did you get that bum gin you're swigging?"

"He must have been in my room, mother," I said angrily. "You stay out of that room, Dave. That's my room, understand? Mine! It's a nice state of affairs when a person can't have anything to himself. I take a little stimulant, mother, because my stomach is out of order."

"Yes, and your stomach is out of order because you take a little stimulant," he jeered, keeping it up. "If you had a job, Norman, and a hard-hearted landlady putting her hand out every Saturday, you wouldn't stay up all night, drinking and gassing, and then sleep half the next day. Not much!"

I passed that slur; he knew that he could rally the family to his support on that issue. My family was always jealous, bent on keeping me down. They wouldn't admit that I was an artist and that they were merely people, not for a minute. Nothing is so deadening to an artist, so heart-breaking, as the family atmosphere.

I saw that I had to have financial independence or my work would suffer, and when Dave gave us a statement and the family's interest proved to be much smaller than we had had every reason to expect, I raised the banner of revolt. My sisters were with me from the first. Jerry Bellows insisted on remaining neutral.

"Don't draw me into this," he said.

That was like Jerry. He was willing to take the benefits, but he wouldn't take any of the burden. He had an income of his own, about a thousand a year, and he had fitted up a workroom in our cellar where he conducted experiments. He has invented, by the way, that insulating material called bellosite, and I believe it is very largely used in electrical contrivances. Yes, the man who invented bellosite is my own brother-in-law. But at this time he was living with the family to save expenses, and he and I were none too friendly because of his selfishness in regard to his material and his workshop. I had spoken to my mother about his attitude, and she told him very pointedly that her son Norman had just as much right to be an inventor as anybody else did, and that everybody was to be treated alike in the family. He finally allowed me a gallon of denatured alcohol—he used much alcohol in his experiments—and I redistilled it with his apparatus and made some very good gin, and I turned out an article of benedictine that couldn't be told from the original D.O.M. not at once, at any rate.

"Don't draw me into this, Norman, please," he said, lifting his chemical-stained hands to his protruding ears.

That was his sort, detached from practical affairs, a purblind and woolgathering fellow. We used to have some fun with Jerry, switching his apparatus about and changing his mixtures, always in the best of good humor; and it would make one scream to see him stooping over the messes we had put up for him, and peering at them through his thick lenses, and then poring over his books to study out the reason why our concoctions were so refractory. He wasn't exactly a sympathetic character, and yet we all liked Jerry, and I'm sure he was fond of us.

My mother, however, was not the woman to remain neutral in any affair that concerned her children. When we told her how Dave had deceived us by showing a book value of only forty-two thousand dollars to the family credit when we had expected twice as much, she was greatly incensed. She sent for Dave at once, and she wouldn't listen to him, saying to him, "No, Dave, I've heard all about it. These four have explained it to me, and it doesn't stand to reason that you're right and they are wrong, all four. It doesn't stand to reason, Dave. I'm fair, Dave."

"What do you want me to do, mother?" he said, losing his temper.

"Whatever they agree on," said my mother.

(Continued on Page 181)

"I'm Sure I Don't Know," Said My Mother, Threatening to Cry. "I Wanted You to be All One Family, Dave, Just as You Always Were"

THE SEEDS OF TIME

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

"The Answer is Yes. It Will Happen. Fate, at This Moment —— Believe, Rejoice, and Do as I Bid You Quickly"

BEFORE Christmas, a neighbor and his wife rejoiced in their first-born, who entered this breathing world just as the sunrise gun thumped into fog on a black morning. By the time he had eaten breakfast and got outdoors, the neighbor, a young husband who felt that he must either sound the glad tidings or explode, yearned for a fellow creature, anything alive, to hail. At the very moment there was one. Down past his hedge went flitting the crown of a straw hat.

"Hallo, Tao! What you think, old highbinder? We got one baby, born today."

Yi Tao paused in his trot down the lane. With a marketing basket linked to one arm, both hands pocketed in his trousers, each frog of an outdoor tunic buttoned well over his chest, and ears drawn as far inside the collar as they would go, he seemed a very frozen little figure, a poor robin from China endeavoring to keep head under wing. His felt shoes had made stubby oval prints on a rime of white frost. The straw hat, an heirloom discarded by a friend many summers ago and weathered to old gold, the color of Tao's face, was a most jaunty anachronism flouting the winter air.

"Ho! So?"

Black eyes aged with wisdom twinkled aslant, up at youth, elation and the brightness of Christmas come true, in a face that beamed over the hedge where two or three last roses hung dying.

"You catchem?"

Yi Tao, it is quite safe to believe, felt no surprise. He knew all that had happened in the town, all that was happening, and all those paulo-post-future things which were about to be going to have happened. Yet he politely made a countenance of great astonishment and glee, by popping his eyes, running out a round tip of tongue and drawing back other features in a concave goblin spasm no more to be described than imitated.

"Good lock fo' you. I t'ink so. Welly good forjn. What kine iss?"

"Kind? A very nice little girl."

"Ha! Boy mo better."

The sage trotted away down to market, leaving a progenitor to chew upon that.

Nevertheless, when five months later the hedge had become a bank of roses again, the same old saffron hat and wrinkled saffron face were more than once poked in among leaf, thorn and flower to exchange a grunt or squeak or gurgle with something which kicked very tiny bare brown feet, heels uppermost, treadling at the sun.

"He's baby," Tao confided to a hearer in the kitchen afterward.

"He's baby she go be welly lich ooman."

Why this fate—another seer has declared a rich woman, of all things on earth, to be the most unbearable—why this doom should be overhanging a child's cradle, it was not easy to guess.

"How so? You can tell now?"

Hugging a yellow bowl in which he paddled a mass of dough round and round, Yi Tao snorted.

"Shu! Can tell." In his youth he had been a fortune teller's apprentice and read his master's book deeply. "Shu! You not see she's ear? Som tam you looking that baby. She's bofe ear welly tight, welly stuck to, near she's head bofe side. Alloways go be lich. You neffer see Misto Hossabin he's ear? All same kine, awfu' close, tight on he's head, welly nice."

Mr. Osborne's ears, a pair belonging to the richest man in town, never before seemed remarkable; they are not as King Midas', to demand attention; and it may be a saddening thought that, except a mother perhaps fifty years ago, no one but Yi Tao has cared to observe their nicety, their snug fit.

"You walkee behine to him som tam, you can look-see."

The dough spun round, creamy, pale and slab. A neat forefinger wiped the edge of the bowl, whisking. The talk flew as fast, and revolved about the point of prophecy in general, human foreknowledge.

"Oh, many tam forjn tell he know ewellyt'ing pooty goot, if he got plenty sense likee you or me, can see, can sabee what iss. Befo', in Kwantung, was officer in costom house, firs' name Misto Fong, he allo same jotchee, but he playing forjn tell for he's own fon alloso."

In other words, Mr. Fong, of the old imperial customs, a respectable man and shrewd as a judge, was an amateur practicing the art of divination. Before his customs house, a compound wall fronted the street—a crumbling wall, its lower half brown with damp and green with moss in blotches that climbed to the limit of capillary attraction, its upper half gray, its coping of tiles faded by a century or two beneath rain and sun. Midway, the chief gate yawned, where merchant and shipman waddled through. North of this entrance, coolies, fishwives, peddlers lined the wall, squatting beneath flame-colored paper strips all written down with column after column of black symbols; but to the south, because a gutter flowed there, nobody kept shop or found room except one man, who had taken the only dry spot. This fellow, day after day, rain or shine, sat behind a bare folding table and waited. Over his head on the wall there hung, as large and gaudy as a painted cloth outside a circus, the portrait, mustard yellow upon sky-blue, of a countenance dotted freely with blackheads.

"Misto Fong som tam speaking to him, littoo bit, not moch. He catchee few bissoniss."

In our skin-deep Western world, blackheads are a sebaceous defect, we are told, to be carried to a beauty parlor, whatever that is, and removed; but men of South China regard them a great deal more profoundly, for by their number and their distribution on the cheek or jowl you may read your destiny as clear as in the stars. A man at an outdoor table, therefore, with a chart behind him of a dotted moonface, can be nothing but fortune teller. This one was called by the public Wan Gök Jü, his private name resting unknown.

Mr. Fong dropped him now and then a word at the gate, because even a street failure, calmly waiting, starving in his profession, may merit the glance of a scholar amateur. Wan Gök Jü always replied with courtesy.

One morning Mr. Fong, at his desk, where he sat painting a report, looked up, fidgeted, put his brush into his mouth, sucked the ink thoughtfully, and then with a downward wave of the hand beckoned a clerk.

"Go make my compliments," he ordered, "to the fellow south of our gate who reveals the future for pay, and tell him he'd better move off. My art informs me that the wall is about to come down on his head."

The clerk bustled away. His master bent again, worked hard and forgot the message. There, next day, placid as ever between table and map, waited the hireling prophet.

"You have not moved?"

"No, sir." Wan Gök Jü smiled.

"I returned thanks at the time for your warning, but clerks are not to be trusted."

"You do not move?"

"Not yet, sir, though I am obliged to you and bow down before prescience."

It was blandly uttered. Mr. Fong frowned, however, and with more than official dignity swung into the courtyard. On his way he observed that all the peddlers, coolies, cooks, fisherwomen and loungers had gone from their station, left

the north wall bare. He went in to think of more important matters. Work pressed, rain fell, the day was dark, and some wrangle of tariff involved him. About noon came a crash as of thunder; the building rocked; he, like all his staff, jumped up, crying, "Earthquake!" and ran out

The north wall had fallen flat, choking the street with rubbish and a cloud of lime dust already being laid by rain. Under the south wall a varnished yellow umbrella kept the downpour off Wan Gŏk Jü and his table, both solitary.

Being a good old chap and a sportsman, Mr. Fong walked right up to ask his rival, "Who sent those people out of danger?"

"I did."

"How could you know it was to be the north wall, not the south?"

"That, sir," replied the lonely one, "is a trade secret."

Should there be, as Yi Tao thinks there are, dull persons who go round explaining wonder away, reducing it to common sense, they cannot spoil all. Who has yet ruined the wonder of common sense? If they pretend how Wan Gŏk Jü when a youth may have studied bricklaying, and so had a better mason's eye than Mr. Fong, what then? A knight errant, said Don Quixote, must know everything: but a fortune teller must know that much to begin with and continually peer forward into more.

"Anybotty laughing to him iss fool. Plenty man allo tam can see aftu happin, welly ease—norf side, souf side, why fo', what day, welly ease aftu come down. Befo', hart to say, pleasee ixcuse, they no talkee 'bout."

The crash of the old north wall at the customs house reverberated long, and from its dust rose, like the phœnix, one man's name. That night the fortune teller, humping homeward with stool, map and table on his back, was haited at every turn by some passer who locked umbrellas with him to put a question. He strung together more cash than he had handled for many a week. One among these ambulatory clients, a gross fat fellow, drew him toward the window of a shop where light wavered because within a man bent double cutting soapstone seals.

"What number wins the lottery this evening, sir? I will give you half of it."

From the darkness a crowd swarmed in, thick as rats on rice, to hear the answer for nothing.

"Do not buy a ticket. This night you would lose."

The fat skeptic laughed. He was a jolly rascal, smoother and rounder than a jar, his nickname, Chubby Little Plum, being known wherever gamblers met

"Oh, wisdom!" he jeered. "Oh, wise and prim and wary! Another charlatan. I see you will earn much, advising little milk-tooth boys how not to ——"

The rest of his joke we need not catch, although it raised high laughter. The street here had a ceiling of lattice and oiled cotton, so that rain leaked only a few gouts; umbrellas in the crowd were furled, snuggled under arm; the tongue of flame, by which the seal cutter wore out his eyesight, colored all the laughing faces orange, made them tremble, but let every man see his neighbor; and therefore the notorious Little Plum saw two slant orbs pierce clear through him, then withdraw friendly, brimful of humor extracted from a depth

"My advice to you is free. If you put no more water in your toddy, you will die from swollen blood."

Having spoken, the charlatan smiled and heaved his burden forward so gently that they did not know he had broken through the ring till he was gone.

A coolie in the shadows piped up, "He saved my life, if that's any good, and a hundred others."

Thus fame flew about the city and buzzed in the ears of men. Early next morning a crowd blocked the thoroughfare who not only gaped at the wreck of the north wall but elbowed for room along the south, and craned on tiptoe to see the greater wonder there. His looks had not altered since yesterday. Outfaced by the public in a hubbub that swayed his table, he remained as calm as when alone pale, thoughtful, with bright eyes downcast, all sobriety but for a quirk of humor about the lips.

His noisiest client, who kept all others waiting, was Chubby Little Plum. It speaks well for the obese gamester and winebibber that, after last night's rebuke, he had come first and come smiling, to occupy the breadth of three in the front row. From that time on, every other day, he heaved into view with the same greeting:

"Venerable elder brother, I am in a mess again, like a fool. Read out the future for me to follow."

The pair became friends. Whatever was read out, no one else knew. Little Plum, always lucky before, continued thenceforward neither more so nor less, drank rice gin hot and strong as ever, cracked as many hair-uplifting jokes, but grew funnier both in his cups and out, with a kindlier wit, gossip said. Loud, coarse, incorrigible, he had gained at least a warmer heart and a hand quicker to open when fellows were in distress.

"Where," cried one of a tableful who sat laughing their heads off—"where do you pick up all your stories?"

"From my fortune teller."

"That solemn owl?"

"Solemn? He's a wag! He knows all in the world, laughter and tears, and everything between. As for wisdom, ho!" Little Plum fanned his gleaming after-dinner cheeks, mused, then quoted unawares from a great sorcerer of whom he had never heard: "The man, I tell you, can look into the seeds of time and say which will grow, which not."

"Oh, Wisdom!" He Jeered. "Oh, Wise and Prim and Wary! Another Charlatan. I See You Will Earn Much, Advising Little Milk-Tooth Boys How Not To——"

It was the murder of Ho Kwai, the cassia merchant, and certain odd things following, that heightened our friend's renown. Ho Kwai, on foot, alone, set forth one day to buy cassia buds and twigs in Lo-ting, but never came there, for soon afterward boys found his body lying in a rice field, near the road, some ten miles from town. At the outset of his journey he had been beaten to death. No one had seen him passing. The owner of the field, a poor man, declared his horror and surprise, could tell nothing more, wept before the judge, called heaven to keep his wife from starving, dragged back on his chains fiercely, but was hauled away. The dark, slimy inferno of the jail swallowed him.

About a year later, on a hot noonday, workmen resting in the shade of the wall by the customs house woke and grumbled and found something curious to watch. The fortune teller sat drinking tea, between sips waved a palm-leaf fan, and with his head sleepily canted, gave ear to whatever it was that a fat imp of a boy, leaning against him, whispered. The loungers knew this imp to be his only child, a young pest always underfoot, quick as a lizard, uncanny. They roused to look, not at him of course, but at a sight more novel, a newcomer, the strangest little old bent woman, a mere hank of dirty blue rags tied round the waist, who drew near, halted as though lost, fumbled on again, halted, then stared with vague wild eyes toward father and son. A farmer's yellow shield hat weighed her down like an extinguisher clapped on to snuff out misery. Here in broad day might be a devil's grandam stealing up, hooking her claws on the table of chance.

Everybody saw her poke among rags, undo a knot, screw out one after another four cash and lay them timidly down.

"That," said a man, laughing, "would not buy the flea's fortune"

"But look!" someone else grunted. "See!"

An extraordinary thing happened. Putting away in one sweep his fan, his tea and his boy, the dreamer at the table came bolt upright, awake, eager, with eyes that suddenly flamed. He greeted the crone as if she had been a princess.

"I know! Yes!" he cried. "It will happen! Your husband will come home!"

She had not spoken a word. Bystanders who jumped up to throng in looked more closely at her and murmured to one another while they jostled. She was not old, not even of middle age, but worn to the bone with toil, hunger and despair

"The answer is yes. It will happen. Fate, at this moment —— Believe, rejoice, and do as I bid you quickly."

It was the wife of that prisoner who had not confessed and who lay rotting in darkness

"Take these." The fortune teller swept back into her hand the pitiful cash, dropped a broad silver piece on them, and from his pocket gave her a clasp knife of good foreign make. "Lose no time. Run to the city gate, the nearest, go through, follow the river path. Three miles upstream a very old tree, a bastard banyan, grows, leaning over the water's edge. A rope is tied to it. Cut that rope. Do not stay to see what happens there, but turn home. Obey; on your husband's life, obey exactly. Cut the rope, make from the tree at once, go home faster than you came, and wait in confidence."

The speaker wheeled about to beckon his grinning son.

"And you, Ink Eater," he commanded, "wipe that smirk off your snout. Guard my table." He raised one arm to lay a solemn ban upon the crowd. "Let no person follow. Whoso moves a foot after her,

(Continued on Page 85)

AMERICAN LEADERSHIP IN

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

Four Fragmentation Bombs on a Pursuit Airplane Ready for the Bombardment Shown in the Photographs at Bottom of Page

Battleship Target Marked Out on the Ground at the Mouth of Back River Near Langley Field

THERE is no royal road to learning." This old saying holds more true in aviation than in any other calling. In the old and well-established branches of learning there is something to go on that has been developed before, that one can model on and study. In aviation, particularly in its application and use, there is almost nothing to go on. The airman has to teach himself, for the most part. Every new development, no matter what it is, requires the greatest preparation beforehand to insure its success, and with us in aviation it has been essential that we be successful or we might not be allowed to carry on our experiments to the point where they would be of the utmost value to the country. We have constantly before us the example of Langley, who was on the verge of flying his heavier-than-air machine, when the ridicule of some caused Congress to withhold funds and to stop one of the most important single accomplishments that has occurred in the world's history.

Fortunately Congress has been pretty good to aviation. Whenever it could see the why and the wherefore, and understood what was actually needed in aviation, it has provided the necessary funds. Furthermore, Congress has a good deal of vision—that is, seeing what might happen and being willing to gamble a little on the result.

A great sum of money was appropriated for aviation during the war, and Congress expected immediate results, which, of course, were not forthcoming. At the end of the war it was beginning to be understood that money could not buy knowledge of aviation; that this was a matter of development that required time; that the fault had been not so much in the spending of the appropriation as in not laying a sound foundation for the spending of the money before the European War started.

Practically nothing had been done by the Government to start a real air service. There were only about fourteen actual fliers when the war in Europe commenced. The prodigious effort put forth by the United States to create an aviation during the war had barely time to show results in the year and seven months of the contest. There was created, though, an actual flying personnel; fifteen thousand of our citizens had received instruction in flying. These men were the finest pilot material in the world. Great numbers of factories were making aircraft, and no matter what may have been the reasons for the kinds of aircraft that they were building, they were making the types given them to construct better and more cheaply than any in Europe. Only a few of the flying men and a relatively small part of the material had gotten to Europe when the war ceased. We were still using foreign equipment because there had not been sufficient time to create our own.

It had been conclusively shown that aviation was a dominant element in the making of war, even in the comparatively small way in which it was used by the armies in Europe. If either one of the opposing forces had been deprived of its aviation and the routes of the air had been perfectly clear to the other side, the side having the aviation would have been victorious within a couple of weeks.

The European War was only the kindergarten of aviation. It had machines that were just invented, the possibilities of their use were just beginning to be understood by the aviators themselves, while others looked on them as strange creations that were defying all known laws of science, of custom and of war.

During the year 1918 American aviation received its baptism of fire in a terrific manner. Hurled into the midst of the Château-Thierry struggle, with the Allies shot out of the air, we had to evolve our own system and salvation as best we could. Untired by three long years of war, our men thought out many new ways of applying and handling air forces, so that when the Armistice came we had a fighting staff entirely conversant with the last-minute ways of making air power felt, and pilots that had fought the hardest of air battles, that knew every kink of the air-fighting game, and knew they could defeat in single or combined combat any aviators of the world. In addition, we had handled the greatest combined force of aviation ever brought under one command during our St.-Mihiel and Argonne operations. When the question was agitated of consolidating the command of water, land and air under one direction on the Western Front for the campaign of 1918, it is probable that all sea forces would have been commanded by the British, all land forces by the French, and all air forces by the Americans. The power of aëronautical accomplishment was passing to the United States, and without a doubt it would have had the utmost influence in settling the war had it lasted another year.

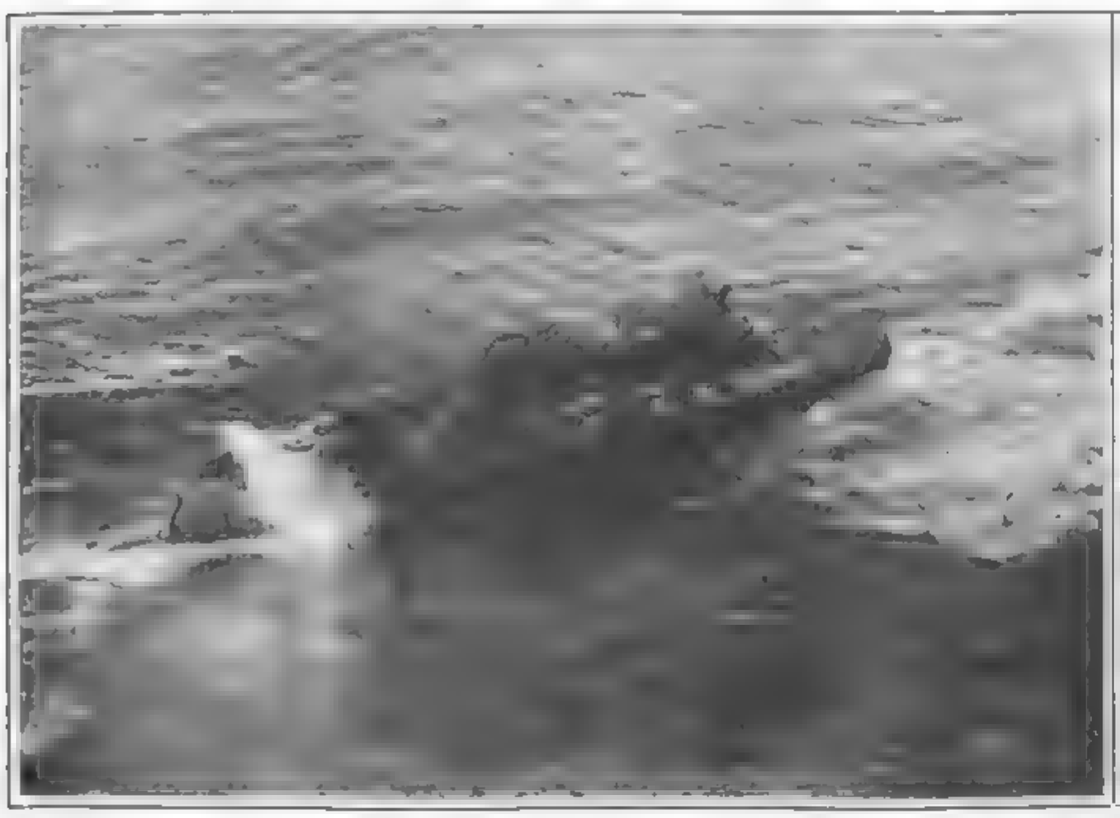
During the spring of 1919 our war-trained men came back from Europe. Most of them were discharged, many could see no future under the conditions under which aviation was being handled in this country, and others wished to return to private life. Enough remained in service, however, to lay the foundation of our future aviation. These men, mixed with the aviation officers that remained in the United States who had been engaged in training pilots and testing equipment to send to Europe, formed the combination that was capable of thinking out what our air organization should be, more than any other class of men. They knew the actual conditions that existed and had sufficient vision to see what aviation could do in the future.

10 A. M. "First Call." The Target as It Was Laid Down

10:10 A. M. Five Ships Taking Off With Orders to Destroy the Target

AËRONAUTICS

By Brigadier General Mitchell
ASSISTANT CHIEF OF AIR SERVICE



The U. S. Battleship Virginia, Which Was Used as a Target, Forty-Eight Seconds After She Was Hit by an Eleven-Hundred-Pound Bomb

Four Dirigible Airships in Formation at Langley Field. At the Left—The Heavy Bombers. At the Right—Pursuit Ships of the First Provisional Air Brigade

To the air officer the conditions of a future war would be entirely and wholly different from anything that occurred in Europe. The armies in Europe at the commencement had no aviation. As each side developed its aviation, it maintained equality in the air, more or less, until within three or four months of the Armistice, when we were gaining a tremendous advantage; sufficient advantage, certainly, to determine the outcome of the war in 1919. On the other hand, any campaign in the United States would involve first a defense of our coast against foreign air or sea forces. In this, the ground army would have very little part, and a properly organized air force could protect the country, not only the frontiers and seaports but the smallest hamlet in the highest mountains, because all are exposed to air attack. If it became necessary to impose our will on an enemy the campaign would have to be carried to him through the air, because a defensive air force on his part would prohibit the transportation across the water of armaments, as has been the case in the past. Consequently our development must be based on the grand hypothesis that future contests will depend primarily on the amount of air power that a nation could produce and apply.

Our own mission in aviation, as air officers of the United States, was to demonstrate its practicability, dependability and efficiency.

The elements of air power are very numerous and complicated. To begin with, the personnel—officers, mechanics, designers, manufacturers, engineers and inspectors—all have to be created especially for aviation work. This requires a long period of time. It must be based on a proper system of training, while the training itself must be based on how air power is to be used. The work of an air force depends on the men that fly the planes, not primarily on those that remain on the ground. The avenues along which military, civil and commercial air power is to be developed must be selected. What we call airways must be organized, just as roads had to be laid down for automobiles and refueling stations installed; or as lines for steamships had to be established, with ports where fuel, coal and oil could be obtained. These airways can be used for both commercial and military planes.

In the future we shall see the merchant aeronautics alongside the military aëronautics, one being a direct assistance to the other, each using the same airways, the same navigating instruments and the same methods of flying as the other.

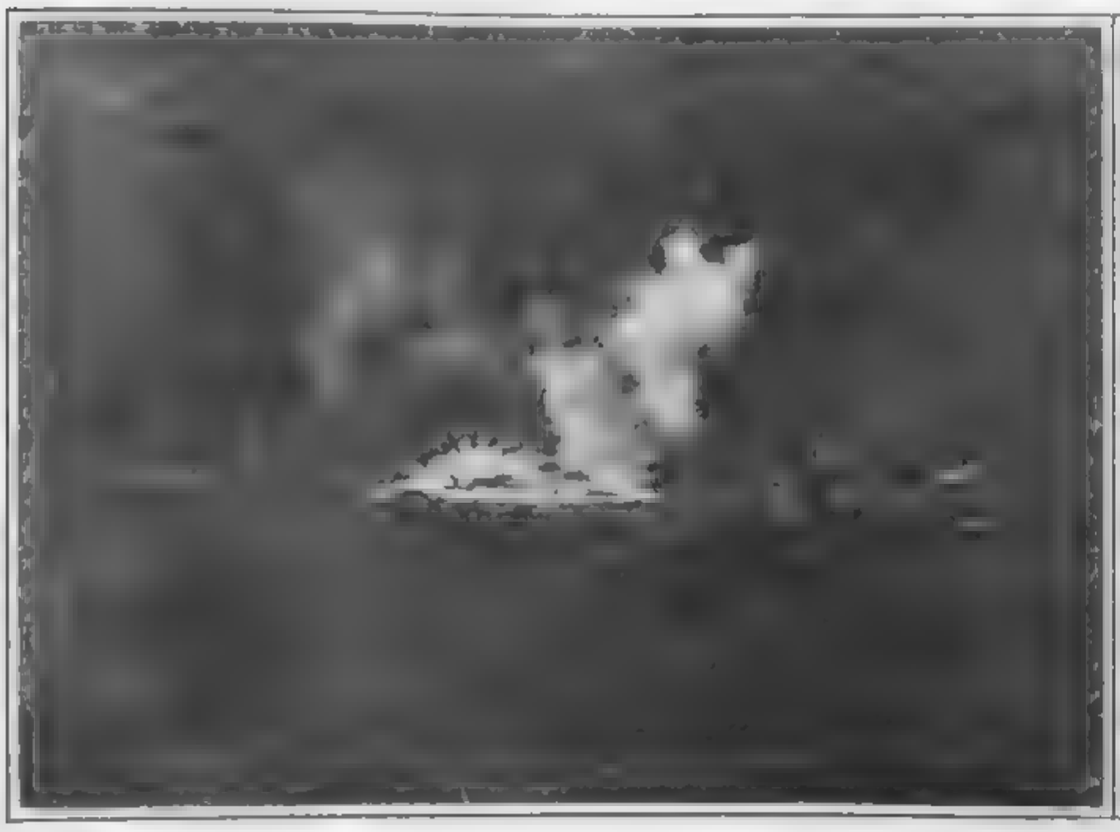
In Europe during the war there were no airways because the front was so short that a flight of about two and one-half hours would carry an airplane—even a slow one of that time—from the Atlantic Ocean to the Swiss frontier. The United States had to be ready to organize our airways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance of three thousand miles; and from the northern frontier to the southern frontier, a distance of nearly two thousand miles. The airways had to be connected up by radio communication because we had found that the telephone and telegraph were too slow. We had to put in a weather service so that we could tell thirty-six hours ahead of time what the weather would be, and then notify the pilots of the planes in sufficient time so that they might be forewarned of fogs, storms or hurricanes. We had to show that we could distribute gasoline and oil, mechanics and spare parts to the places selected for landing, and we had to show that the whole airway could be controlled from one point, so that in case an air force were stationed in the central part of the country it could move with great rapidity to either coast.

More than anything else we had to show that it was practicable for airplanes in considerable numbers even to make a trip from one coast to the other. Most people were still of the opinion that planes could go only a short distance, then would have to stop, be repaired and overhauled. They thought they could fly only in clear weather, and that storms, rains and fogs would stop them. The successful demonstration of the movement of an air force would enable us to control the air along our frontiers and coasts without doubt.

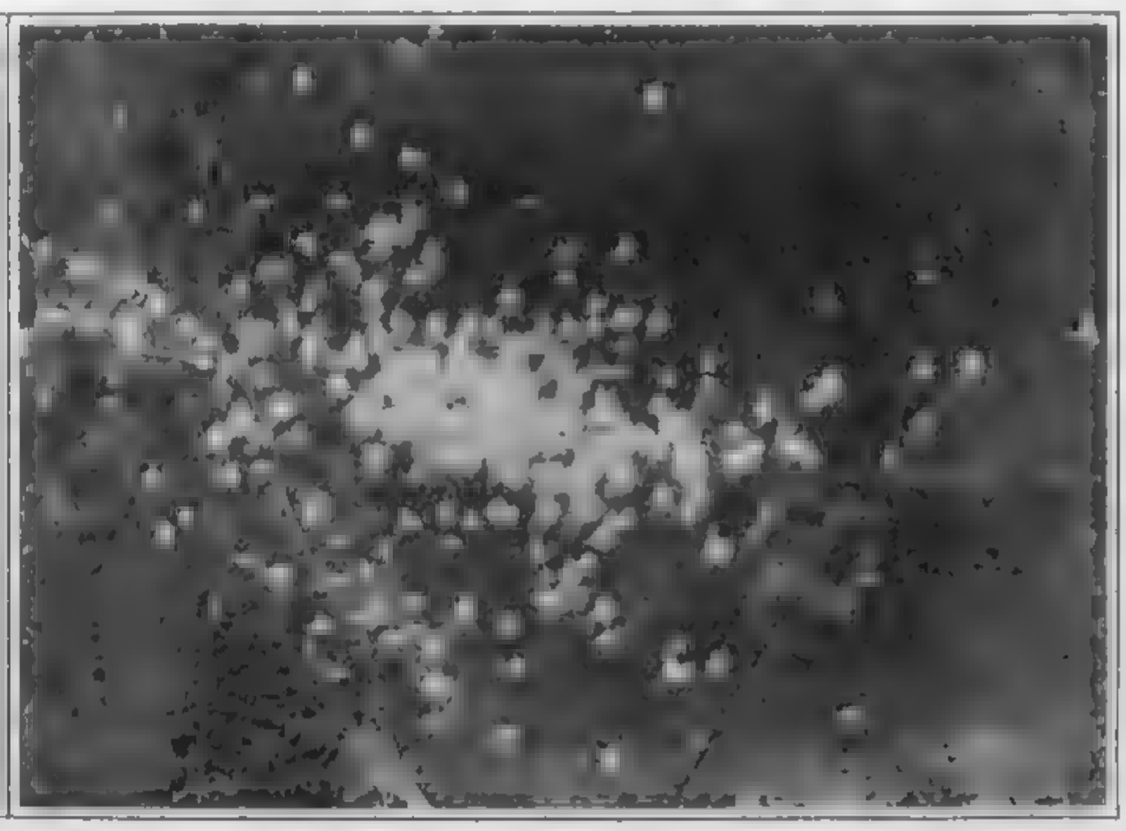
But even if we were successful in flying across the country, it remained to be demonstrated that we could sink battleships, because in Europe the war had been won on land. The Allies held the sea to a greater extent than any nation ever has in the past. Aircraft, therefore, had not been used to any appreciable extent against shipping. It had to be demonstrated that we could fly over the water as easily as we could fly over the land, and that we could work at night as well as by day. We had to perfect weapons and sights for hitting objects on the ground and water, and methods of flying in all kinds of weather, in all climates and under all conditions.

To put these things into effect we had almost no precedent to follow. We had to think them out for ourselves and then proceed to put our ideas and theories to the test. Many appliances and much of the equipment had to be made for the first time, and a great deal of the equipment we possessed had to be used in a manner for which it was not designed, because all the aëronautical equipment had been made for service on the Western Front in Europe. Fortunately we had the Liberty engine, which had been perfected and had become the most reliable aëronautical

(Continued on Page 148)



10:12. The Starting of the Bombardment



10:20. "Recall." The Target After Eight Minutes of Bombing

GOSSIP INSURANCE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HAVE you a little rocking-chair in your home? One that up and bites you on the ankle every oncet in a while? If so, and your patience with it has give out, I have a place for it. Send it along exp. pd. to Mrs. Marie La Tour Smith, Rosemere, Long Island, % The Old People's Home.

Not that I am exactly living there yet, but if I have to wade through another month like the last one, age will undoubtedly overtake me to that net result. Or else I will be drove to some desperate deed which will land me in jail. Heavens knows I am pure as the driven snow, but I can be driven too far.

The whole trouble started with Maison Rosabelle the well-known French dressmaker of Fifty-seventh Street N. Y. and that half-portion husband of hers moving out to Rosemere, and taking the name of Beachmount. Of course his name is O'Toole, and I will say for him that he objected to the change, but with his wife not only twice his size but four times as successful in a business way, why naturally his objection didn't count for much.

"You see, Marie, dearest," says Maison, "I realize where we couldn't make much of a break into the best circles with a name like O'Toole, and so I thought I'd try a change. We got a perfectly good right to Beachmount, anyways, on account Tom's pa was a special cop on the beach at Atlantic City once, and there you are—all the old antique aristocratic names was got from the ancestor's profession, like Vanderbuilt and Whitehouse and so forth."

"And maybe Washington's folks was in the laundry business," says I, sarcastic, but it went right over the top of the French hat she had imported from West Fifty-seventh Street.

"I don't remember ever hearing that," says she.

"Nix, nix!" says her husband from behind the big mustache which he carries in front of him to prove he's a man. "Marie has the right idea. A name is what you make it. O'Toole is mine, and I'm used to it. I've had it forty-one years and I'd be lonesome without it."

"And a lot you've made of the name!" says Maison. "Here I been married to you fifteen years and all you've ever give me is mortification. Oncet in a while you spend the day with me, but that's all you ever have spent! That shrimp!" says she to me while pointing at him like he was in a show case. "That shrimp never made a success at anything yet except stopping any spare change of mine that tried to pass him. He ought to crawl into a salad and pull up the mayonnaise!"

The shrimp sat looking at her during the above sequence with a kind of dumb, pitiful expression like a dog that is used to it, if you get me, and I felt real sorry for him.

"Lookit here, Maison," I says. "I guess you don't realize something, which is, to begin with, that you are a unusually successful and clever woman," I says.

Maison swelled out her perfect forty-four when I says this, smoothed down the imported model that she was wearing, having failed to sell it, and smiled almost as sweet as if I had been a customer instead of merely a friend.

"Yes, yes, dear," says she; "go on."

"Well," I says, "you see, dear, you've been a big success ever since you was a saleslady in Rothberg's Parisian Novelty Dresses over on Seventh and Broadway, and you make, today, more money then the average big business man. Why, I'll bet your income last year was pretty near fifty thousand dollars."

"Over, dearie, considerable over," says Maison modestly twisting around the ten-carat diamond engagement ring she had bought herself on their tenth wedding anniversary.

"Well, it's wonderful!" I says, warming to the job. "Everybody that can afford the money to call their dresses frocks, knows Maison Rosabelle, Inc. And now you come out here and buy a handsome place. You are a great woman. Don't deny it."

"Not against your say-so, dearie, how could I?" says she, purring.

"Well then," says I, walking on cracked ice. "Don't you owe some of it to your good and faithful husband, eh? Ain't he saved and scraped and been a good home-keeper for you? Don't you owe him nothing?"

"Not a darn thing!" says Maison. "As for being good and faithful, he better had be, or I'll learn him. Why would he want to be anything else, I'd like to know? Ain't I worked and sweat like a gallus-slave and always give him a good home? Ain't he had everything he wanted, expense free, and never done a lick for it?"

"Now, now, Maria," says Mr. O'Toole, "you know I used to sweep out the store when you first started out for yourself!"

"Don't call me Maria!" snorts Maison.

"Oh, my cow!" says he. "It's your name!"

"Now wait, wait!" I says. "Don't fight—listen!"

"Listen a little yourself, Marie," says she. "Here I've got to the place where I can afford to take in some social life, and look—just give a look at what I got to escort me around!"

"Maison Rosabelle, Inc.," I says firmly. "You pay attention to me. Remember how you talked the time John J. Jerrard the Korn Kake King set aside the old wife who helped make him rich and successful so's he could marry that society flapper? Remember what you called him? Do you want to put yourself in his class?"

Well, that shut her up for a minute, see, but not so the O'Toole. A person could now get a faint glimmer of the fact where O'Tooles was oncet kings in Ireland as he bristled the mustache and drew himself up to his full four feet eight.

"She'll never set me aside," says he. "I won't allow it."

"Allow!" Maison was commencing, when I pulled a gesture like a traffic cop, with the same result.

"Stop!" I says. "Maison, I don't believe you realize where a man is in a awful hard position when he is in the position of Tom, here. He has done the best he knew how to play second saxophone in your jazz band, while you have got rich with the net result you hate him for it. Why?"

"I dunno," says Maison, sulky but interested.

"I do," I says. "It's because in spite of you being so justly proud of your own success, you are still sufficient old-fashioned to resent him not having the true he-man position in the household, that's why. You want to be the boss, hold the purse, run the shootin' match, have him sacrifice his career to yours, and at the same time, while you are encouraging him to be a kinda tame-cat, you are picking on him for being what you have made him."

While I was saying this the half-portion O'Toole was watching me like a bright-eyed mouse that a coupla cats was matching whiskers for. He was, in other words, still a mouse, but seeing a chance to escape.

"Maybe you got some truth in what you say," says Maison. "I only wish he would go to work and quit living

He Opened the Closet Door and I Pretty Near Fell Dead, on Account There Was Ma, Sitting on a Rocking-Chair That Filled the Closet, Fast Asleep With Her New Blond Wig Cocked Way Over One Eye

offen me, but he ain't got a scrap of ambition. And yet it's the truth, Marie, I am fed up entirely. If he don't do something for himself pretty soon, I'm through."

"Well, give him a chance," I says. "Set him up in business."

"Yes, but what business?" says she.

"How about the insurance business?" I says. "Anybody can do that."

"Any boob can hang out a sign," says Maison. "And I expect the insurance business needs as little capital as anything. How would you like to go in the insurance business, Leopold?"

"Oh, my cow!" says the O'Toole, subsiding behind the mustache. "Anything you like, my dear!"

"Leopold Beachmount!" I says indignant. "Don't leave her call you that, Tom. You got no professional need to change your name to a nom de plumage. You ain't in the hat and dress business any more, you're a insurance man now, and believe me, folks will feel a whole lot insurer with O'Toole than with any fancy ham monniker!"

"Correct!" says he suddenly. "Woman, I'm going to open that office in this very town. If we're a-going to move out here to live, this is where I go to work! We are going to move into this community right, with me in active business!"

"Atta rebel!" I says. "Hot bozo!"

"All right," says Maison all upset at getting her own way so easy. "But if he don't make good inside six months, I'm gonner get me a full-portion husband that is a credit to me, instead of me continually being this one's credit!"

"Maria," says the shrimp, "I'm gonner give you a position to be proud of. This is my chancet, you just wait and see!"

"Well!" says Maison. "Standing over you with a rolling pin ain't no position to be proud of, and it's the only one you have give me so far. I'd try anything for a change. Oh, Marie! If only I could break into society here like you have!"

And then she gathered up the shrimp under her wing, and the two of them went along home, fairly amiable for once.

Well, I didn't contradict that last remark of Maison's, although there wasn't a word of truth in it. For pretty near three years now, we had been paying taxes in Rosemere, but the society dames was still calling me that woman instead of my dear. I had tried to make them realize I was there, but a fine reputation on the screen and stage didn't get me nowheres in the real genuine four hundred per cent society, as Rosemere is the kind of place where the women put snubbers on their cars when they go out in case they was to meet somebody they don't care to know. Well anyways, I wasn't going to advertise the horrid truth to Maison while she was looking up to me as one of the swell bunch, see? And I had so far kept her under that impression, by never asking her to the exclusive dinners that I didn't give.

A lot of things held me back. For one, ma, who was of course living with us, didn't help me none socially. I dunno just what there is about ma, but the minute folks see her they can smell the circus sawdust, and I can't get her to give up either her old friends or to reduce so's she could wear fashionable clothes. Ma is one of these one-weigh women. And among other things she has done to keep me out of what she calls that durn-fool society bunch of bluffs, is to ruin the whole entire appearance of our Spanish-type house with old-fashioned rocking-chairs, on a average of two per room.

"I like to rock while I set, daughter," she says when I pointed out where these was a dead give away to any fashionable caller who might make up their mind to call. "I can think better when I rock. And at my age it's one of the few pleasures I got left."

"Thinking?" I says.

"No, rocking," says she.

And so I was obliged to have them wild, animated pieces of furniture romping all over my home, until Jim, my husband, pretty near left it on their acct. after they had made several savage, uncalled-for attacks on him.

But in spite of being handicapped like this I wouldn't give up my swell ambitions, and so I had come down to trying charity. For months now, I had been making every effort to give away a old people's home where husbands and wives could live together instead of in male and female bldgs. I had heard where gifts and charities was a good way to get society people interested in you, and that if you founded even a home for tailless guinea pigs you could probably get Mrs. Astor or somebody on the board of remedy, and first thing you know you would at least be speaking to her if only to call her Madam Chairman.

So, for the three months following the day when Maison set her husband up in the insurance business, I put in most of my time following our minister, the Reverend Mr. H. J. O. Davis, around, taking him out in my car, sitting on the beach with him, and in fact doing every little thing I could to get him to start me out with a swell board of directors. But I was having a hard time putting the idea of the home over, on account Miss Jane Crowe was against it.

It seems where this Miss Crowe, who was the animated news weekly of the village, was one of them dried-up but nevertheless wet-blanket females that wields, as the poet says, a mysterious power in pretty near any small town, especially as regards its church and charities, and everybody wonders why, but don't seem able to prevent it.

Miss Crowe appeared to be against anything done in the town by any woman under sixty, and yet everybody asked her around because of what she might say about them if they didn't.

With this in mind the Reverend had commenced work for me by putting her on the Old People's Home committee and anything so uncustomary as actually allowing couples in a home to live together and maybe enjoy the charity they was forced to accept, just went against her better nature, or so she claimed.

Well, as the time-lapse subtitles in the pictures say, after three months of trying, three things had failed. Jim had failed to get rid of our flock of self-starting rocking-chairs, I had failed to get my big charity idea across, and Mr. Maison Rosabelle had failed to make a shining success out of the insurance business. He had hung up a shingle, and it was still there, but it didn't seem to draw no more business then the shingles on the roof; and it was at this time Maison come out frankly and asked me the question I had been stalling off so long.

(Continued on Page 89)

The Shrimp Sat Looking at Her During the Above Sequence With a Kind of Dumb, Pitiful Expression Like a Dog That is Used to It, if You Get Me

ANDREW BRIDE, OF PARIS

Sad to Relate and Hardly Possible to Believe, Two Brilliant and Sophisticated Men Cast Off "the Last Veneer of Civilization"

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE four came together on the sidewalk in a ripple of greetings, and Marcel, being duly presented, initiated conversation in his winsomest manner. But it was at once evident that the charming Mademoiselle Jackson had eyes for no one but Bride. Ah, these Americans, the Frenchman reflected—clinging to one another always more than all the people of the earth!

Ease had flowed quickly back to André. He learned bit by bit, for she seemed somehow reticent about herself, that Miss Jackson had been out of Paris almost continuously during these eighteen months; that she had returned less than a week ago, and was leaving again very soon. But even that intimation troubled him no whit now. Facing the strange girl again, he felt once more that curious sense, resembling fulfilment, which had possessed him when he first came to France—that warm sense of happy things come true. He was deeply contented.

She asked him commonplace questions, surface things; while the ornamental eyes seemed to scrutinize him with a deeper interest. After that first speech of hers, all was well.

"It is so funny!" she laughed, like an American girl. "I was thinking of you, wondering about you—oh, not at all long ago. Now suddenly running into you in this way, at first I did not even know you!"

"It is his new whiskers, no doubt, mademoiselle?" put in Marcel, roguish and ogling. "I myself have many times remonstrated ——"

"No, it's this lid," said Bertholet, becoming bored, idly flicking André's black top-piece with his gloves. "I suppose you know, Bride, it's horribly unbecoming?"

André laughed gayly. But he had not even heard Bertholet. Raising his stick, pointing across the handsome square, he said to Marie Jackson, "Do you see that edifice over the way?"

"The Ritz? It is where I'm stopping this time."

"So much the better; you will feel at home. For that is where we are now going for tea."

"Oh, are we?"

"My thought was frankly to abandon, to shake, these two gay blades and go and sit in the garden there with you, and talk—and talk."

"All right. I'd like that," said Marie Jackson.

She put out a small hand.

"Run away and play, Bertholet. I have important matters to discuss with—*An-drew!*"

Fitting a cigarette into a holder of amber and gold, the painter exclaimed, "I like that! To be dismissed by the most beautiful lady *comme un chien sur le trottoir*—and for what? Merely that she may sit in contemplation of that so abominable French headwear!"

But in truth Bertholet was by no means desolated. In fact it was Friday, on which day and afternoon he had an invariable tryst with his most recent little friend.

"Well, we must console each other, Villiers. Let us repair to the Napolitain and drown our sorrows with tremendous draughts of blond beer."

They bowed themselves off, and the two young expatriates crossed the Place, chatting eagerly of nothing and hardly heeding the swift circling taxis. Time, indeed, the mere passage of silent months, had wrought a change here. They were two casual acquaintances who had parted in something like anger. Nothing happened; and they met again as established friends, with an interesting past behind them and all resentment gone. Yes, André had a right to feel that she had thought often of him too.

It was early, not yet four, and the pleasant garden was empty. They took a table in the open, by an evergreen in a tub, under a gay marquee. She bade the official bring her the things she had left at the desk. He returned with letters, a package, a mesh bag, a book—and the book was Notes for an American Aesthetic, by André Bride. She exhibited it, smiling. "I wished you to see at once that I am observing your career." He was wonderfully pleased.

She looked a little thin, he thought, a little tired. But the look only enhanced the appeal of her delicately chiseled face, which could be at the same time so serious and so movingly piquant.

"I suppose you've managed to infer that I'm awfully glad to see you?"

"Well, but I am glad to see you, An-drew."

Laughter flowed out of him, the sounds of his happiness.

"You prefer the American version of my name then, Marie?"

"Yes, so much. But my name is Mary."

"Oh, indeed! Well then, André."

"No, An-drew."

"I'm as water in your hands. And in fact I'm rather happy to be Andrew to you. By the way, I suppose of course you can't be so young as you look."

"Oh, I'll be twenty-four in December, and I don't quite like it either. But you have changed somehow, in all this time, haven't you?"

"For one afternoon I have heard enough talk of this heard. Say but the word and tomorrow I will go to Jules, my barber ——"

"No, it is not the beard, or the hat or the tie," she said, smiling curiously, regarding him over the little table. "Something else—something that one does not see, but feels."

Recalling that book there, which was the finest measure of the change in him, André no doubt preened himself a little.

Tea appeared—an ice for her, for him café. The waiter hovered and withdrew. The pretty little inclosure was still. And Mary Jackson, who had hitherto seemed to shy away from the personal, leaned a little forward and said with a sort of eagerness:

"Well, now tell me! How have you been and how has it been with you?"

"You know," he said slowly, stirred and touched by the generous admission of her interest, "I can't answer that in a word or two."

"Why should you? Tell me everything—what you've done, what you've seen and thought and felt, and above all, what it has meant to you."

He willingly complied. If talking about himself was actually not his favorite pursuit, this case was different. Here was the real subject between them: Had he shown himself unsound, untrustworthy, in coming here to live? Earnestly he tried to sum up for her, in not too many words and yet with some vividness and substance and dimensions, what these months had meant to him. He succeeded very well, too, and no wonder when you think how often he had had this very conversation with her in his mind.

He talked for fifteen minutes, almost without interruption. Perhaps, in the course of his exposition, a certain light, a kind of expectancy, withdrew from her eyes. If so, he, with his sense of utter justification, with the triumph of his book there in her lap, was not aware of it

"Well!" she said at the end, drawing a breath. "Well, then you feel, as you predicted on the boat, that ——"

"It's been the greatest thing I've ever done or imagined in my life."

"Well!" she said again, and smiled a little seriously. "Quite evidently the year I gave you -you may remember—was not enough. You will require two—even three."

"Or five—or fifteen?" laughed André buoyantly. "Or shall we say fifty, since I come of a hardy stock?"

Was there the smallest touch of Gallic complacence in his manner through this recital? Certainly he was conscious of no such thing. Actually, the only thought in his mind then was that if Paris had been a happy place to live in before, it was going to be much happier now, with Mary Jackson in it.

"After all," she lightly continued, spooning her frozen raspberries, "an experiment is justified when it succeeds, no doubt. I am truly glad it has turned out so well for you."

"Well, at least, don't scold me today. It's funny! I've argued with you a thousand times in my mind, but—but now you're here, I honestly don't want to argue at all. Do you know, I've tramped half over Paris, trying to find you."

He told her, with entire simplicity, of his prowlings about the Pare Monceau a year earlier; and how, passing that way again one day last spring, he had learned that other people were living in the apartment there. She listened, with the power of composure she had.

"Yes, we were away all last summer and winter and spring. And all this summer I've been away—in Brittany, resting a little."

"And your mother?" said André, thinking of that summer day when he had seen her. "She's well, I hope. She is with you here?"

Looking at her plate, letting a small silence fall, Mary Jackson said gently, "Mamma died four months ago."

"*What!*"

The young man sat shocked and still; shocked not alone by the fact of death but also in the knowledge that, talking with satisfaction of his ego's progress, he had not known, because he had not asked, that she had passed through suffering and shadow. He tried to say something expressive of his sympathy, but she was kind and spared him phrases.

"We knew last summer, just after I got back from America, that she had a—well, that she wouldn't get well. And it wasn't so bad—wasn't sad at all. You can't imagine how wonderful she was, so brave and gay. The doctor told her one afternoon, and she told me, because she had to, and she laughed at my long face and kissed me, and said, 'My little one, it is life. I have run forward to take the gifts of life; I will not lie down to meet the end.' So we dressed then and went to a dinner, and afterwards a ball. It was the same to the last.

"We lived a little feverishly perhaps, and when we were alone together our gayety was at times a little haggard But no one even suspected that she was ill. I do not remember whether I told you that *maman* was beautiful and much admired. She had married again, in the earlier years of the war, an Italian captain of aviation, the Comte Santoni. The marriage brought her nothing but unhappiness. I think that failure fortified her pride, for she was full of spirit. In those months it was as if she had lighted candles in her heart. There was pain, there were sharp spells when she couldn't rise from bed; but they were soon over. She became thin, but otherwise was not disfigured We flew from place to place.

"In Biarritz, in the little villa she had taken, we gave a great dinner, with Emilio to sing afterwards, and Ina Tower to dance. It was an immense success. We went upstairs when the guests had gone, talking, very merry She was telling a little story, something amusing that the British ambassador had said. And then it was as if something in her had suddenly stopped. She said, 'It is finished,' and lay down on the couch in her lovely frock and smiled and died. It was strange how young she looked, how girlish, and that, too, was as it should be. It had always pleased her when sometimes she and I were taken for sisters

"Her life was very happy and her death was without sadness. I had not always felt close to her in our life together. I am grateful that that feeling came to me before the end."

The young man sat with lowered head, listening to the quiet, somehow formal, sentences which nevertheless seemed to come straight from her heart into his. And it was as if they spun a fine net about him, binding him, drawing him to her.

He said, after a silence, attempting no comment, "And then afterwards, when that long strain was over, you you had a breakdown?"

'N-no. It wasn't so bad as that I just felt very tired Not interested in anything, not like myself at all. But that's gone now. All summer I did nothing but sleep and eat and stay out-of-doors, walking, riding and swimming, and painting a good deal, for I couldn't read. Now I am wonderfully well—yes, and I am happy too "

He considered how this death had struck at the center of her life.

"And now," he said slowly, but on another key, "have you had time to look forward—to settle your plans? You said you were only here for a little visit this time."

"Yes, just to see our lawyers and bankers, and dispose of a few loose ends."

(Continued on Page 109)

Mr. Bride Did Remember the Girl, It Seemed. He Had Heard, Moreover, That She Had Gone Back to America to Live

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1925

Interdominion Preferential Tariffs

NO MATTER how deeply grounded is British faith in free trade, as illustrated in the defeat of Mr. Baldwin in the general election of December, 1923, what may be termed empire consciousness is certain to lead to trade preferences of one kind or another between the United Kingdom and the dominions. The dominions themselves are more or less inclined to the doctrine of protection. The trade difficulties of the period of postwar reconstruction have led to reciprocal tariffs that are in some respects directly aimed at the United States, and in general are of importance to us in the broader development of commerce. An Australian-Canadian reciprocal tariff has been adopted by the Australian Federal Parliament and awaits ratification by the Parliament of Canada.

This reciprocal tariff grants to Canada the preference given to Great Britain by Australia on a long list of goods, extending all the way from newsprint to cash registers. Canada receives the Australian intermediary tariff on another long list of manufactured and semifinished goods. Australia received from Canada the British preference on a long list of goods, including dried fruits, and the French treaty rates on wines.

Naturally, some discrimination against the goods of the United States will result from these agreements. To what extent this may be interpreted as invidious does not appear on the surface; time will tell that. Committed to the doctrine of development of industries through protection, we are in no position to protest against the tariffs of other countries so long as they are fair and not political.

Australian discussion of the agreement to some extent centered round the status of Canadian goods. It was suggested that exportable Canadian goods in no small volume were the products of American factories located in Canada. Therefore the reciprocal arrangement might be used by American manufacturers as a back door to get into Australia. This is a far-fetched apprehension. Probably no industry of the United States not already located in Canada would establish a factory there in order to get goods into Australia at a lower tariff rate; the market is too small. In any event, Australia could not undertake to classify the industries of Canada on the basis of home capital and foreign capital. Both countries are largely dependent on foreign capital for continued development. We have loaned many hundreds of millions for investment in Canada; few Canadian industries are not tainted with our capital, if that be a taint to Australia. It may be our capital, but it is Canadian labor, Canadian transportation, and applies to the Canadian international account. Certainly it is better for Canada to export to Australia the goods made with Canadian labor in factories erected with capital from the United States than not to export the goods at all. The actual courses of trade under these agreements will be watched with both theoretical and practical interest.

Europe and the Cereal Shortage

THE full extent of the grain-crop failure of the Northern Hemisphere is only gradually coming to light. According to the present estimates the crops of wheat, rye, barley, oats and corn are more than a billion and a quarter bushels less than in 1923. This may have a very serious meaning for Europe. North America is in position to compensate for the short crops. The poor Canadian wheat crop merely means less export. Our corn crop is short and rather poor, which means adaptations in the feeding of animals and little or no export. Indeed, we profit by the short crops of wheat and rye, because we shall scrape our bins and export all the remains of the old and the new crops at high prices. The high prices for feed grains mean higher meat prices later on, but this means also a revival of animal husbandry, which is still suffering from the postwar decline of prices. In any event, we can adapt ourselves.

But for Europe the situation is more difficult and complex. They have a fair crop of potatoes and a good crop of sugar beets. That will help some. The number of domesticated animals is not yet restored to the prewar count, which is in a way fortunate at present, since feed grains are scarce and dear. This spring Europe may again plant gardens like the war gardens of ten years ago. The buying power of Europe, gradually recovering, is hardly in position to stand the increased prices for bread grains and fodder grains. Europe is importing wheat heavily, nor is the rate of import apparently retarded by the clamor against the higher bread prices.

During the four weeks ending November first the ocean shipments of export wheat averaged about eighteen million bushels per week—a record. At the same time the bread prices in Europe were rising, giving occasion for public agitation and official inquiries in many countries, of which the report of the British Board of Trade is a good illustration. In some countries bread prices are under official control—in France and Spain, for example. This movement may be expected to spread, as bread prices rise to the level of dollar-and-a-half Chicago-price wheat. The rising bread price in Europe means revival of conflict between city and country. Up to the present the European diet has been cheapened more in the monetary sense than in the nutritional sense. This winter it may have to be cheapened materially in the nutritional sense.

The scarcity and high prices of cereals in Europe have large relations outside of the food supply. The problem of unemployment doles is intensified. Workmen make new wage demands on industries. The cost of manufactured goods will be forced up. If the import requirements of grain are high in terms of money, this tends to restrict the imports of raw materials for industrial use. Restriction of imports of raw industrial materials means a lessened export of finished goods from Europe. To some extent the workings of the Dawes Plan under the London agreement are modified and possibly endangered by the unusual food import needs of Europe, to which Russia is apparently in position to contribute nothing.

The Rising Tide of Foreign Loans

FOREIGN loans floated in this country during the first ten months of 1924 amounted to more than seven hundred million dollars, exclusive of those to Canada. The total for the year, including loans to Canada, will probably run up to a billion dollars. This will be a new record. Adding to this the huge sums our tourists carry abroad and the large sums sent out in the form of immigrant remittances, we are indeed exporting capital on a large scale. During the year our exportation of goods was greatly in excess of our importation, a balance of international trade made possible largely by the three named items of export of capital.

The foreign borrowers use the money in various ways. Quite a lot is used for refunding, notably in Japan, Argentina and Belgium. Some goes into industrial improvements and expansions. Some is used in the purchase of foreign bills of exchange. Not a little goes into the balancing of state budgets in Europe. Some is used directly to pay for imports. Some will be allowed to lie in New York as bank balances for future use of one kind or another. Most of it will aid in the stabilization of foreign trade.

To what extent these loans represent transfer of gold from our abundant stocks is not yet clear. Most of these securities bear rates of interest higher than those carried by good domestic issues. It is to be hoped that all these investments are sound, that blue-sky paper has not been floated in this country. It is to be assumed that foreigners are made to understand that these sums are loans, not gifts—commercial investments, not political contributions. It must not be forgotten that the real meaning of our foreign account will not be clear until all our war loans are funded.

Space Grabbers

QUITE naturally the election has been followed by extended discussion of the manner in which the party now intrenched in control will use its power, especially in Congress. Will taxes be reduced at once or at a later session? Will this or that important policy be followed? Big sticks and steam rollers, we all know, are weapons which it behooves the proud possessor to use with care. But there is one reform which apparently only an unfeeling autocracy can bring about, and yet which all who love their country may recommend with never a quiver of doubt.

At first glance the suppression of congressional space grabbers may seem an inconsiderable thing for a powerful Administration to bother with. But the trouble has roots that only a cruel and unpitying efficiency will ever tear up. For it has been known to affect regular Republicans as well as Democrats and Third Partyites—this strange desire to spread upon the records and to reprint at the taxpayers' cost untold thousands of copies of speeches that seldom bear upon important legislation, that concern puerile, trifling and irrelevant subjects and are made up most frequently, not of original matter but of newspaper articles, political speeches and other data, which often as not have been printed many times before at public expense.

The continuance of such senseless abuses as "extension of remarks," "leave to print," and the privilege of sending thousands of reprints to constituents at the taxpayers' expense has become a reflection upon the intelligence of an easy-going electorate. No doubt senators and congressmen should be allowed a certain amount of franking privilege, but to abuse this custom to the extent of surrounding their own remarks with tons of unoriginal matter, often available in a dozen other forms, shows incapacity to appreciate the simplest precepts of economy.

In order to make an impression of great activity upon their constituents members of Congress send out reprints of "speeches" which have never been spoken, but are permitted under the rules to be printed.

The motive of this great waste of newsprint and of taxpayers' money is not in any way to educate the public but solely to fill space. It is one of the most barefaced admissions of intellectual poverty which the annals of American government afford.

One congressman, in whom self-control—or perhaps a sense of humor—is greater than his delusions of statesmanship, publicly suggests that each member be allowed so much free space for reporting his proper efforts in committee or upon the floor, and be charged at regular advertising rates for all further remarks, except that the rates increase in geometrical ratio with the space consumed, like the income tax.

Such a happy economy of public funds is hardly to be hoped for. Nor is there any short cut to a suppression of noisy and empty verbosity. But the abuses referred to should at least be restricted.

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

American Rights and Recognition—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THIS survey of Soviet Russia we now reach the phase which most concerns the United States. It means that we have arrived at the point where an analysis of American rights—though at the moment they are mostly wrongs—and consideration of recognition of Moscow by Washington are in order.

The average person is apt to leap to the conclusion that because we have not recognized the Bolshevik government there is no economic connection between the two countries. Such is not the case. No ban or restriction has been placed on American trading with Russia. Corporations, firms and individuals availing themselves of any opportunity that arises do so at their own risk, however, and they have discovered to their cost that it is a superhazard.

When you study business methods at first hand you realize that putting money into an enterprise in Bolo land today is almost like dropping it into the sea. Soviet rapacity, coupled with the chronic incapacity which prevails everywhere, forms a combination impossible to beat. Literally holding the power of economic life or death, and with an ironclad monopoly on all imports and exports, the government can bend any undertaking to its caprice or will, and there is no redress. The procession of disillusionized concessionaires or would-be concessionaires that has streamed in and out of Russia during the past two years tells the whole tale. Of all the American concerns now engaged in any kind of commercial undertaking in Russia, only one has achieved any degree of success. In this isolated case the head of the enterprise is of Russian extraction.

The story of American interests in Russia falls into three chapters. The first relates to the debt of the provisional government—the so-called Kerensky régime—which lasted from March until November, 1917. The second, which is the most important fiscally, deals with the confiscation of American-owned properties. The third has to do with activities undertaken since the advent of Bolshevism.

Though each of these three divisions represents a separate, distinct historical period, their status today is marked by the same soviet disregard of all moral and financial responsibility. With a ruthlessness matched only by their cruelty toward those who obstruct their political path, the Bolshevik authorities have not only repudiated practically every Russian obligation to individuals and nations but at the same time seek to lure new victims into their snare. It is just one other evidence of the inconsistency—I am using the most charitable word—which is so evident in the soviet attitude toward the alien.

We will deal with the international debt first. Unlike France and England, the United States loaned no money to the old czarist government. When the first revolution broke in 1917 and the whole Allied world was stirred over the spectacle of what was believed to be the dawn of democracy in Russia, Uncle Sam, with a gesture more emotional than practical, dug down into his jeans for $181,000,000 which he loaned to the provisional government. He did more than this, for his was the first of the great powers to recognize the new order. With accumulated interest this debt now approximates $250,000,000.

Hardly had the Bolsheviks occupied the seats of power before they began the wholesale repudiation of all international debts, ours among them. Hence one of the first three conditions under which recognition of Moscow can be discussed, as stipulated by Secretary Hughes, is admission of this obligation. So far the Bolsheviks have refused to

(Continued on Page 163)

After One of Those Long Engagements

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Statesman

THEODORE WASHINGTON JEFFERSON JONES,
Aspirant for office political,
Has a scheme for collecting the foreign war loans
And settling each argument critical;
Says Theodore, "I'll fix each pest in a minnit
When I am elected—I'll pass laws agginnit!"

Are taxes quite high? Do the chinch bugs annoy?
Do the railroads charge staggering rates?
Are the men slow and poor that are in your employ?
Does the old furnace burn out its grates?
Then elect T. J. Jones, for he says, "If I winnit,
I'll take up your trouble and pass laws agginnit!"

"The old-line politicians," asserts Mr. Jones,
"Know nothing at all about running the earth,
But I," he concludes, in most thundering tones,
"Am an erudite man of great learning and worth:
Just drop me a note—tell your worst problem innit,
And I'll pass a walloping strong law agginnit!" —G. Edward Pendray.

Banking à la Octavus
Roy Cohen

IN A SOUTHERN community that is owned and governed entirely by negroes there is a bank that is also run by negroes.

One of the depositors of this bank left the community and moved to a city some distance away. After he had settled in his new home and become acquainted there, he decided to change his account to a local bank; so he went to the cashier, whom he knew, and gave him a check for three hundred and fifty dollars on the negro bank and asked to have it transferred to his credit at the local bank. The check was duly forwarded, and a few days later it came back bearing a yellow slip marked Insufficient Funds.

The cashier happened to see the darky depositor on the street and told him to come into the bank. When he showed him the slip the negro depositor was very much surprised.

"Marse Jim, I know I done got dat money in dem niggers' bank. Here my bank book to prove it. Doan dat show tree hunerd an' fifty dollars dat I got in dey bank?" he asked.

"Yes, Sam, this shows a balance of three hundred and fifty dollars; but maybe you have drawn some of it out since your book was balanced."

"No, sir, I ain' draw nuttin out dat bank, Marse Jim. Dem niggers jest naterally wan' to keep my money, dat's all de draw dere is in dis. You jes write dem agin an' tell um dat eff dey doan sen' you dis money you gwine have de shuruff go get 'em. For dey sholy is got my money up dere."

"All right; I'll write them a pretty sharp letter and see what they say."

He wrote again and sent the check back. The letter must have been sharp, for within a few days he got this reply:

"*Dear Sir:* Us is inclosin' a check on de Bummingham bank for tree hunerd an' fifty dollars. When us pase a yallow slip on a check, us doan mean dat de man what make de check ain't got dat much money in de bank, but dat us ain't."

—*J. F. Leeper.*

Ostrich: I Don't See Anything in the Air

Drab Ballads
III

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, PROF. WEASEL & HIS TROUPE OF TRAINED WARTS had an engagement. The Prof. sang with great success the yearning anthem entitled:

IF I HAD WEALTH—AND YOU!

A truckman took his honey lamb
Down to a picture show.
The movie shown was quite a drama,
Called High Life & Low.
The hero lived in poverty
And missed a lot of meals;
But through his honest efforts he
Got rich in seven reels.
The truckman with emotion, feeling infinitely blue,
Said: "Gal, had I a wicked wad of wealth—and YOU:

REFRAIN

I'd take you down to Tiffany's,
If I had wealth—and YOU!
We'd always have pie with our cheese,
If I had wealth—and YOU!
I'd buy a motor, secondhand,
And we'd go touring through the land;
But while the famine's here be reconciled.
Till fickle Fortune's favors come
Let's pass the time away, and hum:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!" —Harry G. Smith.

Each word a gem, each line a throb,
The sentimental song to make a sodden city sob.
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

Best Sellers—Factory Made

IT WAS a busy morning in the Synthetic Fiction Corporation. A rush order had just come in:

Kindly assemble for prompt delivery realistic Middle West novel. 285 pages. Plot to be soul struggles of corn-fed farm hands. Binding, corn-tassel yellow. Treatment, raw realism for metropolitan intelligentzia trade. First edition 50,000. Rush.
JIGGETT'S DRUG STORE.

Mr. J. Hopkins Underwood, vice president and production manager, was in the throes of a creative frenzy

(Continued on Page 63)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Beans, I Simply Can't Stand That Mrs. Setter. Why, You Would Think We Were the Dirt Under Her Feet!

"She Passes Here With Her Head in the Air, and Although I've Been Introduced to Her Time and Again She Never Gives the Least Wag of Her Tail"

"Maybe She's Waiting for You to Make the Advances, Vi, and Doesn't Get Your Signals

"Remember, Dear, We Boston Terriers are a Little Handicapped in the Matter of Tails. People at First Might Think Us a Little Cold"

Tomato Soup!

Campbell's. The tomato soup that gives a glow to the whole meal! The tomato soup that appetizes and invigorates! The tomato soup with a flavor all its own!

Serve it piping hot this very night. Lift it to your lips and taste its pure tomato richness. Then you will understand its astonishing popularity. Then you will know why this is America's favorite soup.

Tomatoes ripe to the very heart. Bathed in the warm sunlight until they are laden with the richest juice and the most luscious tomato meat.

Strained to a smooth puree. Blended with fresh country butter. Seasoned with the French delicacy of the famous Campbell's chefs.

No wonder you'll like it so much! And it makes the best Cream of Tomato you ever tasted.

With this big spoon I'll show you soon
An appetite that's bigger!
Put Campbell's there and you'll declare
You never saw such vigor!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE entrance of the United States into the World War, said John K. Wing, had the effect of dislocating the banking and brokerage business so completely that everybody perceived it. This led well-meaning people in all sections of the country to remark that as we all seemed to get on so well without bankers and brokers we might try continuing to do without such expensive luxuries after the war was over. Of course what happened was that the financing of the war absorbed whatever surplus capital accumulated, and the war taxes took a large portion of the profits of every business. There wasn't much left for bankers and brokers to do any private financing with; and moreover, they were mighty busy helping a nonpaying client, Uncle Sam, finance that selfsame war.

Our initial war job was to help float the First Liberty Loan. Every reputable stockbroker in the United States automatically became a government bond broker. The members of the New York Stock Exchange cheerfully agreed to take all the bonds they could carry, and in addition they did their best to induce all their customers to buy Liberty Bonds instead of speculating in stocks. A committee appointed to act for the members of the Stock Exchange sold more than $300,000,000 of the 3½'s.

During 1917 and 1918 stockbrokers did not make expenses. We were not allowed to sell any bonds except governments. If a house sold bonds of its own instead of helping Uncle Sam it was instantly blacklisted. Only banking houses which had foreign contracts made any money. The war is over and we brokers did no more for our country than was done by millions of other decent Americans. But remembering how our business fared those years I have to laugh every time some demagogue in the Senate rants about bankers and brokers engineering wars in order to make money out of the sufferings of peaceful millions, and so on.

In 1919 we had the period of inflation which the Government's colossal war expenditures made inevitable. Our business grew in every direction. I mean, our firm did a large business in stocks and bonds and in flotations. Manufacturers turned out all kinds of goods in enormous volume. Everybody bought everything. Prices were inflated. So were wages. So were our heads. So were taxes. When the United States Supreme Court handed down its decision that a stock dividend was merely a distribution to a stockholder, in a different form, of assets which he already owned and therefore were not taxable, it was to be foreseen that a boom in stocks would follow. Indeed, it was an orgy of speculation. It was reasonable to expect that every company which had accumulated a surplus larger than it actually needed would declare stock dividends. From discriminating in the purchases of certain classes of stocks the public soon began to buy all sorts of securities of money-making companies.

The Spread of Company Ownership

BEFORE the inevitable crash came, our firm successfully handled various kinds of industrial issues. There were times when we did a commission business of more than 125,000 shares a day for weeks at a stretch. I think our firm's high-water mark was 195,000 shares in one session. More than 7000 transactions went through our office on that day. We used to be three and four hours late in making reports. We were using as many wires into the Stock Exchange as we possibly could. We had and still have telephones used exclusively for buying orders in stocks, and different ones for selling; and for bonds we also had separate phones for the purchases and the sales. But notwithstanding the systematizing of the work, quite often the volume of business simply swamped us. The orders came so fast that we couldn't make reports. Normally an order given by a customer in our Chicago office would be telegraphed to our wire room in New York, thence telephoned to the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, and there executed and reported back to our Chicago office in less than two minutes. But we couldn't do that in boom times. Our clerks often slept in hotels at our expense because they would finish their work too late to make the last train home. That year—1919—we paid our help more than $600,000 in bonuses.

My object in trying to show our growth is to make clear the development of the stockbrokerage business. It is easier that way to trace the differences between today and twenty-five years ago. We have advanced much in that time because as our civilization became more complex or, possibly, as our industrial life became more civilized, we had to do in the United States what was an old story in Europe. Individuals gave way to corporations owned by a few. Then corporations came to be owned by many. In the Mohammedan Orient, industrial development is practically nil. The individual artisan is the rule. The reason is that that type of the Oriental cannot conceive of a hireling managing a business honestly unless watched by the eye of the owner. Anyone who would trust his affairs to someone he never saw and didn't watch must be a fool, and the Mohammedans cannot see themselves in the place of stockholders. It hurts too much. And so, no big business, no large factories.

When our railroads were built the money was raised by promoters who sold the necessary securities. Europe lent the money—that is, it bought the bonds. Then we began to incorporate other industries and, as a long second step, to deal in those securities in a large way on the various stock exchanges. The first industrials were combines, or trusts, or near-trusts. They comprised stocks like Cordage, Sugar, Distillers, Tobacco, and so on. The public used to trade in these on the exchange; but they were in the "unlisted" department. That obviated the necessity of furnishing information as to earnings, condition, and so on, to the exchange authorities. Being unlisted, the exchange vouched for very little. They were popular enough trading stocks because operations in them were almost entirely speculative. That is what made industrials undesirable in loans for so many years. The banks simply refused to accept collateral in which there was more than 10 per cent of industrials. They were the pariahs of the ticker, and justly so, for there were some amazing cases of market milking in those days—that is, of flagrant manipulation by insiders or cliques of professional speculators who had little interest in the welfare of the corporations themselves and saw in the rigging of the stocks merely sure-thing betting—ungentlemanly, perhaps, but beyond question legal. Under such conditions there couldn't be any sense of obligation or responsibility toward the public, or any sense in appealing to sane investors. The early history of the first industrials is as lurid as the story of Erie in Daniel Drew's time.

Not only was the attitude of the old-time market manipulators inimical to the public's interests but the manipulation itself was raw beyond belief. Such devices as washing and the matching of orders were commonplaces of the daily trading. They were universally accepted as part of the game. Indeed, old-timers often used to tell me that without manipulation stocks couldn't move; and if stocks didn't move two disasters would follow—the brokers would starve to death and the industries of the country must remain unfinanced, paralyzed.

Partners in Industry

WELL, the raw work is done away with. The Stock Exchange makes rules and enforces them, with the public's protection in mind. Everybody today recognizes that the broker who protects his customers is really seeking to establish a permanent business. The financial mortality among the customers of commission houses is much lower than when I first went to work, not so much because of the stricter enforcement of Stock Exchange rules as because of the more intelligent attitude of stockbrokers toward their own business. I do not say greater honesty because it was not deliberate or even conscious dishonesty in the old days that did the chief damage. It was rather a sort of fatalistic belief that all customers came downtown to gamble. That being the case, what more natural than that the customers should take their medicine without whining? Said medicine, of course, consisted of losing money. Gentlemen when losers should steal away promptly and in silence, thereby making room for their successors and also leaving no unpleasant impression of short sportsmanship. From this grew the old brokers' fancied need to plan for one endless succession of brand-new customers; and that, everybody now admits, is bad business.

Today, reputable brokers sell to the public the stocks of all sorts of corporations, and the fluctuations in the prices of those same stocks follow not the manipulation of a clique but the trend of trade conditions. If there is prosperity the profits increase, and that means increased value of the stocks, and greater values means higher prices. The public, when it is asked to buy those stocks, is really invited to become, first of all, partners in the enterprise, and after that, speculators in the stocks. This is exactly the opposite of the old methods. For instance, when the United States Steel Corporation was brought out in 1901, Mr. James R. Keene, the master manipulator of his day, was employed by J. P. Morgan to make a market for the new issue. Mr. Keene sold in the open market for account of the Underwriting Syndicate huge amounts of U. S. Steel, common and preferred. Not one man in ten thousand of those who bought Little Steel in 1901 was thinking of his purchase as an investment or as a security to hold till dividends were declared. When Charles M. Schwab announced with all possible earnestness that the price of the common would cross that of the preferred everybody but Charles M. Schwab laughed. It was after the public had speculated in the common for years that people thought of buying it in dips and holding it. The public speculated first and took years to acquire a more intelligent view of the securities in which it traded.

Today, as I said, the public does its guessing after it has invested—that is, it really speculates instead of gambling. It is a more civilized way of doing business. As stockbrokers of the modern type, our firm has sold all kinds of industries to the general public—greatly, I may observe, to that public's profit. Nearly every industry depends directly for its prosperity on that same public, and public ownership of such industries through stock holdings is not only a form of partnership but a form of profit sharing. We have sold shares of automobile factories and steel companies, of makers of beds, of patent medicines, of automobile accessories, of oil companies, and copper mines and

(Continued on Page 30)

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS STANDARD OF THE WORLD

IN this new Cadillac Coach (priced the same as open cars) literally thousands of buyers will recognize the opportunity they have been awaiting and anticipating.

Here is a wonderfully balanced, five passenger Coach with Body by Fisher, finished in Cadillac-Duco in a new and attractive color, upholstered in taupe mohair plush, and fitted with dome light, window curtains, and foot rest—a beautiful, roomy, comfortable car.

Mounted on the standard V-63 Cadillac chassis, it assures to its owners standards of quiet, vibrationless performance, dependability and long economical service which they know are exclusively Cadillac.

At its appealing price this Coach, in addition to the Custom-Built and Standard V-63 lines, establishes more clearly than ever Cadillac's ability to combine highest quality with highest value in eight-cylinder manufacture.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

CADILLAC·COACH

V63

(Continued from Page 28

other things. We have helped to capitalize, in one way or another, industrial efficiency, good salesmanship, mechanical ingenuity, medical formulas, faith in the United States and business vision. By selling stocks of all sorts of corporations we have sold the American spirit.

I'll take the case of the Tucker Taffy Company. Those of our customers who followed our advice and bought the stock when we offered it to the public have had excellent dividends from it as well as a pleasing appreciation in price. It turned out to be a good venture. And what were we really selling? A set of factory buildings? More than that. A name? More than that. An efficient management? More than that. A long-established money-maker? Well, we sold all those things and more when we sold Tucker Taffy stock at forty dollars a share. The physical assets or actual tangible property was barely $31,000,000, but we sold it on a basis of $65,000,000 because we included the goodwill. You see, the company was earning at the rate of about 15 per cent on the forty millions. That capitalization wasn't water. It represented the actual expenditure of vast sums properly chargeable to capital account. I said at the time that what we really sold was Beverly Tucker himself; and that man is a bargain at anything under a hundred millions. He had built a huge business which suffered from the misfortune of being all his, so that when it became very big and very prosperous he was forced to consider the problem of making it safe for him to continue in it. Year after year it paid enormously, so that he found himself a multimillionaire, highly vulnerable from the income-taxable side and yet with assets that were not liquid enough to make him comfortable thinking about it.

Goodwill at Wholesale

TUCKER started his taffy-making business with thirty-two dollars of his own and some money he borrowed from a few trusting friends. He was successful from the very start in every way. You see, he went about his business not only logically but enthusiastically and not only enthusiastically but wisely. Other taffy makers had grown rich—and careless. He considered the problem from all angles, particularly his countrymen. He made sure of what he suspected—that Americans liked candy and liked to be doing something, physically. So he synchronized the operation of their likes by giving them a delicious taffy that they would have to chew a long time.

The late Lord Northcliffe once told me that Americans were beyond question the most talkative people on earth. But I suspect that Tucker's subtler insight did not confound the nervous craving for maxillary activity with an irresistible hankering for speech. At all events, Tucker saw to it that whoever bought his taffy got full value in chewing. He developed what might be called the Marathon masticability of Tucker's Taffy. You could run your jaws at full capacity at a cost of about one cent an hour.

Having concocted a first-class taffy the problem became to sell it to everybody. It was firmly fixed in his mind that the ultimate consumer was the payer of dividends, and he went after him. He got him. It made him a millionaire.

Today, after thirty-odd years of strenuous business life, Tucker is a man of sixty who looks what he is—a young man. He has the vitality and vim of an athlete, the mental elasticity of an artist and the alertness of a particularly wide-awake youngster. He is generous and broad-minded, with a friendly outlook on things and men and a highly satisfactory philosophy of life. He is forever helping some person or group or party because he is a strictly logical creature. He sells his taffy to everybody; therefore everybody is his customer; therefore everybody is his friend—don't they give him millions of spending money a year? His human contacts all his life have been those of a man who must keep in touch with millions of human beings who use jaws made in America. He owes something to those jaws. He gives his best to them. What is the result? That he is now getting his dividends from his wholesaling of goodwill.

Of course it is easy to say that only by advertising could he get the needed millions of customers for his taffy. But he did more than advertise; he superadvertised. He subordinated nearly everything else to that one need of his as a business man and as a human being living in this particular country at this particular time. I will not bore you with statistics, but this man Tucker is perhaps the second greatest plunger in advertising in the United States.

One reason for this is that he had to; but a stronger reason is that he liked it. To make his taffy known has given him greater pleasure than to make it salable, for he says it sells itself—once it is known. He can't bear to have his taffy less known than it is, and eternal advertising is the price of his happiness—and of the accretions to his capital. He paid $100,000 a year for an electric sign on Broadway, paid it cheerfully, for a dozen years. One day he came to my office, his face radiant with joy.

"What's happened?" I asked him.

"The Millard Building is going to be torn down."

"So? Where will you move the sign to?"

"Nowhere. I'll save $100,000 a year."

"You could have saved it any time you wished," I observed mildly.

"No, I couldn't," he said so emphatically that it puzzled me.

But I said: "If you had stopped using the Millard Building roof you wouldn't have had to pay, would you?"

"I couldn't have stopped. That was the deuce of it."

"Why not?"

"Somebody else would have used it for advertising something else. The public was used to seeing Tucker's Taffy there. To have seen something else in its place would have implied that something else could take the place of Tucker's Taffy, wouldn't it? I tell you I couldn't let go, and I don't think that as a cold-blooded proposition I needed to spend that money that way. I could have spent it to better advantage in some other form of advertising. I am not thinking of reducing my advertising appropriation; on the contrary. But it is a relief that that building is coming down."

Why Tucker Can't Go Wrong

ADVERTISING, to Tucker, is an art. It may also be a science or, at least, there may be sound scientific reasons for some of the things that Tucker does. I think he feels as well as thinks advertising. It is his favorite form of self-expression. It enables him to talk to 110,000,000 compatriots, for to me his advertisements read exactly like him. It is always Beverly Tucker talking. To hear him talking casually in the smoking compartment of a Pullman is almost like listening to someone reading aloud from one of his newspaper advertisements. He believes in Beverly Tucker because he believes in Beverly Tucker's countrymen and in Beverly Tucker's taffy, and so believing he does what he thinks he ought to do. That is why nothing that he does in his business is a gamble. He is right in his motives. He can't make a fizzle.

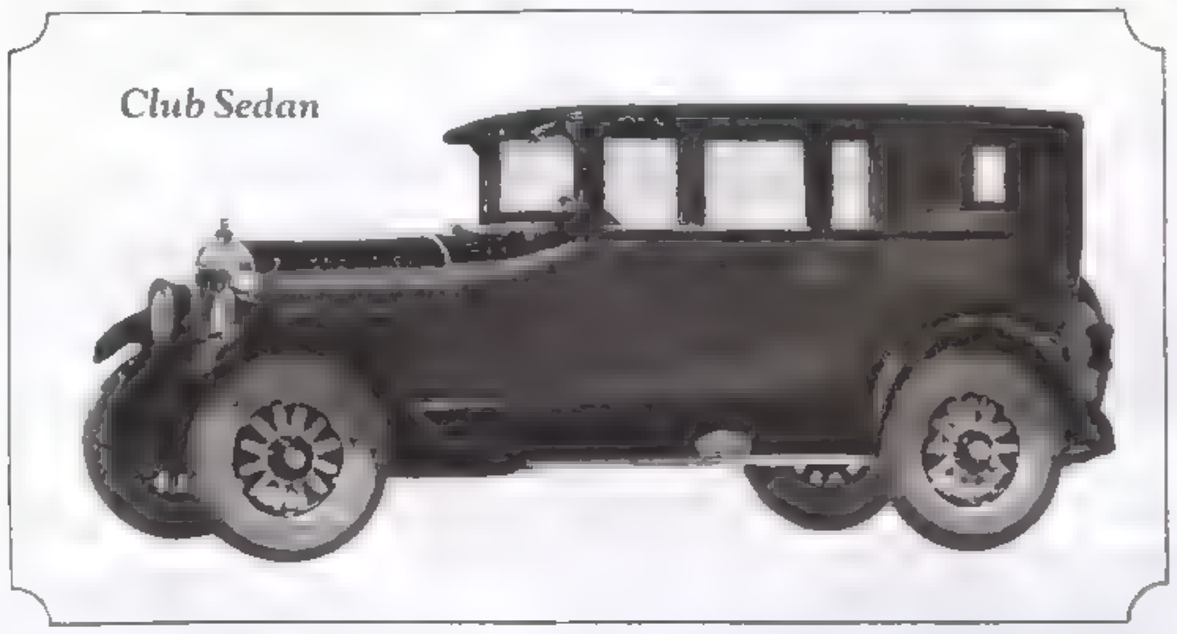
Let me tell you a story about him to show that even when he seems to take chances he really is betting on a sure thing. Tucker and a party of steamer friends, finding themselves in Egypt, decided to go up the Nile. They made the necessary arrangements, which in this instance consisted of going to the tourist office and asking them to take charge of the party. A program or itinerary was drawn up, which stated what the cost would be, filled in the dates, and so on. The tourist office also detailed one of their men, a young Scot by the name of MacNeil, to take charge.

The party went up the Nile. They saw whatever there was to be seen with the least possible discomfort. In addition to seeing ruins, monuments, sarcophagi, excavations, fellahin, sand, date palms and other Egyptianisms, Beverly Tucker noticed the

(Continued on Page 138)

MAXWELL

25 Miles to the Gallon
58 Miles per Hour
5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds



The new good Maxwell is simply not to be classed with fours of the prevailing type.

For the difference—which in reality is an overwhelming superiority in Maxwell's favor—matches the sweeping difference between the Chrysler and the previous development of the six.

Working with a principle inherently high in gas mileage, Chrysler engineers now set a new high level for fuel economy in this finer Maxwell.

Drive the new Maxwell yourself, and get the thrill of stepping away in front when it comes to acceleration; of having a burst of speed always on tap; of driving a four that is really *smooth*.

For vibration is gone from the new good Maxwell—gone in every phase and manifestation that is noticeable—and again the seemingly impossible is accomplished.

Results are what count. Results are what you want.

It is useless to look to any other four in the world for the results which Maxwell is now delivering to its owners.

Balloon tires, natural wood wheels, stop-light, transmission lock, Duco finish *standard* on all Maxwell models. Shrouded visor integral with roof, heater, standard on all closed models.

Touring Car, upholstered in genuine Spanish leather; Club Coupe, upholstered in genuine Spanish leather; Club Sedan, upholstered in beautifully patterned fine cloth (genuine Spanish leather at slight extra cost); Sedan, upholstered in genuine mohair plush.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Walter P. Chrysler, President and Chairman of the Board
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. WINDSOR, ONT.

The New Good MAXWELL

BARTER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Whacking a Schooner Up the Coast in Midwinter and Short-Handed is No Dolce-Far-Niente Job

xxx

A LITTLE later we parted, not without a pang, as the brave little Tinker, which had laid the foundation of our fortunes, swung off on her southerly course. Allaire could not help but feel what I felt, and with a sentimental association besides.

"Poor Jack, how he would have loved this! Well, Pom, we might as well carry on."

"Where do we go from here?" I asked.

"Haiti," said Allaire.

"Why Haiti?"

"Well, you see, Pom, we're in a fair way now to go ahead with this barter scheme of yours. We've got seventy-five hundred dollars' worth of bright-colored bungalow aprons and beautiful white and yellow shoes down below. Can you think of any better place to market them than in an up-and-coming negro republic?"

"That market is probably well covered," I objected.

"For money, yes. But our object is not to sell our wares, but to swap them off for whatever they've got. Davide opened two of the cases and showed me what he'd bought. Tomorrow you will see Mrs. Fairchild and me in bungalow aprons and bright new canary-yellow shoes. If I can't resist them, what chance have the ladies of the Black Republic?"

Bungalow aprons—it had a seductive, insidious sound. "Mother Hubbard" always held a slatternly suggestion, bad psychology as selling words. "Empire" was too upstage, and "Robe Josephine," though gracious in sound and significance, practically unknown except in the French West Indies, Martinique and Guadeloupe. But "bungalow apron"—and bright yellow shoes. One could visualize the dusky beauty taking her siesta in this enticing garment and fine near-kid shoes the color of a jonquil tapping its high heel as she swayed the Carib hammock with one dangling bare brown leg.

My trade sense perceived immediately that every lady in Haiti would have to have immediately a bungalow apron and a pair of those shoes. Davide's eye had been right, as one would expect of an artist, but his commercial valuation faulty for the market place. Herein lay the subtlety of trade. And herein also lay the subtlety of Allaire, to profit by Davide's knowledge of the first and neglect of the latter.

"Good!" I said. "To Haiti we go and flood the brunet beauty mart to the cost of the hard-working ebony male. You will go ashore, Allaire, as a million-dollar manikin and set the spring style in bungalow aprons and shoes. Stroll about a little in Grand Prix de Longchamps fashion."

"In a bungalow apron?"

"Why, yes. If we had a job lot of rabbit fur or skunk or something, I would ask you to display that, regardless of the tropic clime. Since it's aprons, so much luckier for you. Then, once I see the poison working, I will get Cyril to look up a big storekeeper-merchant-banker and ask him how much cacao and coffee and coconuts and stuff he will swap for seventy-five hundred dollars' worth of élite styles."

Allaire nodded.

"Getting first the customs list of prices and duties and freights."

"That is part of Cyril's job. Once we know about what the values are, all we have to do is to steer Cyril up against this local merchant and let Nature take its course."

But after the women had turned in and I talked it over with Cyril, the commercial instinct of our Phenician instantly picked out the flaw in this scheme.

"Why carry the stuff a thousand miles to market on a trade route? Let's take advantage of Arias' having lugged it all this way."

"He said it stood him a loss."

"Yes, in money. No merchant is going to buy stock when he's not sure but that the greasy soldiers of the new government may be helping themselves to give it to their girls at any moment; like Paraguay, that ought to be rich but isn't, because they stage a revolution two or three times a year. It might be all right, though, in British Honduras or Guatemala. Their natural products would be cheaper and our stuff worth more, because we're just that much farther from Northern markets. Besides, we are almost there."

This sounded like sense. In fact it was the first principle of old-time barter—carrying to some remote place rich in native products the manufactured ones of advanced mechanical industry, then exchanging them for as good a bargain as one could drive. Not only the fundamental basis of all early international commerce but even practiced in many regions of our own country today; as, for instance, where a negro farmer might make three or four bales of cotton and lug them to the warehouse of his local merchant-banker-storekeeper to trade for such indispensable articles as a radio set and an early vintage flivver. Davide's idea was all right up to the point of his wanting money for his wares, and to deal in money at least two conditions are imperative—sound money and a stable government.

Yet our situation was bizarre; drifting round out there in a vessel with which we had yet to become acquainted, and wondering where to take a job lot of bright bungalow aprons and asphodel-colored shoes. Also, we were undermanned, not having kept any of Davide's crew. But even without the motor, the six of us would have managed at a pinch, either of the women competent to take the wheel, with the rest of us to pull and haul.

Without waking Allaire or Mrs. Fairchild to tell them of Cyril's plan, he and I decided then to run up into the bight of Honduras Bay, about one hundred and eighty miles distant. Captain Poole had said that the Evangeline would do when light her seven knots in a smooth sea, so we started the engine and got under way. Aboard the little Tinker, we had never bothered to keep a forward lookout either day or night, but with this fine big vessel it was different: and as we were on the coast, it would be necessary for me to be on deck until daylight.

The others having had a busy day ashore, I took the watch with McIntosh.

McIntosh had proved himself to be a good, dependable sailorman, so I now promoted him, endowed him with an old blue serge yachting cap of Davide's found below. McIntosh was an old-fashioned Bahama black, respectful and dignified like most West Indian "British objects" when given a little responsibility and authority.

"Hereafter you will rate bos'n of this packet, McIntosh," I said, "with an increase of five dollars gold a month and your clothes. As soon as possible we will sign on three more hands."

McIntosh beamed through the murk.

"Thank you, sar. This a werry fine wessel, captain."

"Yes, they build good ones in Maine."

"Right yo' are, sar. Lak in my country, sar."

"Nassau?"

"Ise speakin' ob Greenock, sar. Ma fambly come from Scotland way back yander. I once quahtamaster on a British ship hail from Greenock. Mak one v'yge, but h'it too col'. Rain an' blow, then shift an' blow an' rain. 'Twixt time plenty fog."

"Yes, this is better. Keep a bright lookout ahead, bos'n, until I call Mr. Whitecliff to relieve you."

"Bright lookout ahead, sar." And this sable Scot saluted and strode forward.

Probably the descendant of some faithful slave of an early Scottish colonist and planter on New Providence whose people had assumed the family name. That was the more pleasing view to take of it, and certainly McIntosh showed no slightest trace of white blood. There is plenty of precedent for such nomenclature, like the colored Washingtons and Lees and Jacksons and numberless others of our own country.

A little later, as I was standing at the wheel—or sitting, to be exact—a pale but substantial wraith came up through the companion hatch and glided up to me. It was Allaire, and as she failed to notice that we were heading west instead of north, I did not call her attention to that fact.

"Why aren't you asleep?" I demanded.

"Too excited, Pom. Isn't it wonderful?"

"You are. The rest of it is too much like a dream."

"A dream come true, Pom."

"Partly true. It's all right for a night dream, but daydreams go through to the happy ending."

"Why shouldn't this?"

(Continued on Page 34)

A new convenience—lard in a carton

already measured!

No more of the old bothersome measuring by leveling your lard in a spoon or packing it in a cup. No more delay, no waste, no inaccuracy. This new way, your lard is *already measured* for you! Just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling, cut the exact amount you need.

What a welcome new convenience!—the more so because the lard itself is an old, familiar brand. It is Swift's "Silverleaf", and you know what that means—lard that is guaranteed pure, uniformly fine, perfect for all shortening and frying.

Try one of these pound "Silverleaf" cartons. You'll find them ideal, unless you prefer to buy your lard in larger quantities—such as the 2, 4 or 8 pound pails. But whether in carton or pail, you may always make certain, from the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label, that you are really getting "Silverleaf".

Swift & Company

Measure your lard this easy
"Silverleaf" way
Before removing the lard from the package, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram below. Thus you can measure quantities as needed without the time and trouble of packing cups or leveling spoons.
1 CUP
8 TABLESPOONS
4 TABLESPOONS
2 TABLESPOONS
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand
Guaranteed Pure Lard

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

In one-pound cartons or pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds

(Continued from Page 32)

"It should. But most often it doesn't. While you're lying on your back staring at your cloud castles in Spain they turn into thunderheads, and pour rain; or you find your pillow is an ant hill."

"But this is different," said Allaire. "We haven't been lying on our backs staring at clouds We've been working like Sam Hill."

"Sam never worked like you, my dear. But I've been working like Jack and the Bean Stalk—climbing on the stalk furnished by your bean. I don't deserve all this. That's the reason I'm waiting for the jinx or joker in it. Sit down on this box. There's room for two."

"It's not good ship's discipline for the lady supercargo in a bungalow apron over silk pajamas to sit beside the man at the wheel," Allaire objected.

"It's worse to broach cargo—the last crime in seagoing traditions. I suppose it makes a difference, though, when it happens to be your own."

"Like talking to the man at the wheel, when a quarter of it happens to be your own," said Allaire. "Move over, Pom."

I shifted over and Allaire sat down beside me on the empty box. It was too low for her to look into the binnacle and we had not yet raised Castilla Light, for the night was murky and the stars now blotted out. Allaire must therefore have taken it for granted that we were heading north for the Yucatan Channel, and I did not undeceive her. Time enough tomorrow.

"And all of the man at it happens to be your own," I said.

"Is he really as much as that?"

"That and a whole lot more, Allaire. The more is you. Ownership cuts both ways when it is vested in flesh and blood. Then the fact of owning makes you owned in return. This part of it is what I am not so sure about—your acknowledging the obligation. That's what I meant when I said that my daydream hadn't gone clear through."

"I think it has, Pom. We've got what we were talking about only last night—a proper vessel for our scheme and money enough to carry on with and plenty more in sight."

"Through a series of lucky flukes," I muttered.

Allaire leaned closer and rested her hand on my shoulder.

"Now, Pom, that's just what Mrs. Fairchild says; but I see it differently, and so does Cyril. There was luck in it, of course, but not flukes, because all that's happened has been the result of knowledge and experience and effort. I had no faith at all in this barter scheme at first. It seemed to me absurd. But when I came to think it over I saw its possibilities, and then I went at it for all I was worth. The whole thing hinges on the distribution of goods without the complications of a lot of middlemen profiteers, open markets where you can exchange real values. That's what we have managed to do by going at it thoughtfully and sensibly, and that's what we are going to keep on doing."

"How about that priceless old stuff on the island?" I asked. "Tapestries and rugs and furniture?"

"Well, call that luck if you like. But what if in cruising about on land or sea your knowledge told you that you had struck on something of which the value was not recognized locally? It might be diamonds in the rough, or oil on top of a swampy creek, or a Man o' War colt in a back pasture. It might be anything that the knowing eye would see the worth of. Rare orchids or a million-dollar movie girl or dinosaur eggs. It might be a hotel site. Lots of people are walking past or over fortunes every day, because they don't know."

"Yes," I admitted, "I used to walk past you now and then."

"And I walked past you. Perhaps I knew better than you did. But that's not the point. The island gave us a good start, but we would have managed to keep going and win out if we had never put in there. The proof is that we have kept on getting to windward. The credit is evenly divided. Cyril had the original idea. Mrs. Fairchild had all that stuff in her store. You were a practical sailor and I had a little boat. We pooled our resources and started."

"Keeping you in the dark about the real game," I muttered, and reflected that I was doing that thing now, but merely as a joke. Cyril's reasons were sound.

"Yes, and I resented that when I found it out. But I don't any more. I see now that you were right. As it turned out, though, it was good that I was sore, as otherwise I'd merely have tagged along instead of trying to get even with you by working something on my own."

"Well, that was one way to get even—to enrich us all."

"That's not the fact. We all did it. We were four people of diverse experience and abilities who pooled their efforts."

"And their capital," I said. "We couldn't have managed without your boat."

"Nor without Mrs. Fairchild's store stock and the money you got for your bonds. But the idea was Cyril's, and without that it never would have happened. I'd soon have had to sell the boat for what she'd bring, and Mrs. Fairchild her stock, and you your bonds, to pay a doctor or a sanitarium, for you were in a pretty low nervous condition, Pom, and Cyril would probably be answering bells on some liner. No one of us could have been spared. Besides, our actual numbers were necessary."

"Yes," I admitted. "It just had to be a foursome."

"Precisely, Pom. But after this voyage it had better be a twosome. Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril feel that way about it. They seem to think that we have really done it all and will keep on doing it all. They would rather sell out their share and get married and start a shore business, or perhaps a small family hotel, somewhere along the beach."

"And you really want to go on with it, Allaire, along these lines?"

"Of course I do. This has been the time of my life. I love the sea, but hate yachts and passenger ships. I want to be in the movement, run my own floating show. All the seas and all the ports of the world look good to me. It's in my blood. My ancestors were seafaring people, merchant marine and Navy both. They came from Newport, England, and settled more or less at Newport, Rhode Island. Their early fortunes played out with my father's generation."

"All right," I said, "then we will buy out the two others and try running it on our own. But of course you know what that means."

"No, I don't," said Allaire, and slipped off the box. "But I can guess what you mean. This would be no more than a purely commercial business partnership, as if we were to buy and run a shop together."

"In that case," I snapped, "unless we were first to be married, we would scarcely take up our abode together in the rooms over the shop and confine ourselves to them and

(Continued on Page 36)

Raising Their Hands in Sign of Surrender, They Backed Away Up Into the Bow

A Deluxe Sedan *and* $1375 is all it Costs!

f.o.b. factory

FRANKLY, we know of nothing that would enhance the beauty, utility, or comfort of this De Luxe Sedan. To a mighty good car, we've added everything essential to convenience or utility. You expect a capable heater and an automatic windshield cleaner—but here you also find a fuel gauge on the instrument board, a capacious trunk, and similar *ultra*-refinements. Of course, it has a Fisher body, finished in lustrous and enduring Duco. And because that body is mounted on the *proved* Oldsmobile chassis, with a six-cylinder L-Head engine, you can feel confident of the car's mechanical excellence. Stop at a showroom and see this latest word in aristocratic luxury at a democratic price.

The following certified accessories, which are standard equipment on the De Luxe Sedan and other sport models at no extra cost, are specially designed for perfect fit and quick installation on the other Oldsmobile Six body types. They can be procured from any Oldsmobile dealer in the United States at these net prices, complete with necessary attachments.

Front Bumper	$15.00
Rear Standard Bumper	15.00
Rear Sport Bumper	15.00
Radiator Cap with Bars	2.50
Road Spotlight	5.00
Windshield Cleaner	1.25
Rear-View Mirror	1.75
Trunk Rails [set of four]	9.00
Sport Tire Carrier	7.50
Trunk Platform	7.00
Enameled Steel Trunk	35.00
Windshield Wings [pair]	17.50
Running Board Step Plates [pair]	4.75
Instrument Board Gasoline Gauge	10.00
Roadster Deck Rails [set of four]	5.75

Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Sport Touring $1015, 2 Passenger Coupe $1045, Coach $1065, Coupe $1175, Sedan $1275, De Luxe Sedan $1375. The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

OLDSMOBILE-SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 34)

the roof, perhaps, for weeks on end not quitting the premises. That's what our living together on this vessel would mean."

"Nothing of the sort," said Allaire. "A ship is different. There would be no prying, gossiping neighbors."

"Don't think for a moment that you would escape the gossip," I retorted. "It would start with the crew and get bandied about every port we nosed into. You would be subject to slander and disrespect and I would be continually involved in silly fights that would not prove anything. Repetitions of the Carstairs affair." I rose and faced her angrily. "What you propose is foolish and impossible. The story would be published at home and abroad and your good name go glimmering. Then if finally you should want to marry me after all, if only as a matter of convenience, I should politely decline. No right-minded man would subject his potential children to any such maligning."

"Then am I to understand you decline to go into this thing with me, Pom?"

"Oh, I'll go into it, if you like, married or unmarried. I'd do that because it interests me as a commercial venture and for the fun of the thing. I like the life and am sure that we could make some money. If you choose to blight your reputation, that's your own affair."

"Then what are you grousing about? Your own fair fame?"

"No; but it's got to the point where I want you for my wife. I'm not quite sure myself just why, but I do. I want you to marry me more than I've ever wanted anything in the world, or am ever apt to. But if you insist on going ahead with this trade scheme and refuse to marry me first, then I shall put all idea of our ever being married entirely out of my mind, for the reasons that I have just stated."

Allaire stood for a moment staring at me with that tantalizing, provocative look in her tawny eyes. She might have been some sort of soulless sea-nymph denizen of that mystic Caribbean who had taken the malicious whim to slip aboard the schooner and torment the helmsman with her seductive beauty and luring, maddening voice.

Her perception was uncanny, too, or perhaps I showed more of what was rising in me than I was aware. She had moved away, forward of the wheel, and was watching me closely over the spokes. If she had been within my reach I would certainly have yielded to the long-restrained desire to catch her in my arms, crush her supple body to me, put in action the persuasive power of *force majeure*. But it was evident that she was poised there like a watchful siren, ready to elude any movement of mine. And dignity forbade my chasing her round the deck like some amorous buccaneer, in plain sight of my newly appointed bos'n, a man of decency and worth.

Allaire drew in her breath deeply, throwing a swift glance back over her shoulder at the companionway.

"My word, Pom, don't glare at me like that!"

"Come here," I said in a low voice.

She moved forward involuntarily. Her eyes never left mine. The yellow gleam in them widened.

"Come here," I repeated; "right here to me."

She laid one hand on the wheel.

"But I don't want to."

"You come here to me now—or never."

I think that she would have obeyed if I had not broken the spell by that ill judged "or never." I should have let well enough alone. But the suggestion of an alternative was fatal to an attempt at the domination of a nature like Allaire's. She drew back again, brushed her hand across her forehead, then gave a low, nervous laugh.

"Really, Pom, I believe you're growing dangerous. For about a second you had me on the go. I must be tired. But that's not my idea of love, Pom, and I don't think that I could ever be satisfied with less. So far it's passed me by without so much as a bowing acquaintanceship, so you see I can't claim to know anything about it. But if ever I should—well, I think I'd find it worth even more than that reputation thing you prize so highly. Good night, Pom."

"Allaire ——"

But she was gone; slipped down the dark companionway like a sea nymph seeking sanctuary in her grotto.

XXXI

AS IF to substantiate the old adage that it is poor policy to swap horses in the middle of the stream, the engines of the Evangeline suddenly fell into a fit of coughing, then passed into a state of syncope. The schooner lost her way, then stuck, glued in the flat calm as if she had been painted there.

This was about half an hour after Allaire had pointed out my error in psychology and gone below. It seemed to me that I had jinxed the ship. One failure is apt to be followed by another and then several. It frequently happens that such an avalanche of bad luck or bad management, often synonymous, does not fetch up until the erring one is completely smothered.

We were at this moment not far off the spot where we had been boarded the night before by Col. W. McK. Gomez, though out on the edge of the bank. The Evangeline had what appeared to be and no doubt was a perfectly good fifty-horse-power oil engine, and thus had no excuse for fainting on our hands on this still water. But the trouble was that neither Cyril nor I had any more acquaintanceship with oil engines than Allaire claimed to have with love.

This statement may not be exact, however, because the former mate, who was acting engineer aboard the Evangeline, had introduced us to the engine and given it the warmest recommendation. But like most such casual presentations in a moment of hurry and excitement, we had not insisted on more than the briefest inspection. So that now we found ourselves in the humiliating position of a man who having bought a complicated patent toy for his children in a Christmas eleventh-hour rush finds himself unable to make it go on the glad Yuletide morning and has to bale it up and lug it back to the shop for elucidation. The directions had not been packed, or else were lost.

Cyril and I now spent an hour fretting over the confounded contraption, with no result at all. Better machinists have possibly done the same, because it is doubtful if there were any worse ones. My end of nautical affairs had always been the deck and chart room, sail and navigation, and Cyril's the berth and mess decks and saloons. So that in the murk of the engine room it was a case of the blind leading the blind, when it came to reasoning with a strange, sullen slave that missed its master and whose jargon we neither spoke nor understood.

McIntosh could not help us. He was conversant with Sanders' sloop motor, just as we could always reason kindly with the Tinker's. He was convinced that the trouble must be with the electric ignition, and on being told that this engine did not possess that thing he lost all interest in it, just as one might in a denatured beverage with no snap and sting to it.

Mrs. Fairchild and Allaire, awakened by the silencing of vibratory sounds, stood round in bungalow aprons and guyed us mildly. To Allaire I had been stripped of the accouterments of sea sheik and deflated to the mere appropriate aspect of sweaty, grimy, snarling, inefficient motor cusser. A sudden wind squall at that moment would have restored my self-respect and that of the others for me. But wind squalls, unlike fluid, fuel squalls, are still beyond the reach of skilled human artificers.

There was really nothing for me to be enraged about, as all we had to do was to make sail and wait for the breeze. The trouble with the motor could not have been serious, since it had been running well enough up to that moment. More likely some slight matter of adjustment that one familiar with it would have corrected by a turn of the wrist. But coming just then, after my talk with Allaire and the consciousness that I had missed an opportunity that might not come again, this interruption drove me wild.

"Here's what comes of not letting well enough alone," I said. "Here's what comes of doing things in such a tearing hurry," I growled. "Also of trying to combine an important business venture with a practical joke on your captain. If only you had told me that you intended to make this trade, I could have spent the afternoon learning the tricks of this engine."

"You could not have, though," said Allaire. "Everybody was ashore and everything locked up."

"Well, they might as well have locked up this engine room and thrown the key overboard for all the good we're apt to get out of it tonight. Let's hope there'll be some machinist in Honduras Bay that knows the combination."

"Honduras Bay?" Allaire echoed. "You surely don't intend to go way back there just to get somebody to show you how to start a simple oil engine."

"No," I snapped, "we are going that way anyhow. We've been going that way ever since we started this confounded contraption."

I fetched up short to stare at her. If I had told Allaire that the schooner had been rapidly sinking ever since we started, she could not have looked more aghast. Then the blood poured suddenly into her face. Her long eyes opened very wide, their old gold color seeming to blacken as their pupils dilated. She looked for the moment as if ready to pick up one of the big spanners and brain me where I stood.

"How dared you do that without telling me?" she cried furiously. "We agreed that we were going to Haiti—to Port-au-Prince."

At any other moment I might have been dismayed at this exhibition of rage. But as matters stood just then it merely roused a similar emotion in myself. I had bitterly resented the whole high-handed transaction and its being put through without my being consulted up to the last moment, when my hand had been practically forced. On top of this had come my nerve-trying interview with Allaire on deck, in which she had seen fit to treat my offer of marriage with disdain and herself propose an absurd sort of partnership which if followed was bound to result in discrediting us both.

While I was still rankling from that and the way in which she had slipped out of the grip of my momentary ascendancy and left me humiliated at my failure and tormented by the insidious glamour of her, the beastly engine had quit, and I had spent a fuming, perspiring hour in that stuffy hole trying vainly to coax it into further service. And here now was Allaire treating me to the sort of look and speech that she would scarcely have ventured to use to a deceitful servant.

It was too thick, coming just as it did. I am ashamed to say that I cut loose and treated her to a slice off the rough side of my tongue.

"Who and what are you, young woman, to speak to me like that?" I demanded. "You seem to think that I'm the sakawinkie of this ship, with nothing better to do than tangle up my tether and then untangle it again; or a 'prentice boy, or engine-room wipe or something. You've got a nerve that we could bust in our bows on, and you've had it from the first. You make a trade without consulting me because it's your idea of a joke. You've held out on us at every turn. And now, when acting on Cyril's excellent advice that we can trade far better right here off the big commercial lines than in Haiti, you squawk like a mad parrot."

"Oh, I say, Mr. Stirling," Cyril protested.

"Well, it's true. This young person is getting too big for her—her ——"

"Now, Mr. Stirling!" This from Mrs. Fairchild.

"—— for her bungalow apron. You take her in and put her to bed. If you don't, I will. I'm all fed up on her silly stuff."

"Oh, you abysmal idiot!" Allaire began, but I cut her short.

"Go out of this engine room and go quickly, before I lose my temper. There are limits to human endurance. You go, or I'll stuff you through the hatch."

Allaire let out a peal of laughter.

"And about an hour ago he asked me to marry him! And I declined the honor because I thought he was too meek and long-suffering to make an interesting husband. Well, live and learn. I must say, though, it's an even bet if any girl foolish enough to marry a man with a temper like that would live long enough to learn."

"You heard what I said, Allaire. Now get out of here before I put you out! You've gone entirely too far. Trying to bawl me out as if I were a stowaway that had sneaked aboard this bad-luck ship!"

As I spoke there came a curious sound from the other side of the forward bulkhead—something between a cough and a sneeze. My tour of inspection below had been brief and hurried, so that I was under the impression that just forward of the engine room there was a storeroom or lazaret or something of the sort to which one had access from on deck through a small flush hatch.

"What's that?" I demanded.

"What's what?" Allaire stared at me with a curious expression.

"That noise the other side the bulkhead. What are you holding out on me now?"

"Oh, you're hearing things. You had better cut out the rum, Pom. You'll be seeing ring-tailed monkeys in the rigging next. Those sakawinkies you just mentioned. Come on, Mrs. Fairchild, let's leave this bear in his pit."

I stepped past her and put my ear against the grimy bulkhead. As I did so I distinctly heard a brushing sound on the other side, the sort of faint vibration that might be given if somebody were rubbing against it, possibly following my own tactics to listen.

"Cyril—Mrs. Fairchild, do either of you know what that is in there?"

They promptly disclaimed any such knowledge. I looked with growing suspicion at Allaire. Her angry color had entirely faded, leaving her pale, and with the first really frightened look that I had ever seen on her usually unruffled face. I leaned down, picked up a long spanner and turned to the iron ladder.

"Well, it looks to me as if we had an unbidden guest. Unbidden by the rest of us, that is. I'll darn soon find out."

"Pom, Pom!" said Allaire appealingly. "I'll tell you all about it. But do please try to start the engine and get out of here."

"Haven't you seen us both trying our bloomin'est for the last blighting hour?" I demanded. "Or have you been too preoccupied with this fresh pussyfooting of yours?"

"Oh, Pom, please don't be cross. I did it for all our benefit. I kept still about it because I was afraid you'd make a fuss. But I told you about it last night, before we picked up the land."

"Well, tell us again. Your fresh moves are so sudden and complicated that a low intelligence like mine can't keep up with 'em. What have you been trying to put over on us now?" And, a sudden flash of recollection coming out of the murk, I barked at her, "You've gone and smuggled Gomez aboard, with the war chest of this blithering republic."

"No, Pom, it isn't Gomez. Just two political refugees who were in wrong and apt to get stood up against a wall and shot."

"My aunt!" Cyril breathed.

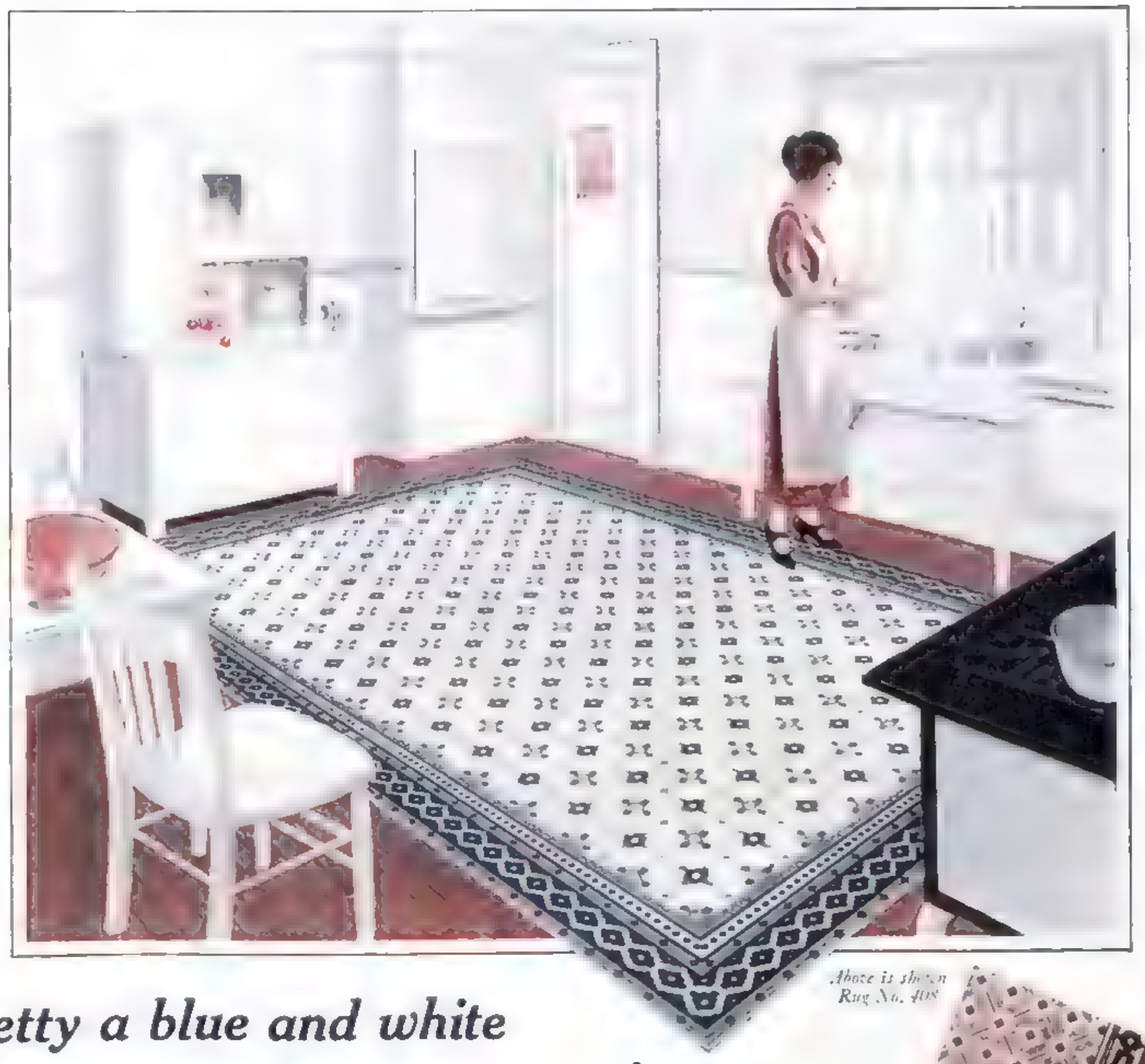
(Continued on Page 70)

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Important Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.



Above is shown Rug No. 408

As pretty a blue and white pattern as you ever saw!

How cheerful and neat this kitchen is! And much of its immaculate charm is due to the pretty *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. Can't you just see how the soft blue and white colorings in this tile design would brighten up your own "workshop"? This Congoleum Rug No. 408 is one of the most popular kitchen patterns ever created—and has been for years.

Why waste your time beating and sweeping dust-collecting rugs and carpets, when you can have this modern, sanitary floor-covering all through your home?

There are designs in *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs appropriate in motif and coloring to any room. For instance, elaborate effects in rich colors for the living- or dining-room; dainty floral patterns that add to the restfulness of bedrooms; and neat conventional reproductions, like the one illustrated above, that are perfectly suited to kitchens and bathrooms.

All the cleaning a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug ever needs is a few strokes of a damp mop. Dust and water can't penetrate the firm, smooth surface. Then, too, Congoleum Rugs are seamless and cling to the floor without tacks or cement or any other fastening. They never ruffle at the edges.

Artistic, labor-saving, durable, these are the qualities that have made Congoleum Rugs the most popular low-priced floor-covering.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00		1½	x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25		3	x 3	ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50		3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75		3	x 6	ft. 2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

Patterns No. 386 and 408 are made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the large sizes only.

Owing to freight rates prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans
London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 552

Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 545

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

Glimpses of Our Government

Looking Forward—By William C. Redfield

MUCH of the war period is like a dream to me, although certain incidents still hold an intense interest. One such was the day spent at the great shipyard at Hog Island, on the Delaware River, just south of Philadelphia, where I saw the wonderful spectacle of fifty vessels under construction at once, standing side by side, forming a line a mile and a quarter long. It was our duty to give all vessels their official numbers as the last act before they went to sea. In the fall of 1918 this was done at the rate of five every two days through a period of six continuous weeks.

I was called one evening into a conference on the subject of fire-insurance inspection of the American factories engaged in war work. I had read with interest, not long before, that there were in Great Britain more than five thousand factories making munitions under government supervision. Surely a mighty force. On the evening of the insurance discussion, however, it was mentioned by someone present in the most casual way that we ourselves should have to provide for the inspection of thirty thousand factories.

Then there was a day full of marvels spent at the Bethlehem Steel Works, where many thousands of workers, men and women, were occupied solely in the finishing operations on artillery for ourselves and the associated nations. The industrial power of America had just begun to make itself felt when the war closed. No one could desire hostilities continued if it needlessly cost the life of a single American boy, but, apart from this, I have sometimes wished that the world could have seen the spectacle of our national productive power as those saw it who were close at hand.

Wonderful as the war work of the nation was, however, these articles will have been written in vain if they have not suggested that there are regular activities of our Government which are more important to every citizen than most of those public affairs over which men differ in political debates. The latter are relatively remote and sometimes temporary; the former sit at the family table or control the title to the land on which we dwell. Of making laws there is no end and the vetoes of Presidents are sometimes interesting and always important, but it comes closer home to know that there are sound boilers in the ship on which we sail and that there is safe entrance to the port we seek. The food before us has been in part selected or protected or inspected by the Government. The militant forces of the nation are not confined to Army and Navy, but fight the private personal germs that threaten our families and interfere with our cherished ailments. Without the Government's watchful care over our dollars, the family marketing would quickly degenerate into limited barter, and Uncle Sam throws around us in business or when traveling a thousand safeguards which are usually invisible or, when seen, accepted as matters of course. Few realize, for example, that the Government conducts the largest business in the land just to care for our correspondence.

The Government's Daily Tasks

THIS widespread work compasses air and land and sea in its activities. It searches every continent for foods for man and beast; it penetrates the secrets of the sun and stars; it digs into the recesses of the earth; it even gathers friendly bugs from afar to fight our insect foes. The President at his desk, the ambassadors abroad, the sailors on their ships, the soldiers at their posts, the scientists in their dens, the postal clerks in their cars, the keepers of the coastal lights, fur wardens in the wilderness, inspectors in the abattoirs, surgeons in the hospitals, the fighters of forest fires—these and others like them, both men and women, a mighty throng numbered not by thousands but by hundreds of thousands—are doing the nation's daily work. It is doing this work and doing it well and doing it also economically, meaning productively with adequate means, equipment and force in all its complex, ever-expanding forms, which is the greatest responsibility with which all our servants in Washington are charged. Yet 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true that many if not most in the legislative circles of Washington seem to care little about it.

You, yourself, who read shall be my witness. Take up your daily or your weekly journal. What has it now to say or what has it recently said about our public affairs? It tells you of the fortunes of some would-be candidate, of the inconvenient associates of some former official, of the self-directed action of some congressional bloc. You read of the doggedness of the irreconcilables, the antics of the insurgents, the threatenings of the radicals. You learn how hearings on a World Court may be conducted by avoiding them and how that which pleases other nations is therefore displeasing to ourselves. The interesting problem of spending more while gathering less has been spread before your astonished eyes and an exquisite example in national bad manners has appeared in doing by an insulting law that upon which two friendly peoples were agreed.

But amid all this mêlée, what does one see or hear of the great increasing productive work of the country? Almost nothing. It has not news value. It merely affects our lives intimately, touching us every day on every side, but do any readers recall hearing of a discussion in Congress as to how the work of the country can be better, more fully or more quickly done? There have been such discussions, but they are very rare.

Yet I venture to believe that the Government exists in larger part to get this practical work well done and that when we are swamped in a sea of words, lost in the mire of some futile inquiry, engulfed in petty politics, so that work waits or is injured—then an offense is committed against us all. By all means find and punish rascals, but the Government of the United States is a servant set to a task—yes, to many tasks—and we need a larger vision of practical service; more work, in short, and less talk.

Land Titles and Magnetic Observations

SOME indeed may wonder if the government work really affects them. They may question, for example, whether it is true that the scientific services which have been mentioned have any tangible value to themselves. They read in some rural district, let us suppose, of such things as continued magnetic observations, but these seem nothing like as practical as a muddy road or perhaps as the depredations of a neighbor's cow in the family garden. What can magnetic observations mean to a farmer or to the farmer's congressman? Is not the very question amusing?

Perhaps he does not live on or near the coast, and what has been written of soundings or wire drags is remote from his world. But how about the title to his farm if he happens to live in one of the older states? In New England, where my boyhood was spent, titles run back more than two hundred years; it is often so in all the Atlantic States. In the old days deeds were drawn reading, say, so many degrees north or so many degrees and minutes west from such a tree or rock or point; but so many degrees north or south or so many degrees east or west two hundred years ago or even in nearer times do not mean the same thing as that number of degrees north, south, east or west today. If we measure them by the compass today we do not get the same piece of property that our forbears had, for the indication of the compass has changed and the instrument today does not show what it did. Every land title in America that is fifty or more years old and depends upon directions north, south, east and west is at fault unless the precise extent is known to which the compass of that day deviated from the compass of today. It is a rather important practical work to observe and to record the magnetic changes of the earth for the protection of our own and our children's property.

I have not touched upon the Government as a publisher, but of course it is the largest printer and publisher in the country. Public documents are a well-worn theme; are not the outward-bound mail cars heavy with Congressional Records sent to long-suffering constituents? Still, some of our publications were of particular interest; for example, a medical handbook for the keepers and their families at isolated light stations and for the crews of lightships. There was a valuable series of three books for the household, prepared by the Bureau of Standards. These were entitled Materials in the Household, Measurements in the Household and Safety in the Household. They embodied the latest results of scientific research applied to domestic life, and if anyone other than the Government itself had been the publisher they would have been widely advertised and sold. We were not permitted to advertise them further than to put the names on our lists of available documents, but through personal efforts they were brought to the notice of teachers of household economics, who used many of them. They were sold through the Superintendent of Documents at a low price, and some may still be available. I have always regretted that we could not give to them the publicity which their merits warranted.

Congress, liberal with its own publications, looked, through its Committee on Printing, with a cautious eye upon the publications of the departments. There was reason in this, for it was a natural temptation to each service to express itself through the public printer, and it was easy to go too far. There is no doubt that it did go too far at times, though the restrictions Congress made at last when it required that special authority be given for each case went to an opposite extreme, especially when one recalls the congressman's joy in seeds.

Today our medical handbook has expanded through the Public Health Service into medical service by radio accompanied by standard medicine chests on ships and the training of ships' officers in first aid to the injured. So the masters, mates, pilots and engineers of today must have at least a taste of a doctor's training before they are granted their respective licenses.

The war did much to make America stand on her own feet. It taught us not only the interdependence of nations but the duty of self-dependence as well. We learned to do things for ourselves that formerly we let others do for us. The making of dyes is an example. We had been a profligate country; we learned to economize by turning to practical use things that we formerly discarded. One day there came to us a manufacturer who made buttons from vegetable ivory. He sawed the ivory into slabs, out of which he punched the blanks. The operation, of course, left unused material between the holes and around the edges. This amounted to as much as was used in the buttons themselves, perhaps more. He did not know how to save it, and asked us if it could be done. Our chemists suggested that he dissolve this waste material and recrystallize it so that it could all be used. This he was more than willing to do; the advice cost him nothing. Another case was more amusing: A manufacturer could not make enamel adhere to some metal blanks, and sent them to us to see if we could solve the problem. It was rather simple. He was told to put his blanks in a bath and wash them clean from oil and grease, and then there would be no trouble in making the enamel stick on them.

Wool enough for all the blankets that were required for the Army and Navy could not be had, so a cotton blanket was devised which was both lighter and warmer than a wool one of the same size. Not long ago a New York woman bought a lot of these, attracted by their quality and price, but without knowing the material of which they were made until her husband told her. There was an enormous demand for flags, and insufficient wool to make them, so a bunting was woven of cotton which stood every test of wear and dye and was officially adopted. The enlargement of the merchant marine brought us work of many kinds, such as the making of thousands of charts in one branch of our department, and the testing of chronometers in lots of many hundreds in another. It did not seem that there could be use in the whole world for as many fine chronometers as we would have arranged by rows in numerous trays under test for accuracy at various temperatures and in different positions.

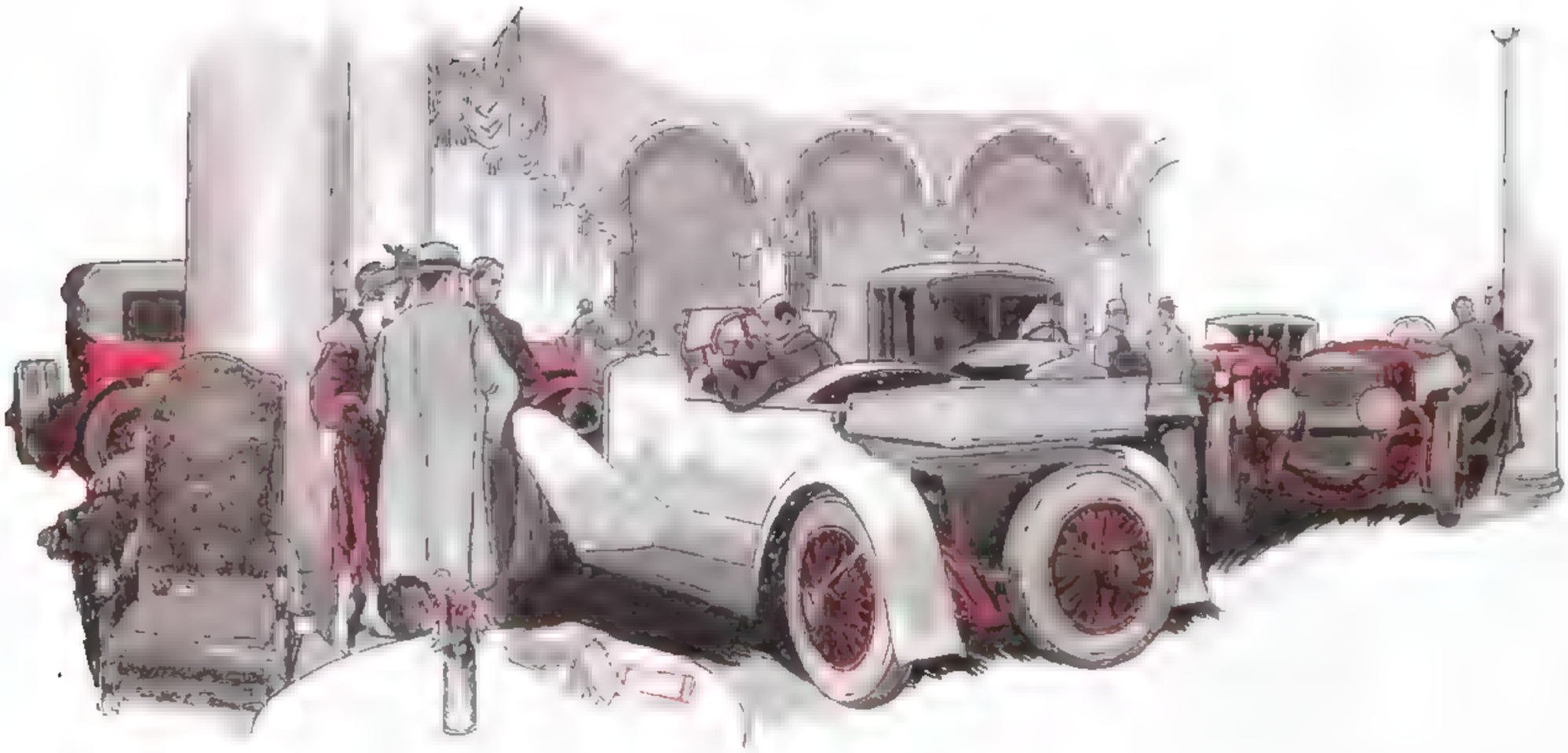
Back to a Peacetime Basis

THE pressure grew greater and greater. New weapons were devised, new instruments were invented, new raw materials were found. Natural resources which were untouched were brought to light and utilized, for our purpose was to use our power so that if the result of the war depended upon us alone it should certainly be won. When the Armistice came it cut off this activity at a stroke. Thenceforward the duty was to stop every unnecessary expense, to salvage all available material and to resume work on a peace basis as quickly as it could be done.

At last the war was over. The men were coming home. The great war services became memories and the Department of Commerce was picking up the threads of its scattered functions even as it bent its energies to preparing for the great work of the Census of 1920.

It was not the department that it once had been. The disintegration begun with the creation of the Federal Trade Commission and the Tariff Commission had been promoted by the dominant action of the war boards and the formation of the Shipping Board. There had sprung up other new bodies to operate in its field. It had in large part ceased to be the Department of Commerce and had become merely one of a group of organizations operating separately and independently in the commercial field. The organic law of 1903 had not been changed. It was still the duty of the department to "foster, promote and develop the foreign and domestic commerce, the mining, manufacturing, shipping and fishery industries . . . of the United States," but it was no longer permitted to do this

(Continued on Page 40)



To buyers of 1925 cars

1925 Models

	SUMMER	WINTER
Anderson	Arc	Arc
Auburn Six	Arc	Arc
Auburn Eight	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc
Chandler	A	Arc
Davis	Arc	Arc
Dodge	A	Arc
Duesenberg	A	Arc
Elcar 4-45	A	A
Elcar 6-50	Arc	Arc
Elcar 8-80	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc
Flint	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E
Gardner	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc
McFarlan	A	A
Moon Six	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc
Peerless Six	A	A
Reo	A	Arc
Rickenbacker	A	Arc
Rollin	A	A
Velie	A	Arc
Wolsey Knight	B	Arc

The above list represents cars on which a recommendation has been passed. If your new car is not listed above, write to the Automotive Department, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City, and the correct lubrication will be sent to you.

THE 1925 cars are on the road.

Some of them present important engine changes over previous models. Others are identical or almost identical with those of last year.

Engine changes may mean new lubrication needs which, if properly determined and supplied, will protect your car and add to the pleasure you will get from it.

The specifications of the new cars have been carefully analyzed by the Gargoyle Mobiloil Board of Engineers and we offer in the abbreviated Chart at the left, the recommendations of this staff of more than two score competent automotive engineers, each a lubrication specialist.

To the buyers of these 1925 cars we suggest:—

Be especially careful of your lubrication for the first 1000 miles.

All new cars are stiff. The parts are not "broken in", and during this "breaking in" process two points are especially important:

1. ***Drive slowly*—not over 25 miles an hour.**
2. ***Lubricate* every moving part thoroughly and correctly.**

It is important that only high grade oils and greases be used—so—get the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for the engine, transmission, differential, and the other parts of the car. Then be sure to change the engine oil according to the following schedule.

After 500 miles, drain and refill. After the next 500 miles, drain and refill again.

Then make it a regular practice to drain every 500 miles in Winter and every 1000 miles in Summer—and use the grade of *Gargoyle Mobiloil* recommended as especially suited to the needs of your car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

without interference. There were newcomers in the field who went their separate ways without coordination, without the obligation on the part of any of them to inform the others. There existed in our public commercial organization much the condition that was found in the Allied Armies before there was unity of command. Different official bodies composed of able men were functioning separately on commercial subjects at home and abroad without mutual plan, and often, despite liaison committees, in ignorance of what the others were doing. Any study of the commercial work of the Government at that time will show that the absence of organization was its most conspicuous feature. The very necessity for a liaison committee between parties working in the same field was a confession of faulty organization.

Doubtless the organic law quoted was meant to be taken seriously. The duties imposed by it were real duties. It was the intention of the law that the department should have the authority and the responsibility of performing them. It may be assumed that the Department of Commerce was, within its sphere, intended to have the same authority that the Treasury had in finance, the War and Navy Departments in their respective fields, the Department of Agriculture in the field of agriculture, the Department of State in diplomacy. Such, however, was not the case.

The War Finance Corporation was authorized to furnish credits to the extent of a billion dollars "in order to promote commerce with foreign nations." Without doubt this function was wisely and well performed, but there was no obligation to coördinate their work with that of the Department of Commerce, although the latter was by its basic law charged to "develop the foreign and domestic commerce" of the country.

How Wilson "Got Rid of Redfield"

THE Federal Reserve Board was of vital value to our commerce and finance, but it functioned separately, allied indeed on its financial side to the Department of the Treasury, but with no official relation, even that of consultation, with the Department of Commerce.

The work of the Interstate Commerce Commission was essential in our domestic and foreign commercial life, but it was the service of a separate organization. It may never have occurred to the able men who formed that quasi-judicial body either to consult or to coöperate with the Department of Commerce, and save when the latter was permitted to intervene in a case before the commission to protect an industry from exactions by the Railroad Administration, there was nothing to show that the two bodies which bore a common name had mutual interests.

The Shipping Board was supposed to provide for carrying our commerce to the ends of the earth, but the Department of Commerce was not represented upon it and, except as a matter of courtesy, could not influence it.

The duties of the Federal Trade Commission vitally affected our domestic and foreign trade, but there was no representative of the Department of Commerce on that commission, nor was there any obligation for the commission to function in close relation with it.

The International High Commission, of which the Secretary of the Treasury was chairman, was a composite body representing the United States and the other American republics. It had definite commercial functions, some of which ran parallel with that of the Department of Commerce. The two were in no way inharmonious, but they were separate.

The Railroad Administration through its power over rates could exercise controlling power over much of our foreign and domestic commerce, but it had no direct relation to the Department of Commerce and, save as a matter of courtesy, did not assume that there was any common field of action. Indeed, on more than one occasion the two were sharply opposed.

The Department of Agriculture, through several ably conducted services, assisted or supervised important commercial transactions in its peculiar field at home and abroad.

Finally, the Department of State maintained foreign-trade advisers and a force for gathering foreign-trade information. There is a No Man's Land wherein the diplomatic or consular field runs side by side with the commercial field, and a species of joint endeavor between it and the Department of Commerce may always be necessary.

It should be emphasized that the relations between these various bodies were usually cordial and that the question was not one of individuals but one of organization. There could be no clear commercial policy carried out in the commercial field by separate bodies that did not interfunction.

Is there sound reason why there should not be a representative of the Department of Commerce upon the War Finance Corporation, the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the Shipping Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission or any other body operating in the commercial field? If there is such a reason, what is it? Can it, on the other hand, be the public purpose that a department charged to "develop the foreign and domestic commerce" of the United States should do it only in part, subject to the unintentional but real competition or control of a group of independent bodies with whom it has no organic relation?

Two days before leaving my official post I wrote to the President: "Either the Department of Commerce should be so organized as to perform its important function effectively or it should not. If it should not do so, then the organic law dictating its functions should be modified and it should cease to be in name what it is hardly in fact, *the* Department of Commerce. Or, on the other hand, it should be recognized that it is really the center of commercial organization on the part of the government, and as such, these various independent bodies should be so headed up into it that the world of commerce . . . may know there is one head for commerce as there is for agriculture . . . and not a congeries of unrelated parts which operate . . . without those effective results which alone can come from unified effort."

The fall of 1919 offered no possibility of improvement in the situation which is outlined here. I was in the impossible position of being responsible by title and by law for the commercial work of the Government while the actual guidance of some of those activities lay with others, over whom I had no control. As soon, therefore, as it was clear that the conditions could not be amended, it became my duty to withdraw from a situation which was equivocal. I did not care to be Secretary of Commerce in name only. Personal affairs, neglected for nearly nine years of official life in Congress and cabinet, added their appeal, and I advised the President of my wish to retire. I am aware that at least one writer with keen insight into facts that never existed has laid my resignation to the successful working out of an astute plan on the part of President Wilson to get rid of Redfield, and I am equally aware of the amusingly intricate mental processes of others who think it naïve not to accept futile fancies as realities. The simple truth is that President Wilson was surprised at my resignation, and so wrote in a letter of August 2, 1919, printed elsewhere. In view of his absence and illness, I continued to serve until November 1, 1919, my last official act being a luncheon to a visiting foreign delegation on the afternoon of October thirty-first.

The disorganized condition of our Government, whereby its functions were scattered about among independent and at times conflicting bodies unknown alike to the Constitution of the country or to any modern plan of effective organization, had its counterpart in several states, notably in Massachusetts, New York and Illinois, and the governors strove effectively to rid those commonwealths of numerous needless commissions. The problem in the national Government itself was much wider than its effect upon the single Department of Commerce, and an effort, as yet unsuccessful, was made during the Administration of President Harding to solve it. A joint Committee on Reorganization of the Administrative Branch of the Government was appointed, with Walter S. Brown representing the President as chairman, and Senator Smoot as vice chairman. On February 13, 1923, President Harding sent Mr. Brown a chart showing in detail the present organization of the government departments and the suggested changes. In this latter the difficulties of the situation showed clearly, for President Harding said that in a few minor instances the major purpose was not "followed to the letter in order to avoid controversies which might jeopardize reoganization as a whole"; and he added that delay had been "caused solely by the difficulty which has been encountered in reconciling the views of the various persons charged with the responsibility of administering the executive branch of the government." It will be noted how directly this confirms the statements in a previous article about squabbles between the departments.

Recommendations on Reorganization

NOTHING has yet been done except to talk. Hearings have continued even until this hour, but there is small promise of immediate relief and it is apparent that the five-year period which Congress seems to require for digestion and assimilation of any very important idea not directly affecting votes will be required in this case also. Meanwhile, if I may quote the Book, "this people who knoweth not the law" wonder why work waits, why jurisdictions conflict, why duplications exist, and why it all costs so much.

Men who have had long experience on the executive side of the Government agree without regard to party that conditions cry out for simplification. In January of 1923 the Merchants' Association of New York appointed a special committee on Reorganization of the Federal Service, to which were referred the bills then pending. Every member of this committee was familiar with executive life in Washington from long experience. The men composing it were George W. Wickersham, former Attorney-General of the United States; Frank L. Polk, former counselor of the Department of State and long its Acting Secretary; William Loeb, Jr., who had been secretary to President Roosevelt, and Charles D. Hilles, who had served President Taft in like capacity, prior to which he had been Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. It was my privilege to be chairman. This group of men, who had served under three Administrations and in five separate branches of the executive, readily reached a conclusion. On November 1, 1923, they suggested to the directors of the Merchants' Association "that all independent establishments, save such as are of a distinctly temporary character and such others as by their nature serve all departments and [or] cannot be from their character assigned to any executive department, should head up directly into the executive branch of the government. . . . The President should be released from the direct responsibility for supervising the independent establishments by assigning them to the appropriate members of the Cabinet. . . . No sound reason exists for continuing the independent establishments as separate entities detached from the regular organization of the government."

There was no suggestion made which related in the least to any change of function or authority; the report had only to do with weaknesses in the formal structure of the Government which have long been evident to those familiar with its detailed operations. I pointed out in a separate note that the relations between the regular departments and these independent bodies were sometimes so close as to make their separate existence absurd, because one of them could not operate at all without the action of the other.

Cabinet Meeting Called by Lansing

THE contact between the Shipping Board and the Department of Commerce, for example, is so intimate that the former can function only with the daily aid of the latter to such an extent that to maintain a separate organization is seen to be absurd when the facts are known. The hull and the motive power of every vessel are subject to examination and approval by the Department of Commerce. Without it the vessel cannot be used, and this approval has not only to be given when the ship is new but at repeated intervals each year. The rules of the road under which all American vessels navigate within our domestic waters and at sea are enforced by the Department of Commerce, and the Shipping Board has no control over said rules or over the enforcement of them. The life-saving equipment and that for extinguishing fires are fixed by the Department of Commerce, and their adequacy on every vessel is determined by it. Every navigating and engineer officer on every American vessel is examined and certificated by the Department of Commerce, without which they cannot be employed. If an accident occurs the Department of Commerce investigates the conduct of the licensed officers and may take away their licenses without regard to the Shipping Board, in which case they can no longer be employed. Finally, every Shipping Board vessel that leaves any port of the United States is cleared from that port through the Department of Commerce, without which clearance the vessel cannot sail. How absurd that with functions so closely intertwined there should be two separate executive bodies, their hands indeed tied together, but supposed to walk with separate feet in different paths leading to a common end.

Of course it was not possible for President Wilson after the Armistice to take up the serious work of reorganizing the government structure. Even if the debates about the treaty had not absorbed his attention there were strikes and labor conferences and the overshadowing fact of illness in the later months of his Administration.

Woodrow Wilson was not a strong man physically when he became President of the United States, and it was only through careful following of medical advice that he maintained his strength through the terrible strain brought upon him by the war. Yet I never heard a word of complaint from his lips, nor any suggestion that he was not the equal in physical vigor of the strongest men. He had been ill in Paris; how ill I did not know when I sent him a note of good will on his departure for the West upon his speaking trip in the early fall of 1919. His sudden illness, which brought him back to Washington a stricken man within a month, was a great shock. It was even more, because it necessarily raised the whole question of his disability to perform the presidential functions. The difficulty was the greater by reason of the uncertainty that surrounded his case. I did not know how ill he was, and some at least of my colleagues knew no more than I.

I remember the first cabinet meeting after his return, when we met, full of doubts and questionings about our duty. It was not a matter of loyalty or disloyalty; perhaps I should say it was in some measure a question between two loyalties—one to our loved chief, one to the country. It was a question of fact. Was the President able to do his work or was he not? I did not know, and there were others as ignorant. So, naturally, we were doubtful about what we ought to do, for no small weight of responsibility lay upon us. I recall that Mr. Tumulty and Admiral Grayson, the President's physician, were brought into the cabinet meeting, but they were properly very guarded in what they said, and at the time little that was

(Continued on Page 60)

EUROPE'S CHOICE

With all the hand-built cars in the world to choose from, the first families of Europe are buying Packard Eights at an astonishing rate.

High duties and transportation charges and, most important of all, patriotic prejudices are not holding them back.

After all, this is not strange. Europe, the original home of the eight-in-line motor, has been quick to see its highest development in the Packard Eight.

In countries where the eight-in-line makers outnumber the V-type ten to one, what else can be expected?

Many a man in Europe is paying nearly twice the American price of the Packard Eight because he wants the simplicity of motor and chassis and beauty of body that Packard alone offers.

America should be proud of its Packard Eight—highly approved in lands of hand-built chassis and custom bodies.

Packard Eight furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed—$3050 to $4950 at Detroit. Packard's extremely liberal monthly payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard, purchasing out of income instead of capital.

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD

THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

FEATHERHEADS

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

MAMIE TUCKERMAN set the teapot down on the supper table and dropped her plump person into her armchair. "Hurry up, you two," she called. "What do I cook chops for at the price they are if not to have them eat prompt?"

George, her son, approached nonchalantly from the kitchen, where he had been washing and slicking his hair.

"Hey, Mrs. Fuss," he said affectionately, "I'll eat your old chops and your other bad cooking, no matter how I suffer." He dodged her open hand and sat down opposite her. "Say, what's up? You got an awful funny look. Been spending a hard afternoon at the movies and writing a mush letter to one of the sheiks, I betcha."

"I wisht you'd had my day and you'd say I was at the movies! My own partickler serial, washin', cookin', scrubbin', mendin' your old clo'es —— Geraldine, for peace' sake come on! Everything'll be cold as the iceman's heart."

"Yeah, you were gossipin' with all the neighbors and out huntin' yourself a new hat most likely." This from George.

"Geraldine, just smack your fresh brother for me, that's a good girl."

Geraldine, coming from the bedroom, pretended to deal George a fearful blow which he dodged with exaggerated terror.

"Har-har!" said George, eying Geraldine's blue georgette and just-curled bob. "Why all the splurge? Is her ladyship occupying her box at the opera this evening? Is his noble lordship, Duke Bernie de Cheese, calling?"

"Mom," said Geraldine, "I never can understand why you didn't drown George along with the kittens when he was a baby. I'll bet if you'd known what he'd grow up to, you'd 've done it."

"I don't say I wouldn't." Mamie could stand this trifling no longer. She had waited to tell her news until both children were at the supper table and she was not going to be robbed of her drama. She swelled with mysterious import. "Listen, the two of you! I got a telegram today!"

"Pete's sake! Anybody dead?"

"Somebody really is dead, George, so don't speak so light. It's my third cousin, Elly Vaughan, who married a man named Barckley out in Kansas City, and I've not seen her since we were children; and a very nasty child she was, greedy and spoiled and whining and crying. I used to hide when I saw her and her mom coming to see us so's I wouldn't have to play with her." Mrs. Tuckerman was enjoying the recital. "Little did I think when I was in the midst of cleaning out the kitchen cupboard, and the bell rang, that it was anything about Elly, but there stood a boy in uniform, a nosey little kid he was, and he held out his slip and he says, 'Sign, please'; and I took the telegram, and my heart beating out loud because I thought maybe something had happened to one of you, and when I got up my courage to tear it open there was a strange name signed to it, a firm of lawyers out in Kansas City that's got her affairs in hand. Poor Elly, she's gone!"

"Well, did she leave us a million dollars?" asked Geraldine callously, spearing another chop.

"Don't be a piker—make it five million," supplemented George.

"Ho!" ejaculated Mamie, drawing herself up and pursing her lips. "Ho!"

This won her children's serious attention.

"Why, mom, did she really leave us something?" cried Geraldine. "Why, I believe she did! Oh, mom, how much—how much?"

George, too, stopped eating and became eager. If this was a matter of real money, not just mom telling a story for their diversion ——

Mamie dropped more sugar in her tea and stirred it elaborately.

"Oh, well," she said at last, with feigned carelessness, "the lawyers say it's a little matter of five thousand or so, that's all."

"Mom! Not really! Oh, gosh!" This was George. "Why, it's almost a million! Five thousand iron men! Say, there's not so much money in the world!"

Geraldine's eyes were glittering.

"Mom, I can have a fur coat now, can't I? A real good one—none of your alley-cat skin. All the girls in the office ——"

George gave an indignant howl.

"Don't buy her any fur coat, mom! Let's get a car. Oh, boy, think of going down to Coney Sundays in our own car! Wouldn't the bunch stare though? And when my vacation comes we could take a tour somewhere."

"Five thousand's enough for a fur coat and a car too," said Geraldine. "And we can fix up this dump so it looks like something—get a walnut dining-room suit and a davenport. That old couch is my pet poison mushroom.

George Gave an Indignant Howl. "Don't Buy Her Any Fur Coat, Mom! Let's Get a Car"

I never have anybody here but I'm ready to die of shame for it."

"Say, don't forget that's where I sleep, that couch," said George. "If you get a davenport, get a big one."

"This is news," said Mamie coolly. "I never noticed your friends were so fine they couldn't stand our furniture. Is it Bernie Hatch you're talking about? For I know very well it's not Billy O'Brien. He's got too much sense and good manners."

"He's too slow, you mean, mom. No, I wasn't talking of anybody in particular, but of everybody, all the girls and—and—everybody. A gorgeous big davenport all covered with some swell stuff. And, thank goodness, now I can have a new dress and slippers for the Leap Year Ball."

"If Geraldine's going to have a new dress, mom, I ought to have a dress suit."

"What's the matter with your renting one as usual? You only wear it once a year or so."

George and Geraldine eyed their mother in exasperation.

"Yes, but, mom, what's the use of our getting all this money unless we have some fun out of it?" said Geraldine. "Oh, say, won't the girls at the office have a fit when I tell 'em? They'll simply have a fit!"

"When do we get it, mom?" demanded George. "I'll see a fellow down at Halloran's garage right off. It might be better to get a secondhand car first, till I learn to drive."

"And say, when we get this place fixed up to look human we can give a party, don't you think, mom? A big party with swell eats?"

They chattered on, planning one extravagance after another, while Mamie Tuckerman sat silent in her place. Geraldine imperatively needed, it seemed, besides the fur coat and the new dress and slippers, a gold wrist watch, a dangle, a slave bracelet, some superior quality very thin flesh silk stockings—for office wear—silk underwear—especially nightgowns—a permanent wave at the best place in the city, black satin French-heel sandals—also for office wear—several new hats, a fox scarf—when she wasn't wearing the fur coat—and so on and so on.

George needed a new watch terribly and, if they were to have the car and Geraldine a fur coat, he really ought to have one too—a coonskin preferred; and he could use some silk shirts and a new pair of links and a silver cigarette case and and ——

And Geraldine took it up and began on the flat again—Circassian walnut for the dining-room-living-room, the davenport upholstered in real tapestry, a new set of dishes, silver forks and spoons—she thrust the plated spoon away from her disdainfully—new curtains, silk maybe, like some she'd seen at the pictures, and some swell vases and statues to brighten things up generally. Oh, yes, and a rug—they certainly must have a new rug.

"If you're going to the movies with Bernie Hatch, you'd better get at the dishes," said her mother suddenly. "And you, George, if you're to be at Pinkie Riddell's party this evening ——"

George looked at the clock and gave a wild howl.

"I'll be awful late," he said, and lost no time disappearing. Mamie watched him go.

"Seems as if we'd need a new clock too," she said to Geraldine, who was carrying the dishes out into the kitchen. Geraldine did not get the dryness of the tone.

"Sure we will!" she said. "A beauty, black marble, maybe, with a bronze figure on top. Or one of these gold fancy ones with a chime. That old alarm clock ——" Her voice was scorn itself.

Mamie sat still, apparently reading the evening paper. In reality she was thinking—hard. George and Geraldine! Why, she didn't know them at all, and they her own children, and she'd brought them up ever since George was two and Geraldine not quite one. That was the day she'd shown their father the door, chiefly because he'd decided that the easiest way to get a living was to let his wife earn it. That was one reason. There'd been plenty of others. John Tuckerman's looks, his wife had discovered, were the only good thing he had. These he had bequeathed to his children. Evidently he had bequeathed them much else, though yesterday Mamie would have denied it.

Healthy and handsome, yes, and honest, the two had grown to be; and though it had been a stiff struggle at times for food and clothes—the way they could go through a pair of shoes!—and doctors' and dentists' bills, Mamie had won out by means of her profession of superfine laundress. She had seen them both through high school, and Geraldine through a business course. Now George was in the big shipping room of a big store at twenty-five a week, and Geraldine was earning eighteen in her first stenographic job. Mamie had given up the heaviest of her work and only did fine things for chosen patrons, georgette trifles, plaitings, old lace, French convent embroideries and the like. They had a four-room flat and owed nobody a cent. If only ——

Mamie rebuked herself for that "If only," but there it was and there was no getting round it. She knew, though she'd hardly admit it to herself, that her children hadn't her own itch of ambition, nor her own tireless capable industry. They could use what they learned, but they never flew to learning because they were starving for it, as Mamie had starved for it all her life. Their mother, leaning over her ironing board and manipulating her goffering irons with all the delicacy and assured skill of a Corot his brush, had been a hard taskmaster. They had to stay at home and study in the evenings. They did not dare to bring her home a poor report. She had pushed and pulled and driven them as far as they'd gone. It was true. Only of late had she relaxed her efforts. She was keen enough to know that she'd estrange them if she forced too hard. It was all right when they were little; then she had authority. But with a grown boy and girl, and earning their own money, where are you? Oh, Mamie knew a thing or two about her young folks! At least she had thought she did.

But she hadn't been prepared to have them fly off the handle as they'd done at the prospect of Cousin Elly's money. Why, it was ridiculous —— Geraldine's voice came in from the tiny kitchen: "Say, mom, d'you think I ought to have Hudson seal or squirrel? Seal's handsome, and it wears good, but squirrel's so soft and becoming. Jen Little's got a squirrel, and there's lots of coons and nutrias. There's only one girl—Hardy I think's her name, works over in the accounting department—who's got a seal. I guess I'd like a seal best. It's sweller. I'll stop in tomorrow at lunch time and try on some."

Mamie was spared the trouble of replying by the arrival of Bernie Hatch.

Mamie did not like Bernie Hatch. There was something about him that reminded her too much of John Tuckerman and his beguilements. Bernie was slender and glib, and as pretty as a girl. A harmless boy enough, perhaps, but he'd never get anywhere, Mamie knew. As light on his feet as in his head. But she'd known his mother for years, so she was not unfriendly.

"Sit down, Bernie. Geraldine's putting on her hat. How's your ma's erysipelas now? Dear, dear, that's a terrible complaint."

"Ma's worse—or thinks she is. Why don't you go round to see her, Mis' Tuckerman? I'll bring you home when we get back from the movies."

"I don't believe I can tonight. I got a rush job of work," began Mamie, but Gerry, dashing out from the bedroom in hat and coat, interrupted.

(Continued on Page 44)

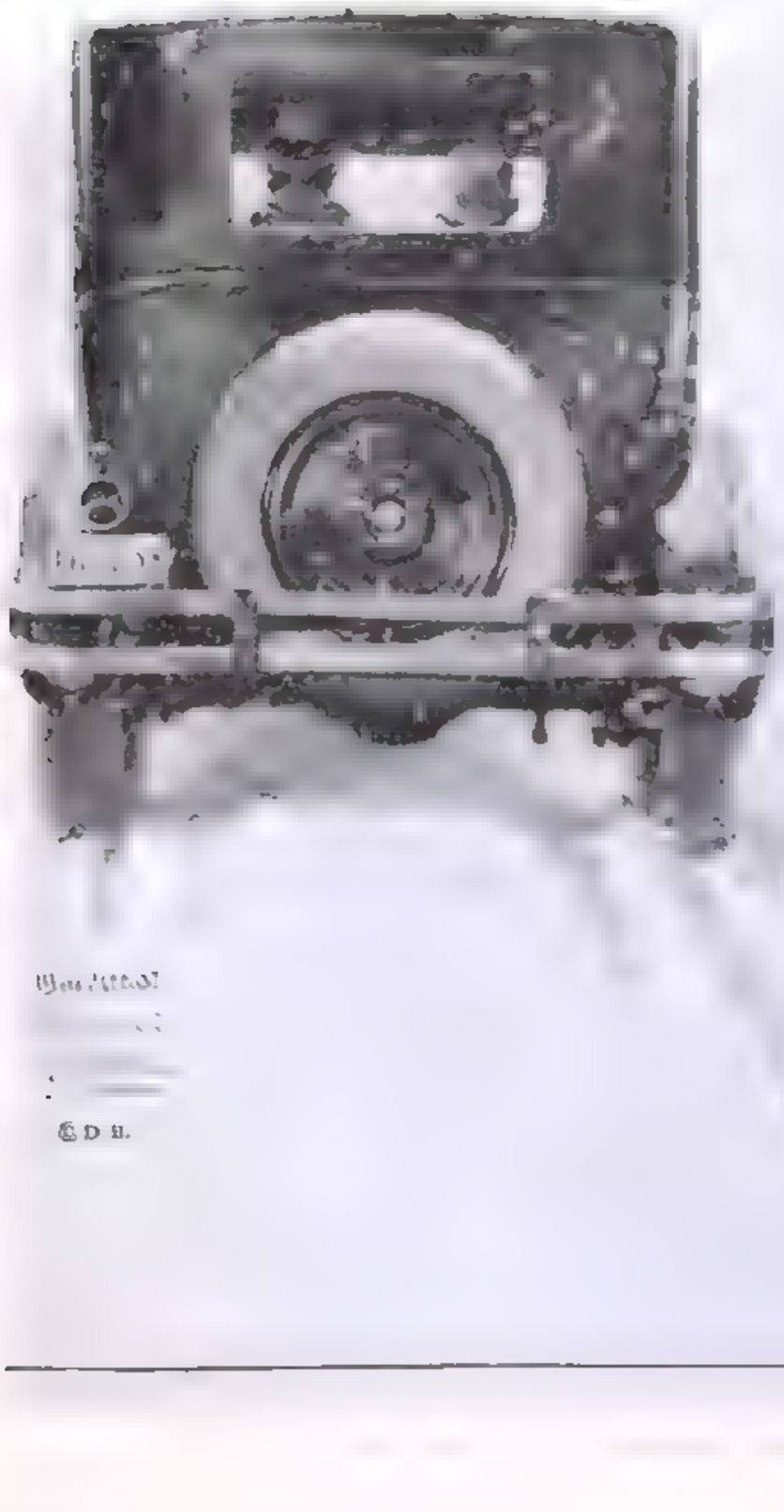
DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TYPE-A SEDAN

To say that the Special Type-A Sedan looks as good as it really is, is simply to pay a just and deserved tribute to the coachwork and the special equipment.

The appointments were determined in the usual Dodge Brothers way—strictly on a basis of quality and not of cost.

Five Balloon Tires

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



(Continued from Page 42)

"Say, what d'you think, Bernie—we've been left a bunch of money: one of mom's cousins died out West somewhere. Isn't that swell? And I'm going to get a fur coat, and we're going to get a car and —— G'night, mom; I won't be late. C'm on, Bernie, I'll tell you all about it as we glide."

Mamie could hear Gerry's voice, eager and voluble, playing Bernie and herself downstairs. Mamie shook her head. This wasn't at all as she'd meant it to be, about the money.

She thought of her Cousin Elly, the doughy, pasty, lumpish child that she was, always wanting to play parcheesi and cheating at it.

Try as she would, Mamie could not remember anything pleasant about her. Yet Elly had remembered her, and seemingly with affection.

"Children are cruel little tikes, and I must have been one of the cruelest," she concluded.

In a box, tucked away somewhere, she had a picture of Elly in her wedding dress, with her bridegroom. After some search, Mamie routed this out of the obscurity where it had lain for twenty years and looked long at the stiff figure of Elly in a tight silk dress with big sleeves, a many-plumed hat riding high above a frizzy bang; but there was nothing in the dull round face, or the walrus-mustached effigy of the unknown Barckley, to give Mamie any hook on which to hang a tender sentiment.

"She never had no style and not much sense, but she must have had some good in her somewhere," thought Mamie. "Though deary knows if she'd 've sent me five dollars now and then in the bad years gone by it would have meant more than five thousand now. Humph! I'll step over and tell Lil Dollens about it—and I'll take the photograph too."

Lil Dollens was her friend and crony, a knowledgeable spinster who managed a smart corset shop on the avenue. She lived across the hall from the Tuckermans, and few were the evenings in which she and Mamie did not visit.

She found Lil and her pet cat Jambon reclining on the couch.

"Come in," said Lil. "I'm all in. I got a hate on everything. On my feet all day and selling these little two-bone girdles to fat, sagging old fools that ought to be wearing a steel picket fence, and smiling and calling them 'moddom' and telling them they'll look like flappers, and keeping an eye on those dumb-bell salesgirls, and what not and so on. I tell you, Mamie, I'll be fifty-five my next birthday and it's no joke. It's getting to be a real problem to me to keep my hair hennaed. If it wasn't for my little home here, and Jambon, I'd be sick abed. Oh, I got the blues, I have. Nothing nice never happens to nobody any more."

"I'll go over and get you a wee drop of my last home-brew, deary," said Mamie. "It'll set you up wonderful. And I got something to tell you that'll make you forget your feet and your customers."

"It'll have to go some if it does," groaned Lil. "Listen to old Jambon purring. Does that to comfort me, bless his furry old paws."

But when Mamie told her great news, Lil sat up, with eyes sparkling.

"Say, I never was so glad of a piece of luck to anybody else in my whole life. And I'm going to tell you something that will make your everlasting fortune. There's a lady comes in my shop all the time, and she's got a gentleman friend who's a broker and he gives her tips on stocks, and just the other day he told her to rob the bank and buy Dripping Oil ——"

"None of your oil stocks for me," said Mamie virtuously. "With all the papers have said about oil, a body's likely to be arrested for buying stocks."

"Quit your kidding and listen. That Dripping Oil stock was down to about five cents a share and the next day it shot up to twenty-one cents and she made her money three times over with no work about it except taking it and putting it in the bank."

"How much had she put in?"

"Well, she'd only put in nine dollars, for that was all she had by her at the time, she said; but look, she got nearly forty back! And if she'd put in five thousand, why she'd have had twenty thousand back."

"It's gambling, nothing less."

"No, it's not. She explained it to me. They struck a big well and that made the stock worth a lot more. It's all honest and right if there's good value behind it; that's true in any business, including corsets. Why, Mamie, look, if you had twenty thousand dollars it'd be enough to keep you in comfort the rest of your life, no matter if you got crippled up with rheumatism and couldn't work, or if the children was sick, or anything. I tell you if it was mine I'd do it quick's scat. No, Jambon, I wasn't saying scat to you. Be a good puss."

"It listens good. Ah, Lil, many's the time I've laid awake at night, stone cold in my heart, thinking what might happen to the children if I was took or anything, but that was when they were little. Now that they're grown and both working it's different."

"Yes, but they both of 'em'll get married, and you know very well a mother-in-law's about as welcome as a poison adder in most young folks' homes. And even if they liked you, and you liked them, do you want to live on anybody when you're old and not even have your own money for car fare, or to drop a dime in the church box? I'll say you don't!"

"I'll say I don't too. No, Lil, that's where us poor people that lives so close to the wind suffers. We can't lay by enough, work as hard as we can and scrimp and pinch as we will, to keep us when we're old."

For a moment there was a grim silence. They knew, Lil and Mamie, what poverty and pinching and scrimping and hard work meant.

They had seen old men and women on their utterly forlorn way to almshouse or charity hospital, and they had felt the injustice and the indecency of bringing self-respecting human beings to that pass.

"There's no use hunting trouble," said Mamie at last. "I never was one to hold post-mortems. Do that and life ain't worth living."

"No, there's no use a-hunting trouble; but there's no use not looking out for yourself. Say I ask that lady about where she gets her tips? No harm in that. If I had anything laid by I'd do it, but you know how it is with me; it's taken all I could make to keep myself and poor afflicted brother Ed. And you've got to dress well in the shop. Lord, but I've grudged the money for good clothes!"

"Don't be so downhearted, Lil. Maybe something'll come along and fall into your lap like this legacy has into mine. I'd no more thought of Elly leaving me something than of the kettle speaking. You find out from your friend about the stocks, and how to buy 'em, Lil. I got to go back home and work on that robe for the Egglestons' baby. It was his father's and his grandfather's, and it's that yellow! And all ready to fall to pieces. And such a comic piece of work—near six feet long! But they're possessed that the new baby shall wear that and nothing else, and I've to do it up."

"How'd the children take the news?" asked Lil.

"Very delighted and all for putting it on their backs and in their bellies. They're featherheads, as you might say. Geraldine wants jewelry like the Queen of Bavaria and a grand fur coat, and George is all for a car."

"That's youth for you, never looking beyond the pleasure of the moment!"

"And that's not so foolish, Lil. When you've had a good time nobody can take it away from you ever after."

(Continued on Page 100)

"How'd I Look, Old George?" Demanded Gerry of Her Brother, Who Had Been Sitting By Silently Watching His Sister Prance

This test of your health is made every morning

Do you pass the test?

HE REALIZED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG—IN SOME WAY HE WAS MAKING A GRAVE MISTAKE!

"You have to live with people to know them."

How TRUE IT IS! Because otherwise you are unacquainted with them during the most telling hour of the whole day—the hour before breakfast!

Night should bring rest, and refreshment. It is a time of renewal, of re-creation, after which bursts the new day—a fresh beginning, a time of new opportunities. This hour—the rising hour—should represent the high tide of vitality, of hope, of optimistic good cheer. It does—for some people.

Why, then, for many others, is it the trying hour of the day? The gloomy, low-spirited hour? The hour for petty fault-finding or sullen glumness!

They have drawn beyond reasonable limits on their reserves of energy. So the night does not build up the needed surplus of vital force to meet the demands of the new day. It fails even to "catch up" with yesterday's demand. They actually wake up tired, these people—begin the day moody, dull, dispirited.

Lack of restful sleep; yes, that is one cause. Lack of regular exercise in the open air is another. Most important, perhaps, they not only eat indiscreetly, but lash their nerves and draw on their reserves by means of drug stimulants—often taken as a part of their regular diet.

This is the insidious nature of such a stimulant as caffein: it has absolutely no food value, yet it *appears* to give energy. It prompts the tired body to new effort, it goads the jaded nerves to action. It does this by borrowing energy—*energy which is never paid back*—from the body's vital reserve.

There is a better way!

So the people who wake up sluggish in the morning are probably the victims of the indiscretions—the seemingly small wrong habits—of many yesterdays. Their dispositions are bad, naturally, for cheerfulness, enthusiasm, buoyancy, spring from abundant vitality. With breakfast there may come temporary relief—artificial relief—in the form of more caffein. *But it must be remembered that this relief* is purchased at the expense of the already depleted reserve.

How much better—how much more wholesome and satisfying—to live a *normal* life! To take into the system only that which *contributes* energy, which builds health and optimism! How much better to be fully alive during the first and finest hour of the whole day!

Make this easy test!

In 2,000,000 American homes, people are taking an important step in that direction by drinking Postum, a delicious drink made of roasted whole wheat and bran. They have eliminated caffein from their diet. They have substituted a drink with a taste they like better than any other—a distinctive, appetizing, full-bodied flavor. It contains only the healthful elements of wheat—there isn't a trace of sleeplessness, nervousness, headache, or indigestion in it!

You try Postum, too! Try it for thirty days—a test long enough to show results. We will give you, free, your first week's supply for this thirty-day test. And we will have Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing Postum.

Does the world look bright to you in the early morning? Take this easy step in the right direction. Accept Carrie Blanchard's offer now!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get your first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

S. E. P. 1-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC. Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ preferred

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is made by the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich., also makers of Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Grape-Nuts. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: [illegible] Postum Cereal [illegible] drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make—it should be boiled 20 minutes

THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS

Eveready Hour—Every Tuesday at Nine P. M.

[Eastern Standard Time]

"Eveready Hour." Nine o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) every Tuesday evening is the hour set apart for the simultaneous broadcasting of Eveready programs through a chain of prominent interconnected radio stations. You can easily tune in one of these stations and listen to the delightful programs of the "Eveready Group." You will laugh at the light comedy. You will be thrilled with the harmonies of the vocal and instrumental programs. Dance music will set your toes a-tingling.

Be sure that the batteries for your radio receiver are full of power and pep, so that your enjoyment may be complete. Use Eveready "A" Batteries for lighting the filaments of the vacuum tubes. Eveready "B" Batteries for detector and amplifying tubes. Eveready "C" Batteries to clarify tone and prolong "B" Battery life.

Try the new 45-volt Heavy Duty Eveready "B" Battery (No. 770) for receivers with four or more tubes. Because of their longer life they cut "B" Battery costs in half and even more.

Use Eveready Radio Batteries for all radio purposes—they last longer.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.

Headquarters for Radio Battery Information

New York San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

THE EAR TO THE GROUND

By Joseph Lister Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

ON THIS particular morning Silas Eden had walked down to the office. It was a goodish walk; but he liked to take that three-mile stretch at times. It made him question the unalterable evidence of the passing years. Many younger men, he knew, could not—or would not—do it. His cane was swinging in his hand; it was a youthful cane, that left no suggestion of physical need. He had entered his office whistling under his breath, and had gone to the window and thrown it up with a firm hand; a man, young at sixty, ready to tackle anything. It was only when he was seated at his desk that the disconsolate thought struck him that there was very little to tackle. There had been other mornings like it, but their memory had passed. This morning, however, was to leave its lasting impression.

Perhaps if it had not been for the conference with Howard, matters might have drifted along on their accustomed course; but that conference was the last straw on the back of an already none too patient camel. It was Saturday and they had been together most of the morning mapping out plans for the coming months. Together they had conned over the situation and considered the abilities of the various men available for the tasks, and had allotted each his place. It was a morning full of pleasure for Silas Eden. The old war horse was scenting the battle from afar, and itching to be at it.

The conference finally over, Howard was moving toward the door, a parting comment on his lips. Suddenly Silas Eden came to his feet. He had not heard Howard's last observation; but his mind flamed with a new and unpleasant thought—it was not really his battle.

"And what am I to do?" he demanded. There was something almost of pathos in his tone, but underneath the pathos was revolt.

Howard's quick ear had caught that underlying note. It was a situation that needed handling. He smiled blandly.

"Now that the general policy has been decided, sir, things ought to work themselves out without any hitch. I was thinking that you might care to run over to Europe for a month or so. The rest would ——"

Howard got no further. All the vials of wrath of a just man driven to extremity, all those long unoccupied hours, all that sense of grievance that had been growing from day to day—rose in a flood of purple to the face of Silas Eden.

"Europe!" he roared; "Europe! I don't want to go to Europe, and I don't want to rest. I want to go to work."

Howard would have interjected a word to stem the mounting wrath, but the older man roared him down.

"Not a thing to do!" he stormed. "Sit here all day—sign a few checks, see some people I don't want to see, do whatever you want me to do. Me! Me! I made this business, and you've taken it away from me. I won't have it, I tell you. I'm tired of sitting here doing nothing. I'm tired of going away doing nothing. Not a thing to do anywhere. Not a damn thing!" His voice rose in a shrill crescendo.

"Old man's pretty trying at times," thought Howard.

His was an orderly mind, and scenes were anathema to him; and he couldn't get away from the impression that this was developing into a scene.

"Understand"—Silas Eden waved a threatening finger in his general direction—"I'm not going to Europe. I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to stay right here and find myself a job, if I have to fire all you enterprising young Napoleons to do it."

Thirty-five years before, the Eden Structural and Engineering Company had existed nowhere, save in the buoyant fancies and enthusiasms of Silas K. Eden. Thirty years before, it had still largely existed in the same intangible realm; though there was some suggestion of reality in that small upper loft, that looked out through cobwebbed windows on a muddy lane where misanthropic horses munched moodily out of nose bags.

From that time on, the idea that was the Eden Structural and Engineering Company emerged more and more from the inner consciousness of Silas Eden. Others besides himself would not see and appreciate. The cobwebbed loft was hardly a memory, now, to anyone save Silas Eden. There was a small framed photograph, yellow and indistinct, that hung on the wall of his comfortable office, just to the right of his desk. It was a convenient location. When Silas Eden said "That's where I started, my boy," with a certain unction for which no one could blame him, his right arm, outflung, would point directly at the photograph. He was proud of his business, but there was nothing offensive in this pride. It was not merely pride in the serried row of buildings; it went beyond that. It was the sort of pride that a man might have in a well-loved son. Indeed that was what the business was, a son. He had brought it into being. In every phase of it there was evidence of his guiding genius. He had directed and elaborated its activities, had chosen the men who had helped to make it. Thus he was in the curious situation of being both father and son, for Silas Eden certainly was the Eden Structural and Engineering Company.

At least that was what Silas Eden thought. Recently there had been times when he had wavered a little in this confident belief. It did not seem quite so evident that he was as definitely the head and heart of the business as once he had been. The thought had come to him at times with a sense of loss, of grievance. Till recently, there had been no time for such disquieting reflections. He had been too busy. There had not been an unoccupied moment. He had originated every plan. He had formulated every policy. He had supervised every move. No one had attempted to do any thinking save in the accustomed groove in which Silas Eden had instructed him to think.

But all that was a matter of six years ago, and that six years had brought many changes. The changes had started with the advent of young James Howard. Howard wasn't so young as to call for comment—a mild forty perhaps—but Silas Eden thought of him as young. Perhaps it was the enthusiasm and the ambition that made him less amenable to the regimen Silas Eden had imposed on all who worked for him, that left this impression of youth; a certain sense of revolt from a long accepted authority. Young Howard had shown a decided tendency to think for himself. It had disturbed Eden at first. It did not seem natural. He had been so long the only voice of authority that Howard's continual, "But, sir," "What do you think of this, sir?" "I might handle that for you, sir," grated on him.

"I must get rid of that young man," he would sputter testily after an interview with Howard, but somehow he never did.

Little by little Howard did succeed in lifting some of the load that for all Eden's broad shoulders had almost grown too much for him. It was a relief. Even while he depreciated the need of assistance he felt the sense of relief.

"Gives me time to concentrate," he said, as a concession to this seeming weakness.

Little by little Howard weeded away from him other obligations and duties. Some of these he passed on to young Arnold, who had joined the staff at what Silas Eden thought was his own suggestion. Young Arnold was really young, with a fine set of shoulders on which a fine head was carefully balanced; a head, be it noted, that was fine inside as well as out.

Once used to the idea that anyone but himself could think for the business, Eden grew interested in the thought. He liked to push out new duties, with a tentative air, just as one might put a peanut through the bars of the cages at a zoo, to see just how fast and in what manner it would be snapped up. It was a fascinating pastime, almost as fascinating as the business itself.

More and more he tended to throw his own duties on their younger shoulders. He was proud of them, proud and interested in their work.

"Not so sound," he would sometimes mutter, in a kind of self-justification. "Need a tight rein, a lot of handling, but ——" He smiled with satisfaction. They were the work of his hands, just as the business had been. It was pleasant to watch them grow into new responsibilities. There was a sense of elation in their evident interest and success, just as there had been elation in the steady growth of his business

But more and more there grew upon Silas Eden the impression that he was not doing enough. The idle moments were too many for one who had worked so long under pressure. Often he would awake in the morning with the inward thought that he must get back into harness. It seemed easy as he thought of it in the morning quiet of his own bedroom. But once at the office it was different. He was ready to get back into harness with all his old-time vim, but look as he might, there did not seem to be any harness to get back into. The harnesses were all capably filled. The work that was formerly his was now being handled by young Howard or young Arnold, or had been delegated by them to other energetic young men. The thought rankled a little.

Now and then, in a figurative sense, he did kick over the traces; but when he did so it was often with an uneasy sense that he was not doing the right thing; that to use his authority merely because he had it, and not because its use was well advised, added nothing to the prosperity of the business that was so near his heart. It made him unhappy.

The whole truth of the matter was that Silas Eden, hale and hearty, still full of enthusiasms, still bridling at the stimulus of new opportunities, still with an eager sense of ambition, found himself out of a job

For a long time after Howard had left on that eventful morning, Silas Eden sat thinking. The suggestion of Europe had been the last straw. It stripped from him all pretenses. It robbed him of a certain furtive satisfaction that he had tried to hold about him—the thought that he was a steadying influence. He knew in his heart of hearts that they did not really need steadying. The business did not need it, at least not any more than it had when he was their age. He had developed these boys. He knew their ways of thought. He was proud of it in a way. But even pride would not quite cover the sting of the thought that he could go to Europe for a month—or for twelve months, for that matter—without being really missed.

"I've worked myself out of a job," he reflected ruefully.

Silas Eden may not have had anything particular to do that day, but certainly he had never given to any problem a more undivided attention than he was giving to his own personal problem of how to get back into business.

"If they won't let me sit in at this game with them," he reflected, "I'll have to start a little game of my own."

He came to his feet suddenly as though he had been stung. Here was the idea whose elusive trail he had been nosing for hours past. It wasn't much of an idea as yet, just a little sprouting germ of thought, but to his mounting enthusiasm it already flourished like a green bay tree.

Half an hour later, walking out to his waiting car, he surprised Howard with a cheery good morning! "By the way," he called back, as he lurched into the ample cushions, "may take your advice after all—not Europe but perhaps I'll run around a bit."

"Well, that's blown over again," Howard murmured with a relieved sigh as the car drove away.

But had he known of that sprouting seed he might not have returned to work with such a sense of ease.

Silas Eden lolled back in his comfortable car, with satisfaction hanging about him like moss on a southern pine. Already he was dreaming of the fruit of his plan. He had stepped out at last. He was going to work. The thought coursed through his veins like a tonic. He turned the idea over in his mind and found it good. It achieved his object, and it gave rein to a certain Puckish type of malice that was in him. An acquaintance seeing him pass by, was struck with the suggestion of a freckle-faced boy bent on some manner of deviltry, and turned to watch him.

"Doesn't seem to grow any older," he thought. "Can take things easy now. That's the secret." And the tired man turned away with a sigh.

Eden did not go directly home, as was his custom. Instead he gave orders that took his car into many unfamiliar streets, and himself up unfamiliar stairways. He reflected over the surprise of Howard and Arnold, had they discovered him in pursuit of his idea; and he chuckled at the thought.

His travels led him to several small real-estate dealers, to a publishing house that issued certain periodicals dealing with his own field, and finally to his lawyers, where he spent sufficient time for his chauffeur to smoke a peculiarly vile thing in the shape of a cigar. He came from this visit with a buoyant step, and his sedate hat, whether through accident or design, had achieved a rakish slant.

Silas Eden drove out into the country, pondering deeply the while; pondering cheerfully, if his appearance indicated anything. Out near the lake his eyes espied a diminutive lunch counter. It brought him sharply back to mundane things. He was hungry. He alighted, knocking his hat to a still more rakish angle in doing so, and, not without some difficulty, edged himself on to a round stool.

"A hot dog," he thought. The freckle-faced boy peeped out again from the sober countenance of Silas K Eden No one knew better than he that he would regret the indiscretion later. What of it? It had been a good day, take it as a whole. There was room for the odd regret.

Silas K. Eden opened a capacious mouth and nipped the hot dog with relish.

Eileen Eden lolled comfortably in a long wicker chair under one of the stately elms that shaded the Eden home Young and slim, with eyes that were wells of laughter and quick fire, and a mass of dark hair shading a piquant face that mantled swiftly with color at any hint of pleasure or annoyance, she gave unmistakable signs of some far-off Hibernian ancestry.

(Continued on Page 49)

Mrs. Greene

The New ARCOLA

LIKE Mrs. Greene's model, the new Arcola Heating Outfit, located on the first floor, warms the whole house through an American Radiator in each room. But, in addition, it regulates itself, requiring little attention and saving a great deal of fuel. Its handsome gray enameled jacket makes it an ornament in any room.

and her dream

"I SAW an advertisement of the IDEAL ARCOLA Hot Water Heating plant one day," says Mrs. Dorrit R. Greene, of Butte, Montana, "and it was much like a dream of mine coming true!"

Thousands of women have the same dream. They want to get rid of their dusty stoves or old-fashioned heaters. They want a comfortable, warm radiator in each room. They want a heating plant that will reduce fuel bills.

ARCOLA fulfils this dream, as 100,000 American families have proved by their own experience. It is so efficient in operation that it saves an amazing amount of fuel; and the first cost, which is very small, can be met on easy monthly payments.

Let us send you all the facts in our attractive book. *Your* dream of IDEAL warmth, like Mrs. Greene's, can come true. She saw an ARCOLA advertisement and sent for the free ARCOLA book; send for your copy today.

TRADE MARK ARCOLA Reg U.S Pat Off

For sale by the Heating and Plumbing Trade everywhere

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 1, 1803 Elmwood Avenue Buffalo, N.Y.

Sales Offices in all principal cities

IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED

(Continued from Page 47)

Long before old Silas Eden had found himself more or less ousted from the command of his business ship, he had been compelled to concede that he was no longer master in his own house. For twelve years—in fact, since his wife had died, leaving him the sole charge of his little seven-year-old daughter—she and his business had been the dominant, indeed the only thoughts, of his life. She had grown from a little heartbroken child, who had clung to him and looked to him for every care and comfort, into a young woman who guided his home life just as surely as Howard and Arnold ruled his business. As a little girl she had been content to have him fashion her plays and guide her every action. It was he who had taught her the first early lessons, helped her out of her innumerable scrapes, and been the guiding and only genius of her youth.

But youth is autocratic, and it was she who now was guide and counselor. She it was who decided when he should or should not wear his rubbers, when his suit needed pressing—difficult matters to enforce. It was she, too, who decided what plays he should see, what exercise he needed, and what was good or bad for him to eat. He recognized the bonds by many rebellions, but they hung on him lightly. They had been long in forging. He only smiled now as she ordered him about, well knowing that the first wind of trouble would send her scuttling back to the known safety and seclusion of his ready arms.

"George"—Eileen Eden turned to the young man who lolled at ease on the grass at her feet—"why is it that dad has to work so hard?"

George Arnold gulped uneasily. He had heard from Howard of the old man's tirade of the morning, and knowing Eileen, and how promptly she rallied the cudgels in defense of her friends, he feared something in the nature of a flank attack.

"Well, I don't exactly know." That reply, he thought, was sufficiently noncommittal to permit the adoption of any course that future developments might seem to suggest.

Eileen eyed him with some disfavor. "Dad admits that you haven't ruined your part of the business yet, though he was suspicious of you at first; and I suppose that indicates intelligence, and you look as though you ought to have it, but there are times when you don't give any great evidence of it."

Arnold grinned with relief; evidently the question bore no meaning that did not appear frankly on the surface. "If your father would only let us carry more of the work."

"Could you take more of it?"

"Yes, I could handle quite a good deal more."

"Then I'll suggest it to dad."

Arnold looked aghast. "My dear Eileen, if you suggest any such thing the top will blow off the earth, and when it settles down again I won't be here."

"But I don't understand."

"Neither do I, but I have a premonition, a hunch, or whatever you like to call it, that your suggestion would not be received in the same kindly spirit in which it was offered."

A long gray limousine drew up at the gate, and from it descended Silas Eden. He had already begun to feel that the exuberance of youth, as represented by even a stray hot dog, had been ill advised.

Eileen leaped to her feet and raced down the lawn to meet him, followed at a more ordered pace by young Arnold.

Her advancing figure caught Eden's eye, and a swift smile swept the regrets from his face, so that he came toward her with outstretched hands. For all her evident young womanhood, she was still to him the child he had mothered through so many years.

"I do wish you'd get a new hat, dad, and that when you do get it, you'd wear it properly." Eileen reached up and straightened the jaunty tilt to something of settled sobriety.

"My dear"—Silas Eden's tone was firm—"this hat is as good as I need; it is also worn in the way I prefer to wear it." And he deliberately set the hat atilt again. Silas Eden was ripening for rebellion. "Ah!" he said. "Arnold, glad to see you. Have something I would like to discuss with you a moment. What do you know about the Saltfort Engineering Company?"

"Business!" Eileen burst in discontentedly. "Always business! I do wish, dad, that you would not work so hard. Do you know, I've about made up my mind to carry you off to Europe for a while."

"Europe?" There was a smoldering note in the elder man's voice. "Isn't anybody thinking of anything but Europe? Understand, young fellow"—Silas Eden turned sharply on young Arnold—"understand, I'm not going to Europe."

"George didn't say anything about Europe," Eileen came quickly to the defense.

"No, but he was going to. He was going to say that I looked tired and needed a rest. Well, I'm not going to take a rest, and you can leave it to me that no one else is going to take one either." He chuckled at some inward reflection. "Well, what about this Saltfort concern?"

"Oh, they're a small company, sir. They're not causing us any trouble."

Arnold had an uneasy feeling that the old man was slipping a little. Perhaps, after all, he did need a real rest—get away from the office, and all that sort of thing. He thought for a moment of seconding Eileen's suggestion, when looking up he caught Silas Eden's eyes upon him. There was a certain baleful light in those eyes.

"They're not causing us any concern, hey? Well, I've a feeling they're going to. Now, I'm going to lie down for a while, going to rest."

"Business!" Eileen Burst in Discontentedly. "Always Business! I Do Wish, Dad, That You Would Not Work So Hard"

There was something of the morning's conference and something of the delinquent hot dog in the asperity evident in his tone as he marched resolutely away.

"What have you been doing to him, anyway?" Eileen demanded accusingly. "It's all that horrid business."

"Well, let's forget about business for a while. I can beat you at a set of tennis before supper."

Without a word Eileen was off racing toward the tennis court.

Up in his own little den, his stockinged feet resting comfortably on one chair while he lay at rest in another, Silas K. Eden let his thoughts run at large. His own business, the Saltfort Company and young Arnold passed before him in jumbled array. "Young Arnold, not a bad young chap; bright, certainly; would get on." His mind focused on that problem with more distinctness. "Around here a good deal of late," he reflected. "Now, I wonder why. Eileen, just a child, and yet—well—not a bad young chap; bright, certainly; sure to get on. Perhaps—but not for a year or two. No, hasn't been tried out. Couple of years perhaps. Yes, try him out, that's the way—fits into the scheme—neat as a glove," said Silas Eden, in a sleepy voice, and again the Eden Structural and Engineering Company, young Arnold, and the Saltfort Company merged into a conglomerate mass, and Silas Eden slept the sleep of the weary business man.

The Saltfort Engineering Company occupied a small row of two-story buildings that nestled in the midst of a long since decayed residential section of a rapidly growing city. Indeed, the company's premises had once housed many of the families whose names had been on the social roster before the city had really grown beyond a large town. But the past gentility had given place to an era of overfilled garbage pails and pervading odor of garlic.

Despite its situation, however, the Saltfort Engineering Company had for a number of years made a comfortable living for its owners. The living had not come easily, for the firm was small, and its capital painfully limited. But hard work and low costs had enabled them to compete successfully for some business that other and larger firms would gladly have handled. So aggressive had their methods been that they had brought upon themselves the active and not too friendly interest of a number of their larger competitors. The result was that the last year had shown a keener competition, and this, coming in conjunction with a tight money market, had made business anything but easy and far from profitable. As a matter of fact, the past year's profits after the owner-manager and his assistant had taken out their modest salaries, had amounted to precisely five hundred and twenty-six dollars.

"Jim," said the manager as he handed the profit sheet across the desk to his assistant, "I suppose you have digested this interesting document."

Jim Hastings looked up with a grin.

"A pretty thing as a document, but as the record of a hard year's work," he commented, "it seems to lack something."

"But its contents are firmly fixed in your mind?"

"Well, I haven't let my imagination stay around with it much. My good old grandfather, I remember, was always warning me against the sin of pride."

"Would you consider buying this business, Jim?"

Hastings looked across the desk at the worried face of his superior and friend.

"I don't just rightly get the drift of this," he said, "but I'll say this much, that my share of these ill-gotten gains is yours for the asking, and I might even scrape together an added drachma or two if you're hard pushed."

The other shook his head. "If I'd needed that money I would have asked you for it, Jim. I don't want money; I want your advice. You see, I've been offered thirty thousand dollars for this business and the goodwill."

"Goodwill," Jim grinned. "By all means I would include the goodwill."

"Well, that's the offer. They want this business as a going concern."

"Going, all right, I should say; and I could almost hazard a guess as to whither. But if you are seriously taking my advice"—he looked up at his friend, and caught the answering nod—"then, Friend John, after giving the problem the mature reflection that such an interesting offer undoubtedly warrants, my suggestion would be to get them to put their names on the dotted line; and that without giving them undue time for sober second thought."

"It looks like that, doesn't it? But where does that leave you?"

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about me. Besides, perhaps they would figure me in as part of the goodwill. By the way, who's the offer from anyway?"

"That's the curious part. I don't know. It comes from Smith, Hare & Allen, the law firm here, and they are to be the administrators for the purchaser. What do you make of it?"

"Make of it! My good old grandfather used to say that the world was full of unfathomable mysteries. I would think that this was one of them. But bite hard on the hook, Friend John; thirty thousand looks a lot better than this." He picked up the statement of profits with fastidious fingers and waved it in the other's face. "I'll stick around till advised otherwise, and report what happens."

What happened was a conference with the representatives of the new owner.

Jim Hastings faced this conference alone, for John Olcott, the owner, under the terms of the sales agreement, had relinquished all connection with the business. Hastings was by no means abashed. He took things as they came, and struggled to gain from each experience some little hint of humor. The far-reaching ignorance of Smith, Hare & Allen precluded the possibility that they were going to operate the business, but it did give Hastings a grateful sense of amusement.

Mr. Smith was the spokesman. "We're merely acting for the owner, who wishes his name to remain a secret, for the moment." His tone was bland, but there was something in it that suggested that he felt the whole affair was a very foolish business, and that he would be glad to turn it over to the owner at the earliest possible moment. "You are to remain in your present position, if you will be so good as to do so, till the new manager is appointed, and you may then make such arrangement with him as you may see fit."

"Thank you," said Jim Hastings with equal blandness.

Mr. Smith nodded gravely. "I am instructed to ask you," he continued, "as acting head of the company, to write Mr. George Arnold, of the Eden Structural and Engineering Company, and offer him the managership of this company, at a salary of seven thousand dollars, and

15 per cent of all the net profits in excess of thirty thousand dollars."

Jim Hastings sat up very straight at his desk. "Is there a catch in this anywhere?" he asked. "You see, I know Arnold, and happen to like him, if we have been trying to cut one another's throats for the past three years; and if there does happen to be a catch—why, I, as acting manager of this concern, as you have so kindly put it, will not make the offer. You see my position," he concluded with a pleasant laugh.

"Perfectly, perfectly," Mr. Smith's tone was urbane. "But you need not fear what you have described as a—ah—a catch. You can take my guaranty as to the bona fides of this offer."

"Then you may consider the offer made."

"Ah, very good! Very good! And for the rest you will, I presume, continue as you have been doing in the past."

Mr. Smith and his associates departed, leaving Jim Hastings to ponder over the turn of events.

Silas K. Eden sat in his comfortable office, in an equally comfortable frame of mind. He had opened his personal mail, he had received a deputation that had called to beg him to assume the presidency of some laudable undertaking, he did not rightly remember what, and had excused himself on the ground of the pressure of business. He had listened to an earnest gentleman requesting assistance for a children's hospital, and had sent him away happy with a comfortable check. He had, in odd moments, gone through the morning paper, and had made a rather more than usually diligent study of certain publications relative to the business in which he was engaged. On his desk lay a few checks awaiting his signature, some figures regarding the business of the past month, and sundry incidental memos on mainly insignificant topics. These were his work for the remainder of his day. But Silas Eden was happy. He expected something; just what it was he expected he could hardly have said, but something certainly that would tend to add interest to the day.

The happening turned out to be Howard. He entered with a perfunctory knock.

"Are you busy?" he asked. "Can you spare me a moment?"

Eden looked at him sternly over the tops of his glasses. "Well, James," he said, "these checks all have to be signed, and I have not yet read these memos—but what is it?"

"It's young Arnold."

"Well, what about him?"

"He told me today that he had a rather surprisingly good offer from the Saltfort Engineering Company. Seven thousand, and a 15 per cent share of the profits over a certain net turnover—I have forgotten the exact amount."

"And he's asking you to raise the ante?" There was a suspicious smoothness in the elder man's voice.

"No, I can't say that. He told me about it, that's all. Said he had to think it over—wasn't a thing he could turn down out of hand. No, he isn't trying to hold it over our heads. He's figuring the thing out for himself. That's a lot more money than he is making here, as you know; to say nothing of the percentage proposition, which probably does not amount to anything. They haven't been doing too well in the past year, you know. But we can't very well afford to let them pick him off. He's the sort of man we want. My suggestion is, raise him to sixty-five hundred. I think that would hold him here. Don't think he wants to move."

"Overruled!"

Howard spun around on his chair. "Pardon me?"

"I said that the suggestion was overruled," Silas Eden responded blandly. "Meaning, of course, that I don't agree with you."

There were times, even though Howard had a very keen affection for his employer, when his mind toyed pleasantly with the thought of wringing his neck. Had the opposition of Silas Eden sprung into being more gradually, he would probably have numbered this among the times. As it was, he was for the moment at a loss.

"What would you suggest, then?" he inquired.

"I don't know that I would suggest anything."

"Then I think we will lose Arnold. He can't very well turn down that offer."

"Well?"

"We can't afford to lose him. We need him to put across the plans we discussed a few weeks ago."

"I don't just follow you there, James. And, by the way, I have these checks to sign, and these memos. Was there anything else?"

Howard turned and left the room. "Hell!" he said as he closed the door, and Silas Eden, listening eagerly, heard, and smiled with content.

Just a week after this interview Silas K. Eden was enjoying his usual ample breakfast. He was an early riser, and he breakfasted in a leisurely fashion, with the morning paper cleverly supported between his coffee cup and the marmalade jar. Eileen did not usually arrive till just in time to give him a parting hug. This morning, however, he had just finished his second slice of toast, and was beginning on a third, when she appeared.

Silas Eden, looking up in pleased surprise, gulped suddenly, and collapsed into a convulsion of coughing.

If he hoped thus to obtain a certain measure of commiseration, it was not to be. Eileen stood, eying him coldly, while he wrestled to dislodge the erring bit of toast.

"George Arnold is leaving the firm," she said. "He told me so yesterday."

"Is he? Well, now, that's too bad." Silas Eden disliked these little passages that sometimes arose with his daughter; they rather started him wrong on his day, and he was rather looking forward to his days now. He strove to make his tone kindly, propitiatory, mildly regretful. He was not naturally a deceitful man, but he rather wanted to leave the impression that this was one of the matters that were beyond his power to change. "A good boy," he continued; "useful; too bad, too bad." From behind his paper he waited expectantly for some sign of relenting.

"Nora Howard told me last night," Eileen continued coldly, "that you had let him go."

Silas Eden took a large gulp of boiling coffee, and gasped in agony. "Women talk too much," he sputtered in a muffled voice.

Eileen paid no attention. "If he was worth that much to them, he was worth that much to you, and you might have given him a chance. Nora says that there is going to be too much to do without him. Jim is working himself to death now."

"Do him good," growled the sputtering figure. "He's getting fat."

"I think you're mean, mean!" the girl flared out.

"Be reasonable, girlie. George is a good boy and a good worker, but he needs blooding. This will do him good—put him over the jumps." He looked up with a firm but engaging smile. On the sweet face before him he caught the glint of sudden tears that brought a swift relenting. "See here, Eileen, it's this way."

But Eileen was already well on the way upstairs.

Silas Eden thought for a moment of following her, gave up the idea, and returned to his toast, but without enthusiasm. His bright idea seemed to have a way of kicking back. He sighed a little as he made his way to his car, and looked back several times in the hope of catching a glimpse of a waving hand.

"Talk too much," he grumbled as he lurched heavily into his seat.

"Yes, sir?" said the chauffeur in an inquiring tone.

Silas Eden eyed him for a moment belligerently. A flutter of white from one of the front windows distracted his attention, the belligerent scowl faded. He looked back eagerly, but it was only the corner of a curtain caught in the window sash. He sighed again as he straightened himself in his seat.

A few minutes later he was entering his office.

"Ask Mr. Howard to see me as soon as he comes in."

The brusque order was different from the usual bluff and cheerful morning greeting to which the boy was accustomed. He looked up quickly. The old man's face was stern.

A few minutes later Howard entered Eden's office.

"Arnold's left, has he?" Silas Eden demanded without looking up.

"Yes; I think I told you he would."

"Never mind the 'I told you.' Go get him."

"Get him?"

"Yes." The older man looked up with a steely gaze. It was a look that men had known in years past. "I said go get him. You said the Saltfort Company was weak. Well, make it weaker. Go after them."

"You mean that you want us to definitely set out to clean up the Saltfort Company?"

There was more than surprise in Howard's voice. This man he was talking to was new to him, was strange to him, someone he could not understand.

"You can do it!" snapped that new voice.

"We could probably help to do it, but I don't just see what good it would do us. They haven't done us any harm in the past."

"Well, they probably will now, or will try to. We better do it first. That's business sense, isn't it? They're after the Erinville Hotel job, aren't they?"

"I don't know. I suppose they are."

"Should know," growled Silas Eden. "They are. I know it. It's your business to see that they don't get it."

After Howard had gone Silas Eden sat for a long time without moving.

Gradually the flush faded from his face. He caught the reflection of his own face in the polished glass top of his desk and smiled. "You old rip," he apostrophized that other face, "you were mad, and you know it. But what for?" He grinned half sheepishly. Then he remembered his daughter's face, with its sudden hint of tears, and sighed.

In the dingy office of the Saltfort Engineering Company, George Arnold was wrestling with the details of his new job. He had an uneasy feeling that he had been more or less pitchforked into the position. Only there seemed no reason for such a suspicion. He was not particularly happy either. A casual survey had sufficed to show him the unstable character of the foundation of that business. The one bright spot was the friendly attitude of the debonair Jim Hastings. Together, he thought, they might just about pull it through.

"Jim," said Arnold, looking up from his work, "are you tendering on that job for the Erinville Hotel?"

"Yes; I was thinking we would make a try for it. I've got the figures all worked out. There's a good bit of work connected with it; would be nice picking for us if we could land it. Not much chance, but there's no harm trying."

(Continued on Page 58)

For a Long Time After Howard Had Left on That Eventful Morning, Silas Eden Sat Thinking. The Suggestion of Europe Had Been the Last Straw

Why SHOULD YOU CHANGE YOUR SPARK PLUGS *Once a Year?*

It is real economy to put in a complete new set of spark plugs at least once a year

When spark plugs are new, they fire with a hot, intense spark. The gas burns rapidly and combustion is very nearly complete.

That means full use of the gas—no waste.

But the tremendous engine stress begins almost immediately to sap the efficiency of the spark plugs, no matter how well made they may be.

The electrodes become pitted. Carbon is burned into the insulator. It forms a crust inside the shell.

Then the spark loses intensity because part of the current leaks away. The flame does not spread fast enough and intensely enough to burn all the mixture.

There is loss of power. Unburned fuel is discharged through the exhaust or seeps into the crank-case to dilute the oil. Carbon forms on the cylinder heads, pistons and valve seats.

The engine becomes sluggish. It falters on the hills. It wastes oil and gas.

All these things are happening in your own engine right now, if you have used your spark plugs more than 8,000 miles.

Every motor car engine actually needs a complete set of new spark plugs at least once a year, or oftener if it is driven to exceed the average.

When you do install new spark plugs, put in Champions—because Champion is the better spark plug.

You will know genuine Champions by the double-ribbed sillimanite core. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian Prices 80 and 90 cents.) More than 90,000 dealers sell Champions.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

The Reign of Reeds and Rhythm

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

ONCE upon a time—about 50,000 years ago—one of our cave-dwelling ancestors discovered that a hollow log yielded certain sounds when pounded with a stick, stone or fist. He was the world's first drummer. In time the man with the hollow log learned to talk across country in drum language. The war drum was evolved.

A little laboratory work in the jungle showed that systematic pounding produced rhythm. Then the world's first drummer, still pounding on his hollow log, observed that his comrades could not make their feet behave. The dance arrived—doubtless in jazz form. Today we are indulging in a riot of rhythm.

The latter part of this evolution or devolution has come with a bang—the bang of the big bass drum, backed by the whack of the small snare drum and the clash of bright brass cymbals. Instruments of percussion are striking in all quarters of the globe. The human race is beating time. The drummer is the director of our destinies. But nobody's bothered—that is, nobody of importance.

We blithely follow the jazzy drum. Whither? Generally to some scene of action where saxophones, clarinets, oboes and other reed instruments sound the melody while the drums emphasize the time. We live in the reign of reeds and rhythm.

Certain conservatives have registered alarm at this alleged reversion to savagery. We are, they assert, indulging in an orgy of elemental dancing. We are going back to some prehistoric Methuselah. But even a humble advocate can make a case for reeds and rhythm. Let us begin with rhythm.

Rhythm is a succession of beats and pauses. It is one way of keeping time. The human heart beats rhythmically, the locomotive puffs rhythmically, water drips rhythmically, we walk rhythmically, a bird's wings flap rhythmically. We cannot get away from rhythm. It is one of Nature's fundamental movements, and it is one of our most natural modes of self-expression

Possibly a partridge gave John Cavedweller the idea of drumming on a log. At any rate, mankind was drumming before he began to chronicle events. He's drumming more than ever now and he has plenty of precedents upon which to base his belief in the virtue of drumming.

The favorite toy of the normal boy is the small snare drum. Many a parent has been driven frantic by his rub-a-dub-dubbing of the same. But the small boy is merely recalling, subconsciously, the birth of the race. He knows, somehow, that some antediluvian forbear put a skin head on a hollow log and eventually manufactured a barrel with a skin head at both ends. The drum of Noah's time was not essentially different from the drum that set the pace for the parade of the American Legion's Sixth Annual Convention in St. Paul last September or the drum that crashed at a foreordained moment during the opening of the 1924–25 season of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. And so the drummers we have always with us—more so now than ever—only, the modern drummer is a complicated piece of musical precision.

One of Our Leading Percussionists

THE modern drummer is much more highly evolved, a much more versatile exponent of his art, than the drummer who presided at the traditional birth of Buddha or he who once pounded the drum recently unearthed amid the ruins of ancient Thebes. The twentieth-century drummer has advanced many centuries from the Aztec of Mexico whose thumping and pounding dismayed the valiant Cortés, or the drummer of old Peru who did a double roll on the skin of a late-lamented adversary so that his chief might recover from mountain sickness.

He is many times removed from the unionized Kafirs of the Rand, South Africa, who drummed up sympathy for their cause during a recent coal strike. He is most distantly related to the Siberian medicine man who leads his tribal dances with a bone drumstick, the Tibetan whose drum is made from a human skull or the East African negro who broadcasts with drum talk.

There is more to a drum—even a bass drum—than just rub-a-dub-dubbing. Time was when any old fellow would do for the bass drummer. He was the last player picked in completing the personnel of the small-town band. When the first cornet band was organized at Mt. Vernon, New York, in 1878, Joe Spicer, the saddler, got the job, largely because he could supply extra leather tightening-ears. Back in my dear old Rochelle we chose Charley Clark as our first bass drummer because he was a good hardware clerk, and metal parts for drums were just coming into use. He was succeeded by Charley Hayes, who was a carpenter and steeple jack, hence a man of daring. But now the bass drummer of a band or orchestra is known as the conductor behind.

It is admitted that one ill-timed thump on a big bass drum can ruin a concert. That is why August Helmecke is one of the well-to-do men of Manhattan.

For sixteen years Mr. Helmecke has spent his winters on tour with Sousa's band. For six years he has spent his summers as a feature of the Goldman band concert season in Central Park, New York. He is the star bass drummer of our day. If you sit where you can watch his performance on the big bass drum you will understand what artistry may be wrought with a maple shell, two heads of cowskin and two or three felt-headed sticks—if the man behind the drum which is behind the band knows his business.

Mr. Helmecke's crowning glory is his white and curly hair—when he doesn't wear his cap. But his professional reputation and his private fortune are founded on his ability to get two distinct tones out of one bass drum, to know when to hit the head in the center and stop the stick there for a gunshot effect, or to touch it lightly near the edge and let the stick rebound for something more soothing. He is famous for his handling of the cymbals. He can make them tinkle or crash at will. His drumsticks may describe fascinating parabolas in the air, but his eye is ever on the conductor and he is a master of rhythm and the personification of precision.

For fifty of his fifty-six years Mr. Helmecke has been drumming on bass, snare or kettle drums. He is the highest-priced man in his profession, the prince of percussionists. It is not an empty honor. He has devoted his life to his art, principally the art of the big bass drum.

Spide and His Big Bass Drum

THAT same bass drum has brought fame to many men and in divers ways. There was Spide Lawrence of the University of Minnesota band. Spide wasn't much of a musician, but he inherited a sense of rhythm from his father, who ran a flour mill at Wabasha. So when Spide entered the university he attached himself to the bass drum, to escape military drill, and made the attachment so mutual that no subsequent applicant could pry him loose—until the Spanish-American War took the Thirteenth Minnesota Infantry to the Philippines. Spide wanted to go. So did the rest of us unenlisted persons.

There didn't seem to be a chance in the world for Spide. Spide was short for Spider. He was built that way, much too light for his length, according to military regulations. But he passed the medical examination and rolled over to Manila on his big bass drum. It was one of the longest bass drum rolls on record.

Spide distinguished himself in the Orient as a thumper of Filipinos as well as a thumper of drums. It was years later when some of us who didn't get past the doctor learned that Spide had hired a substitute with the proper specifications to take his military medical examination. But he wouldn't have dared do that if he had not possessed the self-determination of the born bass drummer.

Many men of wealth have beaten bass drums for the sheer love of the sport, but as far as I know, Simon E. Bernheimer, of New York, was our only bona fide millionaire bass drummer. From 1890 to 1910 he was the official bass drummer of the Amicitia Band of Manhattan, a meritorious musical organization popularly known as the Millionaires' Band because so many moneyed men participated in its performances.

Charles E. Lauten, still a prosperous real-estate man in the Riverside region, was one of the band's guiding spirits and played with finesse on clarinet, cornet, French horn, tuba, trombone or whatever was most in demand; but Simon stuck to his big drum. He was a commanding figure, even in comparison with Mr. Lauten, who won first prize in the first baby show staged in this country, by P. T. Barnum in 1862.

Simon continued to command the band's bass drum after he became head of a New York brewery. And to some extent the performances were command performances. For Simon not only chipped in with his $1000 when the annual Carnegie Hall concerts showed a large deficit; he also supplied ample refreshments when the band rehearsed at the Brewers' Exchange in Fifteenth Street. So the wise conductor of this de luxe amateur band used to write special music with special drum parts, and if the regular music failed to take cognizance of the bass drum Simon interpolated when the spirit moved him; and he stayed in the harness to the end. He dropped dead over his beloved drum during a band rehearsal of Wagner's Evening Star at the Murray Hill Lyceum, near Thirty-fourth Street and Third Avenue, in 1911. Soon after that tragedy the band disbanded.

The bass drums of commerce come in assorted sizes from the tango, which is eight inches across the shell and twenty-four inches across the head, to the large street drum, which is twenty inches across the shell and forty inches across the head. A drummer who can carry and play one of the latter, especially when rain is falling during a five-mile street parade, can qualify for the middleweight wrestling championship of the world. But our colleges, always keen about higher education and one another, are going in for superbass drums, known on the campus as bull drums and in the trade as publicity drums.

A few years ago Purdue University, famous for its engineering school, but not so famous for its football, decided its squad needed inspiration. So Purdue's band marched on the field one day convoying the largest bass drum in the world. The instrument of percussion was forty-five inches across the wooden shell and seven feet three inches in diameter across the head. Each drum head represented the life endeavor of one of the largest bulls consigned to the Chicago stockyards. The drum manufacturer had waited a long time for the two big bulls to arrive.

This giant granddaddy of drums rested on a three-wheeled carriage, hauled by two men. Another man beat it, here and there. The magic word "Purdue" was done on each head in large letters and Purdue colors. The first time it appeared at a Chicago-Purdue football game the Chicago student body almost mobbed it. After a heated exchange of telegrams, a rival manufacturer was commissioned to make a bigger drum for Chicago University—promptly. The Chicago stockyards were again ransacked for superbulls. The word flashed from pen to pen. Big bulls shrank visibly. But the two largest were finally identified, dispatched and skinned. The skins were shaved, scraped, seasoned and again scraped. So far as mere hides would go, those bulls were butchered to make a Chicago holiday. Presently the Chicago University band appeared with a drum with a head diameter of more than eight feet!

Other institutions of higher learning are searching the world for super-superbulls whose hides may be made into bass-drum heads. A good deal has been said of late about the wild bull of the pampas. If the college chaps will take a tip from me they will look well to Argentina. Some of the biggest bulls in the world roam its plains. I know, for I have seen them.

The Master of the Traps

THOUGH the bass drummer possesses weight and authority, the trap drummer is the real class in musical America. Jazz has enthroned him. The trap drummer, be it known, is both a snare and bass drummer and a player of parts—all the percussion parts of a syncopated world. He is the acme of imitation and a versatile personality in the field of beats and after-beats. He is, among others, Jimmy Lent. Jimmy pounds a bass drum with one foot, strokes a snare drum with both hands, and between times produces all the effects known to trap drumming, which are many.

It was during one of Jimmy's eight years in the orchestra pit of the New York Hippodrome that Sousa came forward with his wartime march, The Volunteers, depicting a scene in a busy shipyard. Sousa asked for a riveting effect. Jimmy obliged. He attached a piece of iron to the wheel of an electric motor, fixed another piece of iron so the first would hit it, and turned on the current. He named it Trap Number 76. Later he substituted a soft seat cushion for the second piece of iron, proceeded to "putt" like a motor-boat and called it Trap Number 77. His seventy-five other traps included a cloth ripper, laugh machine, wind machine and cricket.

One wanders far when he enters the field of drummers' traps. Jimmy Lent, in his rôle of star trap drummer, must have the flexibility of a contortionist and exceptionally agile hands and feet to catch the cues that opera, musical comedy, vaudeville or dance playing demand of him. In professional parlance, he is the act saver. But even Jimmy does not pretend to perform upon all the traps produced during past ages of invention. There is a limit to the best trap drummer's versatility. The world is filled, for example, with a weird variety of harmonicas.

We commonly think of the harmonica as a mouth organ. Mouth-organ contests have been held in Central Park, New York, with thousands of fans in rapt attendance. The mouth organ is peculiarly the musical instrument of the people. Boys take to mouth organs as they take to marbles. And as with the drums, many of the boys never grow up when it comes to harmonicas.

The common harmonica of commerce is not the true harmonica. Neither is the Chinese cheng, consisting of seventeen bamboo pipes in each of which is a little metal tongue, vibrated by the performer's breath. This device has a hollow gourd for a sounding board and was in

(Continued on Page 54)

News of First National Pictures

The Best in Entertainment

"Sundown"—The story of the passing of the Old West and the men who made it. A climax in the drama of our country's life vividly and powerfully told.

"Inez from Hollywood"—In which it is proved that a movie star—one of those luxurious and alluring creatures—is pretty much like the rest of us ordinary mortals. With Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Mary Astor.

"The Silent Watcher"—"How can they make things so al mighty *real?*" asked one bewildered critic. "They" is Director Frank Lloyd (maker of "The Sea Hawk") and the leading players—Glenn Hunter, Bessie Love and Hobart Bosworth. It's from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story—*The Altar on the Hill.*

"So Big"—You'll be entertained beyond your greatest hopes. Edna Ferber's novel is bigger, stronger and more tender than anything you've seen in many a day. Colleen Moore stars, and that's another reason for our certainty that you'll be entertained.

"Sandra"—Beautiful Barbara La Marr stars here. It's a story of a woman with a dual personality—the loving wife one moment; the romantic adventuress the next.

Milton Sills and Viola Dana in "As Man Desires."

"As Man Desires"

THE South Seas, lost in a corner of the world, where strange men come from many lands on strange missions—why shouldn't romance and adventure lie here ripe for the telling by the story-makers of the world?

"As Man Desires" is such a story, fascinating in the new worlds and new characters it reveals. Milton Sills and Viola Dana are featured. The story is from Gene Wright's "Pandora LeCroix," adapted and supervised by Earl Hudson and directed by Irving Cummings.

"A Thief in Paradise"

FROM the colorful China Seas came a pearl-fisher—a broken wreck of a man—to an earthly paradise beyond even his dreams. A thief he was, stealing the kisses and happiness that belonged to another—if one can really steal that which is freely given.

George Fitzmaurice's "A Thief in Paradise," produced by Samuel Goldwyn, is going to thrill and amaze you. It is an eye-feast in the splendor of its scenes; a dramatic treat in the strength and humanness of its story. Of course Fitzmaurice has provided novelty—an undersea dance, a polo game played by girls, an aeroplane honeymoon, and many others. Frances Marion adapted the script from Leonard Merrick's "The Worldlings." Doris Kenyon, Ronald Colman (seen on the left) and Aileen Pringle head the cast.

How They Fight in the Movies

A MOVIE FIGHT in these days of critical audiences must be an honest-to-goodness affair—hard hitting and fast, with no "pulling" of punches. The scene above from J. K. McDonald's picture, "Frivolous Sal," shows the fight between Mitchell Lewis and Tom Santschi. Personally I believe it is the most thrilling and vigorous scene of its kind ever filmed.

"Frivolous Sal," photographed in the Canadian Rockies, has Eugene O'Brien, Mae Busch and Ben Alexander in leading rôles.

If you are in doubt where to see First National Pictures in your community write to me direct. Questions on First National pictures and players are also willingly answered. John Lincoln, editor, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

(Continued from Page 52)

use before the dawn of history. Musicians addicted to this Chinese mouth organ were said to die before reaching the age of forty. Some of them probably died at an earlier age when Emperor Shi Hwang-ti, in 240 B. C., decreed the destruction of all musical instruments because devotion to music made his people neglect agriculture, divination and medicine, the three bases of national prosperity. But the cheng—like many other Chinese musical instruments which are with us in various forms—was revived in subsequent eras.

The true harmonica is an instrument consisting of rotating glasses which are touched by dampened fingers. One Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, was our first great sponsor for it. Franklin was something of a song writer. But as a leader in musical matters of his time, Franklin also wrote on musical theory and harmony, played on several instruments and invented the glassy chord, or, as they had it in those days, the armonica. This name implies no studied dropping of the "h," no aping of the cockney English.

Franklin borrowed the name from the Italian, and in describing his great improvement on the musical glasses, which flourished even then, he said, "This instrument is played upon by sitting before the middle of a set of glasses as before the keys of a harpsichord, turning them with the foot and wetting them now and then with a sponge and clean water." He played it himself too.

It is only a decade or so ago that the musical glasses ceased to vibrate on our vaudeville stage, but some especially ambitious jazz orchestra drummer is likely to bring them out again almost any day. They never appear to get enough variety out of professional life, do these trap drummers.

Hence the manufacturers are forever exercising their ingenuity. New traps are made overnight, new effects are announced, and the trap drummers buy them.

A young nephew of mine with the call of the wild trap drummer in his pink ears came into money last winter. Prior to inheriting wealth this boy—Hector, by name—had been devoted to the classics and archæology. Moreover, he was a shy young thing, exceptionally diffident. He possessed a $100 set of drums and traps upon which he created an occasional uproar in private. But no sooner did his fingers clutch his legacy than he became the percussion department of the Hokeville Jazz Band. Whereupon he discarded his existing time-beating stock and ran amuck among the music stores.

The Jazz Hound Goes Shopping

As a prelude to his appearance in the professional field of reeds and rhythm, he made the following investments: Bass drum, $75; orchestra snare drum, $27.50; street-model snare drum, $20; foot pedal, spurs and cymbal holder, thirty parts in all, $9; Chinese crash cymbals, $5; drum stand, $2.50; eight-inch triangle, $1.20. Total for the first debauch, $140.20.

That was one day's shopping for my young Jazz Hound Lochinvar riding into the Wild West of modern music. On the morrow he started early and brought home this booty: Jazz brush and gourd, $2; castanets, $2.50; sleigh bells, $3.50; extra calf head, $2.50; one set of cowbells, $5—a bargain; one wood block, $2; clog mallets, $1.25; tomaphone, $22.50; jazz sticks, .75; foot control snare muffler, $4; Chinese tom-tom, $7.50; Chinese musette, $1.50; tambourine, $4.50; anvil imitation, $5; improved slapstick, $1.25; railroad train imitation, $3.50; rattle and clamp, $2.50; special pedal part to replace one broken, $1.65; horse's hoofs, $2; cowbell, $1.25; duck quack, $2.50; crow call, $1.25. This miscellany, mostly mystifying to me, brought his total expenditure for instruments of percussion to $220.60.

I called for an itemized statement, from which I derived the information here recorded; then I called a halt.

"You're not a millionaire—only possessor of $286,000," I reminded him. "How much do you earn a night with your Hokeville Jazzers?"

"Four dollars," the young hopeful replied; "but as soon as I get a better outfit I'll get a raise."

"The neighbors tell me you are raising Cain right now," I suggested.

But he had hustled his plunder into his study and was engrossed in setting up the machinery. As his guardian, I had taken him under my wing and I was worried, justifiably so.

Within a month he began to be moody. So did I. We were affected by different causes. He was not getting noise enough. I was getting too much. Then one night he reported jubilantly with "a complete set of sanitary imitations," including a dunghill rooster, a Shanghai rooster, a bantam rooster, hen cackle, peacock, jay bird, baby cry and Bob White—all of which had been purchased for the insignificant sum of $6.50. He showed me how they worked. Then he undid another package and produced some stellar imitations. Among them was a tunable cuckoo, price $4; a two-tone locomotive, $5; a three-tone tuning slide, $6; and a one-tone steamboat, $5. He proceeded to demonstrate on each of them.

I went down to the club, seeking sympathy. Half the fathers in the smoking circle were going through the same experience. I found one comfort. I was the only guardian uncle so afflicted. My wife found small consolation in that.

"Why don't you resign your guardianship," she suggested, "or send the boy to an asylum?"

The Prince's Wicked Drumstick

Hector, my nephew, remained enthralled by new and excessively outrageous noises for nearly a week. I once asked him how he was getting along in school. He replied that he had been made solo trappist of the high-school orchestra. That disposed of me for a while, until Hector came home with the results of a bargain sale, to wit: A cyclone whistle, for $1.25; water-carrying whistle, $2; metal cuckoo, $1.50; Frisco song whistle, $2; bass drum electric heater, $5; snare drum electric heater, also $5; four kinds of bass drumsticks, $8; drum rain cover, $5; wire cymbal beater, $1; bass drum carrying strap, $1.50; cymbal holder, $1.50; drum case, $5; and trap trees, $16.

As Hector had by this time spent more than $300 for his rare collection, I thought he would be content. But Bud Blivens, drummer with the Jazz-All-Night Syncopators, blossomed out with a flock of new contraptions. Bud and Hector were rivals. Hector announced that he would not be downed by the thumping Bud. So Hector promptly became possessed of a truckload of paraphernalia, as follows:

One pair of kettledrums, with trunk, $300; one xylophone, with trunk, $175; one marimba, with trunk, $270; one large cathedral chime, with trunk, $275; one set of orchestra bells, $45; one harpophone, $85. There were several smaller pieces which Hector endeavored, ineffectively, to identify for me.

I didn't pause to become familiar with the uses of each, for I was busy putting my foot down on Hector's purse strings. We have since indulged in more or less acrimonious debate, but I have refused to let him go further, even though he has proved to me that there are 200 other items, each of which is essential to his happiness and his artistic success. The two most important of these, in his eyes, are a horse's neigh and a nose blow.

Royalty has long had a weakness for drumming. Our nearest approach to a royal drummer is young Roger Wolfe Kahn, who, though heralded as one playing a wicked saxophone and plucking a mean banjo, became a member of the New York Musicians' Union as a snare drummer. But we have recently entertained a real royal drummer in the Prince of Wales. The future King of England goes in for all sorts of moral amusements. It is not strange, therefore, that in this heyday of instruments of percussion he should develop skill as a trap drummer.

During his service in the English Navy his royal highness was the drummer in many a band concert aboard ship. He became adept in military drumming and learned to read and play standard selections with the best of English and American drummers.

He is, in fact, of the American school, because Jimmy Lent gave young Wales his start in life, musically.

In 1903 Jimmy was trap drumming with Williams and Walker, the negro comedians, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, when the company gave a request performance on the lawn of Buckingham Palace. King Edward VII enjoyed the singing and dancing of the Americans, but he also enjoyed Jimmy's antics in the percussion department of the Williams and Walker orchestra. So did two small boys in Eton jackets—the present Prince of Wales and his younger brother, Albert. They hung over Jimmy's shoulder, demanding a private exhibition of the drummer's skill. Jimmy obliged. They pleaded opportunity to use the sticks. Jimmy again obliged. The Prince of Wales then and there had his first lesson in drumming.

The lesson did not last long. Wales was instructed in the holding of the sticks—the right stick held by all four fingers and resting on the thumb and the left stick held between the thumb and the second and third fingers. He was even taught a bit of the mama-dada roll, with which all orthodox drum lessons begin. But about that time Jimmy found that youthful royalty was interfering with the Williams and Walker performance, so he shooed the princes away and went on with his professional work. He had been hired to drum for the American negro comedians and not for the younger members of the House of Windsor.

But on that day and date Wales resolved to become a drummer. During the current year his education has been completed under the guidance of another American drummer, William Speedy. Wales has an excellent collection of drums and traps. Some of them were made in America. Wales can, says Speedy, hold a job with almost any jazz orchestra. So much for internationalism in drumming.

Even if a novice has a genius for traps, it is not so easy to become a skillful snare drummer, although it is easy enough to determine whether one has a genius for snare drumming. For $7.50 one may purchase a pair of snare drumsticks, a small rubber pad and an instruction book; then in the quiet of one's room or roof may experiment with what is known as the rudimentals of drumming. If he masters the following strokes he may become a drummer.

Oh, Say, Can You Do the Flamacue?

Mama-dada, seven-stroke, five-stroke, open drag, close drag, crushed ruff, four-stroke ruff, open flam, close flam, flam and stroke, flam and feint, feint and flam, single paradiddle, flam paradiddle, stroke paradiddle, drag paradiddle, stroke-and-drag paradiddle, stroke-flam-and-drag paradiddle, flam accent, flam tap, flam stroke, double drag, flamacue.

Of course there are a few supplementary beats or strokes, such as the single ratamacue, double ratamacue, triple ratamacue, side flamadiddle, full drag, top ruff and compound strokes Number 1 and Number 2. Then there is army duty, now largely taken over by the buglers, but including the general, assembly, colors, recall of detachment, drummers' call, adjutant's call, sergeant's call, corporal's call, cease firing, guard mount, drill call, police call, water call, wood call, reveille, fatigue, breakfast, surgeon's call, retreat, tattoo, taps, and so on.

In the olden days the army drummer was a person of considerable importance. Such a one was Major Daniel Simpson, for seventy-six years drummer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, still the hub of the drumming world. He carried a deep steel-shell army side drum in the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the Civil War. When he died at a ripe old age he had sixteen service stripes on his sleeves—one for each five years of service—and $60,000 in the bank. In his first battle, as drummer for the New England Guard, Simpson marched to Marblehead, in which city now hangs Willard's painting of The Spirit of '76.

Juba Clark, born in New York City in 1787, was another old-time drummer. He was with General Scott in the Battle of Lundy's Lane, was buried at Newport, Kentucky, with full military honors in 1875 and left, among other pupils, William H. DeVere, who drummed in and out of the Army for forty years; and at the age of sixty-six insists that if a good band and a drum corps go down the street, the crowd follows the drum corps and shakes the band. This is the declaration of the many members of the New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut State Drum Corps Associations, which thrive and hold annual tournaments filled with excitement—and of Joe Cakebread of New York.

The prevalence of jazz and the revival of interest in old and young drum corps have brought many drummers into prominence. Mr. O. Rich is doing well with his drumming in Iowa and Nebraska. The pep of Cleotus Clobes has made him prosperous in Bloomington, Illinois, and vicinity. John Goll, of Indianapolis, has a dog named Bounce. Bounce runs away from home, but is afraid of thunder. When the return of Bounce is desired his master takes his drum into the back yard and sounds the long roll and Bounce comes home with his tail between his legs.

The kettledrummer is the real aristocrat of the percussion department. His drums, so aptly named, are calfskin-headed brass or bronze kettles. They have come down to us from the Saracens, although they were used in Biblical times.

They appear picturesquely with Egyptian camel corps or the Horse Guards in London, are tuned and played in distinct keys and are necessary to the correct interpretation of classical music. They are known technically as tympani.

More than any other percussionist, the kettledrummer has to learn to count time. If he is assisting in Meyerbeer's The Prophet, Auber's Fra Diavolo or Wagner's Rienzi, he may have to count 100 measures or more before he hits one of his drumheads with his felt-covered hand-held hammers. But if he does his bit in the wrong place he will be asked to seek another job. It is no pursuit for an absent-minded man.

Why This Saxophone Craze?

Incidentally, he frequently has to change the pitch of his two tympani, either by foot or hand power. But masters like George Braum, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera, J. Fred Sietz, of the Chicago Grand Opera, and Albert Ritter, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, get used to it.

Whether drums were invented before other musical instruments is a moot question, but many believe prehistoric music passed through three stages—the drum stage, pipe stage and lyre or harp stage. There is no doubt that many types of instruments we know as traps have existed for centuries in China and the Americas as native whistles, rattles, gongs and bronze bells. It is equally true that bone and cane flutes as well as cane oboes and other reed instruments of the pipe type were played before history was written. But the greatest pipe of all is the saxophone.

Fifty years ago the saxophone was a curiosity. Twenty years ago it was still a novelty. Ten years ago it became commonplace. Today it is a racial habit, a musical mania. Saxophonists rage around the earth; but in this, as in some other things, we lead the world.

Not less than 1,500,000 Americans have become actively and persistently attached to saxophones during the past decade. Approximately 2,000,000 citizens of these United States are moaning on saxophones.

Why this saxophone craze?

Anyone with enough music in his soul to beat time to a tune can learn to play a saxophone in twenty minutes, more or less. The "less" should not be taken lightly. The saxophone is the world's greatest escape for those who yearn to do something in a musical way. It is at once the most spectacular and versatile of musical instruments, and about the easiest over which to gain partial control. If you can overcome fear the chances are twenty to one you can overcome the saxophone. The fear I refer to is the fear engendered by the sight of a saxophone.

There is nothing structurally appalling about the cornet, alto, tenor, trombone, bass or drum. The violin is a simple thing to look upon, and the viola, cello and double bass merely its big brothers. The harp is a piano without a body. Performance on the pipe organ is possible to any musician unusually ambidextrous who has the feet of a song-and-dance artist. But the saxophone is a mass of protuberances clinging to a conical tube, with a piece of flat cane at one end and a bell-like opening at the other. It seems to be all keys or the component parts thereof.

So for forty days and forty nights I went about asking practicing saxophonists, "How many keys has a saxophone?"

The answer in each instance ran about as follows:

"Let's see. There's the low B flat, the C major, the octave, the G sharp, and"—running at random over the imposing array of gavelocks, jemmies, levers, springs, rings, pads, caps, cams and what nots which make this most modern of musical instruments

(Continued on Page 50)

THE New Hupmobile Eight in four body types —each a beauty in proportion and in line; in nice balance of length and height; in exterior finish and interior detail. Never before such cars at such prices. Sedan (five-passenger) $2375; Coupe (four-passenger) $2325; Touring Car and Roadster, $1975. Prices F. O. B. Detroit; tax to be added.

Hupmobile Eight

(Continued from Page 54

look like an overgrown but devil-may-care meerschaum pipe—"there's, all told, twenty—no, twenty-one—no, that isn't right—yes, I have it—twenty-three."

I checked up and found that the answer, whatever it was, was according to the keys there made and provided. But I still faced the discouraging fact that the saxophone is so burdened with mechanical complications that its dearest friends do not know, without investigation, how much machinery they are wrestling with.

But, encouraged by some saxophone fans, I borrowed a saxophone and a book filled with wise saws and detailed charts, followed instructions—and achieved the scale from C to C! True, I almost slipped on the top note coming down, but I reached the bottom without breaking anything but the peace—and then a strange thing happened. I had taken to my breast a twisting thing called the saxophone. The serpent bit me. Since which time I have been dying, Egypt, dying to own not one but the whole family—eight! Count 'em! Eight!—of saxophones. If fortune smiles, my ambition may become reality.

This experience is important, because it reveals the why of the saxophone. In spite of its forbidding aspect, it is almost as easy to play as a tin whistle—up to a certain point. And it comes in such assorted sizes that it suits almost any musical or semimusical taste.

The E-flat sopranino saxophone plays E-flat clarinet or cornet parts. It is only eighteen inches long—too short to come in the meerschaum model—but its range reaches to high heaven. The C soprano plays directly from vocal, piano or organ music and hence is right at home in the family orchestra, church choir or singing society. The B-flat soprano resembles the mezzo-soprano voice, plays the B-flat cornet parts in the band and is the star instrument in modern dance orchestras. The E-flat alto saxophone can play the alto parts in the band, and might become a featured solo instrument with symphony orchestras. The C-melody saxophone is an octave lower than the C soprano and has a cellolike quality. The B-flat tenor saxophone takes the place of tenor or barytone in the band and trombone in the orchestra. The E-flat barytone saxophone has the pitch of the E-flat bass or tuba in military bands, and the B-flat bass saxophone has the pitch of the BB-flat bass, biggest of all military band instruments. It is a fussy musician who cannot find satisfaction somewhere along this reigning line of vibrating brasses. No wonder we harbor 2,000,000 of them!

The Thrill of Your Life

Antoine Sax, of Belgium and Paris, developed the saxophone and began manufacturing the B-flat soprano, E-flat alto, B-flat tenor and E-flat barytone—first of the saxophone family—in 1846. Edward Abraham Lefebre, a native of Holland, became the first great saxophone virtuoso about 1850. In his capable hands the new instrument was indorsed by Wagner and Gounod. In 1871 Lefebre brought the first saxophone to this country. For nineteen years thereafter he was the featured saxophone soloist with Gilmore's Band.

His mission in life was to establish the saxophone as a legitimate musical instrument. He did his work well. Then the funny men seized upon it.

Knox Wilson, a "Dutch" comedian, was one of the first, if not the first, to do a cakewalk with the saxophone. He starred in several musical comedies and is still in vaudeville.

Tom Brown started his career—on foot—from his home in Ottawa, Canada, where his father was leader of the Governor-General's Foot Band. After many vicissitudes Tom became a circus cornet player. A brother joined him under the white tops. They began to practice on the novel saxophones between circus performances. The other musicians made merry with them. So did the elements. After a blow-down at Aurora, Illinois, one day, they found the remains of a patron stretched out on their saxophone trunk. Eventually Tom, Bill, Alex, Fred, Vern and Percy blossomed out as the Six Brown Brothers. Percy died in service during the World War. The remaining five, with a new recruit, carried on in musical comedy and vaudeville.

The World War added a final touch to the saxophone's popularity. A regimental band was required for each new regiment going into service. Governmental regulations and the enthusiasm of recruits to the army purchasing department caused a boom in saxophone manufacture.

Impossibility of escaping the saxophone is daily impressed upon us. Boston rededicated itself to music with a Music Week, May fourth to tenth last year. One of the week's features was a jazz concert by a forty-piece band in which saxophones played prominent parts.

So far as I know, the highest attainment in saxophone performance is that credited to Miss Lillian A. Boyer, of whom a current chronicler says, "If you ever have occasion to see Miss Boyer perform on a saxophone and note her turning a complete somersault on the outer edge of the wing of a moving aëroplane while playing a solo, we are sure you will get the thrill of your life."

I'll say you would! Not even Al Wilson, who, high in air, drives a golf ball from an aëroplane wing, then leaps from one plane to another, can outpoint the musically inclined Miss Boyer. I am not sure what solo Miss Boyer plays while turning her aërial somersault, but I assume she specializes in The Heavens Are Telling.

The Chicago Noise Court

Chicago, accustomed to disturbances, is trying to keep the saxophone within bounds. It does not object to the uproar coming from the upper floors of the State-Lake Building, where budding saxophonists are attending a saxophone school, even though that uproar outsounds the rumble of the Loop and the squealing of the L trains. It does believe, however, in certain quiet hours between nightfall and dawn.

Hence the noise court instituted by Health Commissioner Bundesen, who is campaigning against persistent and dynamic self-expression which he contends "may affect the brain in such a way as to cause giddiness, dizziness and nausea." Among the offenders against the peace and dignity of Chicago are, according to the health commissioner, "The saxophone player who begins his concert at a time when people should be sleeping; the ragtime player who finds it necessary to keep the world awake; the phonograph player who makes himself a nuisance late at night; the radio fan who turns on the new horn at unseemly hours; the early-morning streetcar gongs; the annoying locomotive whistle and the automobile horn that screeches for the best girl to hurry."

Although Commissioner Bundesen hales offending saxophonists into court, he is not antimusic or antisaxophone. He has sponsored a saxophone sextet in his department. This sextet rehearses on the roof of the Cook County Building. But it restrains itself after the Bundesen curfew has rung.

Edward C. Barroll, authority on the saxophone, hazards the prediction that the end of 1925 will find twenty times as many saxophone bands in America as at the beginning of this year. Not only are individual and group performances increasing at an alarming rate; saxophonists are coming upon us in pairs. Not long ago we were presented with Filipino Siamese Twins, each playing a saxophone. Down in San Antonio a pair of twins recently dawned upon the public. They are pretty little girls with long curly hair and bright faces, but they are joined Siamese-Twin fashion and they do saxophone duets!

France appears to be taking the saxophone situation more seriously than does America. Last June the cables told us the French Government had decided to banish the multitude of American jazz bands which were making life difficult for French musicians.

Prominent saxophonists in this country appealed to Secretary of Labor Davis at Washington and Ambassador Myron T. Herrick at Paris, and the French ruling lost some of its harshness. Great is the power of the saxophone.

It is becoming more and more strenuous for the professional saxophonist each day. Arrangers are giving modern saxophone players more difficult parts, and there is a demand in better bands and orchestras for artistic work in the saxophone department. In such organizations the trick player has given way to the one who thoroughly understands ensemble playing. But many astonishing results have been accomplished by trickery.

There was the celebrated case of the Foster Quartet and the Pizzicato Polka. This Strauss number was long a favorite with Gilmore's Band, because it is filled with difficult starts and stops and unison and harmonic passages which gave the dramatic Irish-American conductor a bully chance to show off. For the same reason it is a test number for a saxophone quartet operating without a conductor, because each of the four players, standing in line on the stage, had his hands and fingers full—of keys. And it is an axiom in the world of music that no four men can count time alike. Doctor Foster solved the problem of the Pizzicato Polka's starts and stops in a unique and, for a long time, mysterious manner. For months after the first performance of that polka as a saxophone quartet number, in Carnegie Hall early in 1910, musicians sat out in front and marveled at the accuracy of attack exhibited by the Foster Quartet. Then the secret was revealed.

The ingenious Foster had cut out and concaved a bit of cork which he thrust into one nostril. At the intake of breath immediately before each passage of music a sharp but subdued whistle came from Foster's nose. The quartet could hear it, but the audience could not. The attack was perfect. Engagements galore followed. The quartet was a nine months' wonder in the saxophone world. So much for originality.

Carping critics may complain of the saxophone craze, but the saxophonists will reply, "We're not so crazy as the oboe, English horn and bassoon players. See how many of them have gone to the booby hatch!" And the records do show that there is some foundation for the tradition that the players of double-reed instruments—of which the oboe, English horn and bassoon are best known—do have a dual mentality and do at times suffer from amnesia.

The oboe is a diminutive wooden pipe with a delicate, slightly nasal but wholly sweet tone, and is the boss of band or orchestra because its pitch is so stable that all other instruments are tuned to it. It is of ancient, probably Oriental, origin and in the course of its development has been known as the shawm, or reed pipe, of the twelfth century, the schalm of King Henry VIII, the howeboie or hoeboy of Queen Elizabeth and hautboy of Samuel Pepys' diary. "Hautboy" may be translated "high wood," referring not to a tall chest of drawers but to the altitude so easily attained on the small musical instrument.

Oboe's Cousin

The first cousin to the oboe is the *cor anglais*, or English horn, which is neither English nor a horn, but is really an alto oboe with a curved instead of a straight double reed and a bulging instead of a flaring bell. At first glance an English horn looks something like a garfish.

Tradition has it that Samuel Butler once referred to the oboe as a clarinet with a cold in its head and to the bassoon as a clarinet with a cold on its chest. The first comparison is not bad, but the second does not hold. A bassoon looks like the blackened trunk of a slender sapling and sounds like a barking hippopotamus. It is the base and bass edition of an oboe and the clown among the wood winds, which include the piccolos, flutes, clarinets, oboes.

Oboe players are said to go mad because the oboe's bore is so small and the instrument is so delicate that there is constant danger of a blow-out or blow-up. The oboeist is something like a deep-sea diver—always holding his breath. There is constant pressure not only on the oboe's double reed but upon the oboeist's brain. Incidentally, the oboeist feels the vibrations of his wooden reedy instrument. This is also true of performers on those other small-bore, double-reed instruments, the English horn and bassoon. Players on single-reed instruments do not so suffer.

The bassoon player is also maddened by the long waits between notes. This is particularly the case with the double-bassoon player. Even in the symphonies and operas there are few notes assigned to the double, or contra, bassoon, but when it is wanted it is wanted badly. Once upon a time a contrabassoon player traveled from New York to Pittsburgh just to play one note.

It must not be taken from the above that all players on double-reed instruments are mad. Most of them are perfectly normal. There are no signs of insanity in the highly intelligent faces of Fred de Angelis, for twenty years oboeist of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Monsieur Bridet, foremost of French oboeists, or Monsieur Carlin, first bassoonist of the Garde Républicaine Band of Paris.

I took an inventory of a friend's stock of musical instruments the other day. At current retail prices their replacement value is:

Oboe	$300
Contra bassoon	350
E-flat clarinet	125
Bass clarinet	200
B-flat clarinet	165
Alto clarinet	150
English horn	150
Heckelphone	300
Rothophone	200
Octavon	75
E-flat soprano saxophone	125
B-flat soprano saxophone	250
E-flat barytone saxophone	500
Marimbaphone—dulcimer	400
Bagpipes	150
Total	$3440

This is not a complete inventory. Nor are the prices unusually high, for some of his saxophones are de luxe, with gold plate, pearl buttons, engraving and other extravagances. But to prove he is far from foolish, this man carries $5000 insurance on his musical museum. He also carries several trunks.

The Boy From Baraboo

The flute, an ancient instrument, furnishes the bird voice for the band. The piccolo is to the flute as a dachshund is to a great Dane. One of my earliest hates was a quiet, likable little fellow named Billie Holmes, from Baraboo, Wisconsin. Billie and I traveled with the same circus, I as a cornetist. I hated Billie because in those days all circus musicians had to tote their instruments between circus lot and circus cars. This was particularly burdensome after the night show. We all hated Billie, although Hank Henderson, the bass-drum thumper, hated him the most. Billie was a piccolo player. When he finished his day's work he stuck his piccolo in his pocket!

In spite of the prevalence of the saxophone, the clarinet remains the dominant instrument in a modern well-balanced military band. European and American bandmasters agree that each band should have as many clarinets as all other instruments combined.

The clarinet—which is an invention of hoary antiquity, an indirect descendant of the Egyptian pipe and hence a distant relative of the Welsh hornpipe, pibcorn or cornicyll—is also blessed with a reed, a conical tube and many keys. But it has been a tough proposition for American musicians since the modern band and orchestra began to function. Only within this decade have we had enough genuine clarinetists to supply the demand.

Though the clarinetist is often described as a grinning fool sucking a stick, and though he gets his result by vibrating a column of air much as a saxophonist does, the clarinet has the greatest range of any band instrument and a tone quality between the flute and oboe. It is to the military band what the violin is to the orchestra—the lead.

Fingering a clarinet is much more difficult than fingering a saxophone. Here are the catalogue specifications for one clarinet:

"Seventeen keys, four rings, rollers, including extra A-flat-E-flat lever for little finger, left hand lower joint; B-flat trill key, first finger, right hand upper joint; lever for first finger, right hand on C-sharp-G-sharp key."

One must not only be a mechanician, mathematician and musician to play a clarinet. He must also carry a chauffeur's tool kit, including grease box, screw driver, needles, pliers, alcohol lamp, springs, spring hooks, cork, wax and a swab.

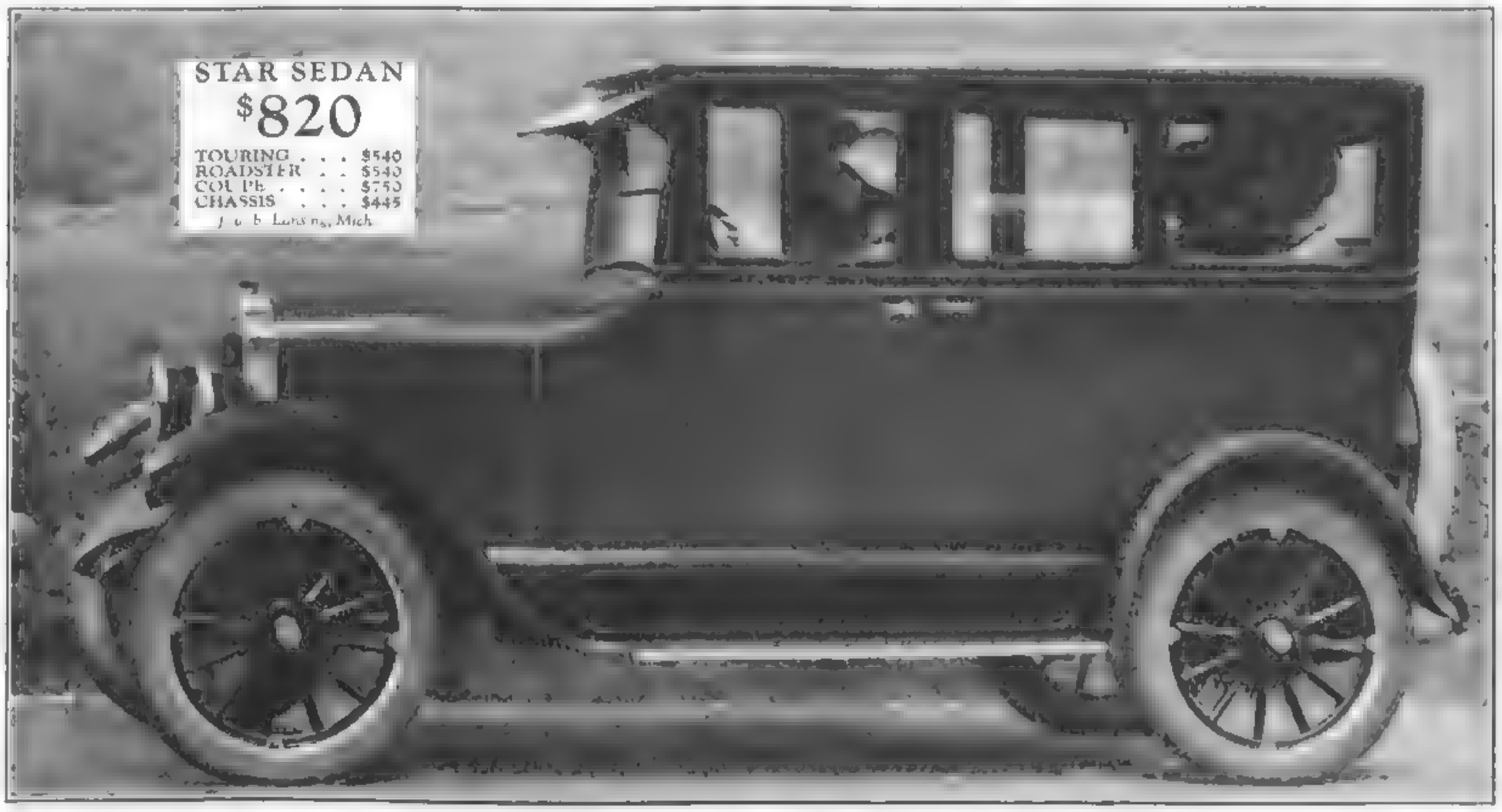
Many of the best clarinets are made from granadilla from Mozambique, East Africa; many of the less expensive ones from ebonite, a rubber composition.

The World War, which pushed the saxophone into prominence, almost put all reed-instrument players out of business. Although the flat bits of cane sucked so assiduously by the reed-instrument players look commonplace enough, practically all of them come from the cane fields of Southern France. During the war Senegalese troops were billeted among those cane fields and used the cane for fires, shanties and anything else that struck their fancy. There has been a great shortage of properly cured and seasoned wind-instrument cane ever since then.

DURANT MOTORS INC

THE CAR FOR THE MILLIONS

THE MILLION DOLLAR MOTOR



THE CAR FOR THE MILLIONS

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

THE MILLION DOLLAR MOTOR

THE Star Car, with its remarkable motor, is commanding the greatest interest at the National Automobile Shows. It is impossible in this announcement to show or explain the numerous features of this motor heretofore found only in motors of the highest-priced cars. No matter what car you have or intend to buy, if you realize that its value and satisfaction depend chiefly on its motor, you will be sure to examine the cut-open Star Motor at whatever National Show you attend, or get the details from the nearest Star dealer. It embodies the most advanced engineering and affords a real standard of comparison.

DURANT MOTORS · INC ·

Broadway at 57th Street, New York

Dealers and Service Stations Throughout the United States and Canada

FOUR GREAT PLANTS: · ELIZABETH, N. J. · LANSING, MICH · OAKLAND, CAL. · TORONTO, CANADA

THE EAR TO THE GROUND

(Continued from Page 50)

"We've got to land it. Look at this." Arnold tossed a letter across to Hastings. "That came from those lawyer fellows who seem to be running this business. Definite enough, isn't it?"

Hastings opened the letter and read the terse epistle:

Go after the Erinville Hotel contract. That is business you should get. You are to figure it close. You should be able to do that and show a profit. It is your business to see that you get it. It is your business to show a profit.

Hastings studied the letter carefully, then picked up the envelope and examined it with equal care.

"No use," Arnold commented; "I've studied that letter for an hour past, and I've tried to dig some information out of old Smith, but he won't say a word. Every time I have seen him he has told me that he is merely passing on instructions from the owner. That's all you can get out of him."

"Well, you got this out of him"—Hastings tapped the letter—"and that's definite enough. What are you going to do about it?"

"Go after it as whoever it is suggests."

"Looks a wise and statesmanlike course to me. This bird seems to be rather keen on that particular job."

"Let's look at your figures, and see if we can shade them a little."

After an hour's figuring Arnold and Hastings had succeeded in clipping some three thousand dollars off the tender price. "Still leaves us a good profit," said Hastings cheerfully.

"What about chopping off a little of our profit?"

"I hate to mention it, old-timer, but perhaps you forget that you are to receive a modest percentage on the net business over thirty thousand; if you cut profits you are cutting your own stipend. Crassly put, I admit, but that's the fact."

"Well, let's cut my profits, then," Arnold grinned; "and a little of our unknown friend's also. That ought to get us the business, shouldn't it?"

"I should think so."

James Howard in his comfortable home in town, and Silas Eden in his comfortable home just out of town, read the modest item to the effect that the Saltfort Engineering Company had been the successful tenderers for the Erinville Hotel, with vastly different emotions.

"I don't know what's got into the old man of late," Howard remarked to his wife. "Used to be the easiest man to work with; now he's a positive pest. He has his time pretty well on his hands, and he is using it to ferret out all manner of jobs for us to go after, just as though we didn't have our hands full enough as it is."

Mrs. Howard was one of those who believe that every difficulty can be met with soft words. "Poor boy," she murmured, her mind the while toying with the thought of the perfectly adorable hat she had seen yesterday, and hoped to see again today.

Howard looked up with just the suspicion of a frown. "Poor boy will be about right," he snapped, "when that old viper sees that we have lost that Erinville contract."

"I see that the Saltfort Company has that Erinville contract." Silas Eden cast a propitiatory glance in the direction of his daughter. "Rather a feather in Arnold's bonnet. I believe we were tendering on the same contract. I must remember to ask Howard about that."

"I'm glad, glad that he beat you!" Eileen had neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Silas Eden chuckled.

"Well, I am glad!" Eileen persisted belligerently.

"So am I."

"But—but, I don't understand; you let him go, and Nora says you were rather nasty about it too."

"Was I now?"

"Dad, do you know I sometimes feel that you are getting out of hand?"

He kissed her lightly, and was off down the garden with a buoyant step.

"Why don't you invite Arnold up for a week-end?" he called back. "Tell him I'd like to see him."

Howard was expecting a somewhat stormy interview with his chief, and in that he was not disappointed. Silas Eden played all the harp strings on the theme of the Erinville contract. Morning found him thundering on the lower notes, a blast of wrath that even Howard had hardly expected. By noon he was up the scale on a theme of biting irony. By night it had reached the shriller notes of derision, but never was Howard out of sound or memory of his words. For a week it was the main subject of conversation between them, if conversation it could be called, where one is only a dogged listener. Howard, struggling under a mass of work, was nervous and irritable, with an irritability that sometimes flamed up dangerously, but these outbursts were apparently lost on Eden, who continued to prod him.

"Outclassed, that's what we were on that job. Their costs are lower than ours, I know that. But let them get away with these smaller jobs and they'll build themselves up into a real competitor. Get your costs down. But never mind that now. The Anchor Insurance Company have plans for a new building. That ought to be a job for us."

Howard was all interest. "Where did you get wind of that?"

"Traveling around, James. I've been traveling around; not to Europe, but around; just heard of it. You're in early. Go after it; and go after it right this time."

In his dingy office George Arnold was fingering a letter wrathfully. The letter said:

You got it, but you didn't make much on it. Businesses grow on profits; you might remember that. It's a helpful thought to keep in mind.

With a snort of disgust Arnold tossed the letter across to Hastings. "Do you know," he said, "I'm rather coming to the opinion that it is actually Smith who owns this business. Sounds like him somehow, don't you think."

Hastings studied the brief note. "I do," he said, "seem to note a resemblance to the squeak of that human rubber boot."

A moment or so later a messenger dropped a note on Arnold's desk. It bore the address of Smith, Hare & Allen. It contained only a single line:

"Tender on Anchor Insurance Company Building."

"Jim, did you know the Anchor Insurance Company was building?"

"No."

"Neither did I. Well, they are. Look at this."

Hastings whistled. "A ground-floor tip," he said, "I'm traveling." And without further comment he was away.

It was Sunday morning. Silas Eden lolled comfortably on a deck chair under the trees. He had had a fight with his better nature. His better nature had said that it was his duty to go to church. It had said so for the past three Sundays without success, and it raised the point with added emphasis on that account. Silas Eden was ready to concede the abstract point, but as he looked round on the green shadows and the lazily passing clouds, a look of stubborn resolution crossed his face. His better nature, familiar with these signs, promptly gave up the unequal contest and sat back quiescent.

Around the corner of the house came a pair of flanneled figures, Eileen as usual in the lead. Silas Eden catching sight of Arnold pounced on him like a waiting spider.

"Come here, will you, a minute, George? I'd like to have a talk with you."

"Can't you let business alone for just one day, dad?" Eileen demanded petulantly, as Arnold resignedly sat down beside him.

"I was going to give you a tip. The Anchor Insurance Company are building."

"Our tender's in, sir."

"Where did you hear about it? I thought I was the only one that knew they were building."

"I hadn't heard of it. Got a hint in a letter from the boss. He's a poisonous old asp, never satisfied with anything, but he does seem to have a knack of nosing out business."

"Did your bid run high?"

Arnold looked up quickly. He had a suspicion that the elder man was drawing him on, but he saw in the face above him only a benign interest, though he seemed to catch a twinkle in the eye that he found hard to explain.

"In one of the notes from my interesting, if pestilential boss, he said that a tender should maintain a nice balance between costs and profits. It was better put than that, but that was the sense of it, but we figured on that basis."

"Do you think you'll get it?"

"I hope so."

"We hope so, too, don't we, dad?" Eileen burst in.

"Don't go hoping away your own bread and butter, young lady. We're after that job too."

Eileen frowned. "I think it's a hateful arrangement," she said as she carried young Arnold off for a walk.

"We got that Anchor Insurance Company contract," said Howard a morning or so later.

There was no enthusiasm in his voice; but then, Howard was not given to enthusiasms, and in this present instance his own sound judgment on the case did not seem to warrant undue optimism.

"Good," said Silas Eden. "Were the Saltfort Company tendering?"

"Yes; they were three thousand higher than our tender."

"Will we make money on that business?"

Howard shook his head. "You seemed anxious to get that job. We've got it, but that's about all. We'll not grow wealthy over it."

"It's a good thing to remember, Howard, that dividends are paid out of earnings. No earnings, no dividends. The idea, of course, is to make profits. I think it would be well to keep that idea to the fore. Get your costs down. There should be something in that business at that figure. It's up to you, now that you have got the job, to make money out of it."

Arnold looked up from his reading with almost a snarl of rage. "The old scorpion!" he said.

The cause of this outburst was one of those innocent envelopes, that came every so often to darken his horizon.

His unknown correspondent had written bitingly:

You don't make money out of business that slips through your fingers. When next you go after it, go after it to get it. Plan your business with that in mind. If you don't get it there's something wrong with your plan or something wrong with your business.

The reflection implied brought Arnold to a white heat of resentment. If his correspondent had come out in the open and voiced his complaints, he would have received them without resentment; after all, the suggestions, and even the reproofs, had been constructive. They had done good work in the past year. If the business did not show him a profit on that percentage arrangement, it would come very close to it, and he felt that his work had been good. It wouldn't have hurt, he thought, to have a word of commendation sandwiched in between the reproofs. It had been different with old Eden. He had always been ready to clap a man on the shoulder when he had put something across.

Despite their separation Arnold had kept up a desultory correspondence with Howard. He dropped him a line now. Sort of comforting, he felt, to get a little of the grouch out of his system. He was glad, too, to be able to voice his appreciation of the kindness of old Silas Eden.

Howard's reply was terse. To his reference to Silas Eden he had but one comment: "Used to be easy to work with, now he's as temperamental as a rheumatic adder."

"Seemed all right last time I was up," Arnold ruminated. "I'll look him over more carefully the next time I see him. Wonder if our competition is annoying him." It was a pleasant thought, but Arnold put it aside. "Never notice us," he reflected.

Howard under the constant complaints of the changed Silas Eden had cut his business costs to a minimum. Several times lately he had tendered, and tendered successfully, for comparatively small undertakings. More than that, there had been profit in the business. Indeed their profits had grown materially. They were working under a forced draft, but they were going after things and getting them. Silas Eden was an elusive figure now, often not seen at the office for days together. When he turned up eventually it was always with a new tip. It was a constant marvel to Howard, where he got his information. He had it, that was all, and when added to the regular stuff that had been the backbone of their business, these extra jobs made their turnover mount amazingly. The old man had a gift, there could be no doubt of that. They were well ahead of their nearest competitor.

Howard was surprised that the Saltfort Company had been able to keep up the pace. He had expected them to cave in long ago. It was a constant surprise to him that Arnold was able to make head against the stream at all; but Arnold, too, seemed to have an uncanny knack of lighting on these possibilities of business. Howard could see how Eden might pick up stray hints, suggestions of new plans, still in their early infancy. But Arnold—that was not so plain. Yet in the last two instances Arnold had not only known but had known enough to secure the contract.

"Arnold is cutting things pretty fine," Howard had remarked to Silas Eden.

The older man's reply had not been gracious. "He got the business, that's one thing. He's got a chance to make a profit, anyway. Nobody ever made money yet by sitting around licking their thumbs."

Arnold's indefatigable correspondent hardly took the same pleasant view of the situation. He wrote:

Effort is so much capital. You have only so much to spend. If you throw it away on business that is no good to you, you are dissipating capital, and that is virtual defalcation.

"Got him that time, Jim," Arnold tossed the missive across to Hastings.

"Yep," said the other. "We'll do pretty well on that business. But you've got to hand it to him. We'd have lost money on that tender six months ago."

"We're ready for him now. That's why he can't get under our skin any more."

"Why don't you ask young Arnold to run up on Sunday?" Silas Eden inquired as Eileen appeared. "Haven't seen him for quite a while now."

"Why don't you ask him?" Eileen retorted with some asperity. "I never see him when he does come. You get him in a corner, and buzz away about business all day long."

"Just as you think, my dear. Not particularly anxious myself. Won't see him for some time though. We're going to Europe for a month or so."

Eileen surveyed him anxiously. "You're all right, are you, dad?"

Her father turned to her inquiringly. "Look all right, don't I?"

"But I thought you were dead set against Europe."

"No, I'm not set against Europe, not now. Business is all right. We can get away. They can manage all right."

"Who do you mean by 'they'?"

But he only shook his head, with a smile.

Eileen was puzzled. She had always looked on her father as a typically settled, unimaginative male. She had never failed to manage him in the past, never failed to understand him. It had been simple enough. But during the past year he had been different, not so easy to understand, nor so amenable to management. Not that he had been disagreeable. Whatever he may have been in the office, he was not that at home. In fact he seemed always bubbling over with excitement. He had about him a sense of enthusiasm that was hard to understand. He was thinner. It had worried Eileen for a while, but he seemed the better for it. Even hard work did not seem to trouble him now. Indeed he seemed to enjoy it. But Europe—Eileen was frankly puzzled.

"I'll write him, dad."

"Eh, what?" Silas Eden looked up from his paper. "Oh, yes; just as you like, my dear."

James Howard and his wife were sitting somewhat stiffly in Silas Eden's comfortable garden chairs. They had come on a special invitation. In the past year their visits had been few, and generally arranged with care to coincide with those increasingly numerous occasions when Silas Eden was away from home. This time, however, there could be no evasion.

(Continued on Page 60)

Before you sign your check for that new car *make sure of one thing—*

You want a car that will "stand up." Then make sure of this one thing, above all—a lubricating system *that you can trust*. Don't overlook this! For lubrication, lack of *proper* lubrication, is the cause of 80 per cent of all repairs on moving parts. And last year motorists actually spent almost twice as much for *repairs and service* as for the entire output of *new cars!*

Engines, repair men tell us, are seldom neglected. It's the hard-wearing, dust-exposed chassis bearings that suffer most. So look at these bearings. If you find the Alemite fittings with the cross pins, you can rest assured the manufacturer has given you an easy *sure* way to cut your operating costs. The world's leading fine cars, here and abroad, have Alemite. (Now on nearly 5,000,000 cars).

The Easy Way

Look for the fittings with the cross pin. They're on every chassis bearing—20 to 60 in all. You'll find an Alemite gun in your tool kit. The spiral bayonet coupling locks on to these fittings with a quarter twist. An easy turn of the handle shoots fresh lubricant entirely through the bearing. It develops pressure over 20 times greater than the old-fashioned grease cup.

Clean Bearings

This high pressure *forces out* all old, grit-laden grease. It *cleans* as it lubricates. Just as changing crank case oil cleans your engine bearings. And the fresh lubricant in the bearings—*under pressure*—keeps dust and grit out.

This kind of lubrication—every 500 miles—makes chassis bearings outlast the car itself. Shackle bolts, after 20,000 miles, show almost no wear at all. And no other parts get harder abuse.

Every 500 Miles

If Alemite is on your car, resolve right now to use it every 500 miles. It is as vital as air in your tires, water in your radiator or oil in your engine.

There are two types of Alemite. The regular cross-pin fitting and the Zerk type, without the cross pin.

If neither system is on your car, you can have your dealer put one on before you drive the car away. The cost is only $5.00 to $20.00. (Fords, special Zerk type, $6.50, Chevrolet $3.99, Overland $5.67. *Canadian prices higher*). It will cut your repairs in half. It reduced operating costs for the Yellow Cab Co. of Chicago, world's largest taxicab operators, 1¾c per mile.

No matter what car you get there's an Alemite system for it. And you'll find Alemite lubricating service as widespread as crankcase service in filling stations everywhere, if you do not care to lubricate your own car. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us at once.

The Bassick Manufacturing Co.
2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

Every 500 Miles

ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High Pressure Lubrication

(Continued from Page 58)

In a moment of rather strained silence Silas Eden espied two young figures approaching in the distance

"Do you know, James, I have a feeling that we will have to take young Arnold back into the firm?"

Howard did not warm up particularly to the proffered olive branch. "I don't fancy that he would come, now." There was ever so slight an emphasis on the final word. "He's built up a good business, and is getting on pretty well, and ——"

"He's his own master, you were going to say?"

"Well something like that."

"I'll ask him." Silas Eden said with decision.

"Glad to see you again, sir. Hello, Nora. Hello, Jim!" George Arnold burst on the group with exuberant enthusiasm.

Eileen, misty-eyed and smiling, was beside him. "Seems like old times," she cried gayly

"Yes," Howard replied in sepulchral tones.

Silas Eden turned to Arnold. "I was just saying to James that it was about time we were getting you back in the firm."

"Well, sir, I hope to be associated with the firm"—Arnold looked at Eileen with laughing eyes—"but I think I'll have to stay where I am. You see, my old man, whoever he is, is a poisonous old scorpion, but he has given me a great chance. He wasn't very nice about it, but he made us build that business. He bought it for thirty thousand, and I'd bet he wouldn't sell it for five times that now. I'm sort of interested in it, and in him, and I owe him something, don't I?"

"Go on, James You want to say 'I told you so.' You'll feel better when you get it off your chest."

But James Howard only smiled a wintry smile

"Now that I have you all here where you can't very well escape"—there was a smile about the edges of the elder man's mouth, but his face was serious—"I am going to tell you a little story. It's about myself." He paused a moment, and then continued: "It's getting close to forty years since I first thought of the business, and in that time"—he looked up at his daughter with a smile—"I have only had one or two other interests. I built that business, and for twenty-odd years I didn't think of much else. Then James came and he took part of the work, and then you came, George, and you took more of it, and I was proud of you both, and of the business. But after you had been here for a few years I found that I didn't belong; that I was just there, that was all. You didn't leave me anything to do. You didn't need me. The business didn't need me. Perhaps you've forgotten, James, but you suggested that I might as well go to Europe."

"Not much chance to forget," growled Howard under his breath

"I had nothing to do—no part in the thing I had made with my own hands. If I could take away these interests of yours now," he demanded sharply, "how would you two feel?- Old; just as I felt old; and I wasn't old. In years, perhaps, but that isn't the way age comes. Age strikes at the heart. You had taken my life away from me. You almost made my heart old, made me think I had no place—almost. I'm taking your suggestion"—he turned sharply on Howard—"I'm going to Europe—for a rest."

Howard had a quick feeling of relief; but it passed, and there came instead an appreciation of how serious a gap Eden's absence would entail, even though that absence were not for long.

"Don't know just how we'll manage, sir I've pretty well left the digging for business to you. I'll have to get back into that again. You need the rest, that's certain. We'll manage somehow till you get back."

There was a flush of pleasure on the older man's face at Howard's words.

"You two were too much for me," he said, as though the story had been uninterrupted. "With you both there I don't think I could have pushed hard enough to get in. Besides"—the freckled-faced boy peeped out again from the serious face of Silas Eden —"I owed you a grudge—both of you—for robbing me of my business. We're even now, George"—his hand dropped affectionately on Arnold's shoulder—"I'm the poisonous old scorpion. Yes," he continued happily, as Arnold and Howard watched him, speechless, "I'm the Saltfort Engineering Company too. I'm all the hard things you two thought of me. But your business, James, and yours, George they're better businesses, aren't they? And you two —you're better men. And I've had a part in that too. You boys can work together now, as you did before. And when I get back home again I am going to work with you.

"You didn't mean to," he went on more soberly, "but you almost made my heart think I was old. But I'm not old. I've found a new job. I've discovered what I set out to discover. I have my place. It's mine—nobody can take it away from me again. I'm the weigher of men; the discoverer of hazards that help to make them; the giver of opportunities; the watchdog of the business."

He turned, and at the sight of their sober faces, his great laugh boomed out. "And, boys," he said, "I'm more than that I'm the ear to the ground."

GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

Continued from Page 40

precise could be learned from them. We sent an affectionate message to the President, who had asked the purpose of our meeting; we replied in substance that we had come together to consider what, if anything, we ought to do under the circumstances. Secretary Lansing had called us together, an act which was natural and proper, for he felt that there should be common counsel between us at so serious a time.

Nothing was then said about putting the Vice President in charge, if for no other reason than because we could not judge the situation with sufficient clearness to warrant that course. Later it was natural and proper to consider whether conditions had arisen or were likely to arise which might require calling the Vice President to duty, but nothing was said or done which implied disloyalty to President Wilson or which was not based upon considerate sympathy for him. I did not know at the time or for long afterward of the stroke of paralysis which occurred in early October, and when I left Washington on the first of November it was with the understanding that the President, who had been very ill, was steadily but slowly improving. Secretary Lane seems to have had the same thought, for two days later, November third, he wrote saying that the President "is getting along very well but I expect it will be many weeks before he is himself again."

It is interesting to note that Woodrow Wilson had written of the duties of the Chief Executive more than ten years earlier thus: "No other man's day is so full as his, so full of responsibilities, which tax mind and conscience alike and demand an inexhaustible vitality. . . . Men of ordinary physique and discretion cannot be Presidents and live if the strain be not somehow relieved. We shall be obliged always to be picking our chief magistrates from among wise and prudent athletes." It has been truly written of his own life under the circumstances he thus described, "There was always a shadow that hung over him, always the fear that each new day might bring the added ounce of strain that could not be endured."

In the later days of President Wilson's Administration dark clouds of malignant partisan hostility and bitter personal hatred gathered thickly about him. The Congress of the United States passed no resolution of sympathy for the suffering President. We must go back to the close of Washington's Administration to find a parallel for the torrents of abuse poured forth upon the retiring Chief Magistrate. His opponents were not content to denounce measures; they wallowed in hatred for the man. When the calm cold finger of history shall write in unsparing truthfulness the bad deeds done and the false words spoken in those evil months, there will be some who once held high estate who will cry, if they are then living, to the rocks and mountains "Fall on us"—that their shame may be covered.

I never saw President Wilson again after he started on his westward journey. I called several times at his home in the three years following his retirement, but he was out on each occasion. He wrote me from time to time cordial and delightful letters that are precious, for we seemed to draw closer to each other as the months passed. He had walked in the valley of the shadow of death; he had trodden the pathway of the overthrown; he had paid the terrible price exacted by men from those who are far in advance of the common thought, and he remained to the end the captain of his soul, the "known soldier," as the poet has called him. The world does not love those who lead it toward great ideals. It poisons them, so Socrates, or crucifies them, so Jesus; or at the best sings pæans of joy when their work is done, so Washington, so Wilson.

A Giant Tree in the Sequoia National Park, California

It is a singular spectacle which America provides to a wondering world. A political house so divided against itself adds to the gayety or gravity of nations, according to the point of view, but those who worked and won with Wilson have no reason to fear comparisons. When President Coolidge lauded the separation of our government functions in his address to the Daughters of the American Revolution, he must have been guided rather by faith in an accepted principle than by anything visible from the White House porch. The biting words of his message vetoing the Bonus Bill need never have been spoken to a legislature of free men, free to think for themselves, free to act as they think, and free to vote as they believe.

The great American experiment in democracy is not yet a proved success. Orators may laud our institutions to the skies and chant the praises of Old Glory amid thunders of applause, but the best institutions avail little if "men decay," and the flag that waves over a people whose patriotism can be expressed in dollars and cents is a dishonored one. For patriotism lies in sacrifice and not in profit, in giving and not in getting. It is beyond economic rewards, for it is a spiritual force; it is of the hearts of men, and that is but a sham and a counterfeit which can be appeased by the jingling in the pockets.

The democracy of America is coming to tests more severe than any it has yet experienced. The scale and the complexity under which it must now be carried on are both unprecedented and are both increasing. It does not need the eye of a seer to discern that laws based on narrow class vision lead only to disaster, and that bribery by votes is as ugly as bribery for votes, and more subtly dangerous. The progress of science opens new worlds that need new laws, laws for the air, laws even for the ether as we speak afar; and the making of these laws demands intelligence. Partisan ambition is not sufficient; nor the ability to pour forth words without knowledge; nor will any political label serve. For the laws of men must match the laws of God, which are the laws of Nature. These will have their inexorable way, nor can men repeal or amend them. These laws of Nature lie beneath finance and economics, even beneath character; and if forgotten or defied or even misunderstood they work their inescapable penalties. It is not of essential importance whether a message comes from Wilson, Harding or Coolidge. The value lies in the truth of the message. If it be the truth Congress will vote against it vainly, as it has often done. So it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and last of a series of articles by Mr Redfield.

An Indian once traded Manhattan Island for

A STRING OF RED BEADS

An Indian once swapped Manhattan Island for a string of red beads. ¶ Not so long ago a fellow in Texas traded a great tract of now priceless oil land for a span of gray mules. ¶ And last year, a lot of smart people paid $1000, $2000 — even $3000 more for a closed car than an open car of the same make would have cost them. ¶ These are historical facts.

AS long as people knew very little about downtown New York real estate, or oil land, or Closed Cars—great *unconscious* economic losses were sustained.

Today, you couldn't get very far in New York on a string of red beads. The owners of the oil land probably aren't scanning the market pages for quotations on gray mules.

And after people see the *New* Marmon Standard Sedan *at only $130* more than the open car, getting a fictitious price for any closed car is going to be a tough selling job.

People have begun to figure out how much more it *really should* cost to make a *closed car*. When people begin to figure, they ask questions. And when they begin to ask questions

—*something always happens*.

The people's own common sense tells them that it shouldn't cost a great deal more to make a *genuine sedan* than it cost to make an open car—and they are ready to fight their case out to a finish on every *Automobile Row*.

As soon as people learn to count to "*twelve*"—all the scientific salesmanship in the world, advertising and midnight conferences, can never sell *eleven* eggs to the *dozen*. The people are awake now, and they are simply *not* going to pay any *inflated* difference for closed cars.

In the *fine* car field, Marmon is probably not the first to *recognize* this situation

—but Marmon is unquestionably the first to *meet* it.

Marmon has adhered rigidly to *genuine closed car design* with four [4] doors, and produced a *sumptuous Standard Sedan*—a *Marmon* Sedan

—on the famous standard 136-inch wheelbase Marmon chassis

—with the famous Marmon *six-cylinder* engine

—*at only $130* more than a Marmon *open car;* and Marmon open car values have always been recognized as sound and fair.

Such a feat in manufacturing alertness and skill bodes well for *the New Marmon Program*.

Uppermost in the minds of everyone is that relentless standard of *value measurement*—the never-changing diameter of a dollar—and the stubborn determination to get the *most* for the *money*.

It is a striking commentary on the native intelligence of the American people, and their sense of values, that today the Marmon factory is busier than at any time in its history—building in volume these new Standard Sedans *at practically open car price*.

NORDYKE MARMON COMPANY, *Established 1851*, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The NEW MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile!"

NEW MARMON STANDARD SEDAN, *only $130 more than an open car*

CHANGELINGS

YOU may regard the new generation as amusing or pathetic; as a bit tragic, or rather splendid. You may consider their manners crude, their ideals vague, their clothes absurd. Their cynical, humorous discussions of social conditions may stir you to admiration or fill you with helpless rage.

But it is useless to deny that these youngsters have a definite bearing on the thought, literature and customs of our day. And particularly do they exert a powerful influence on buying habits and the movement of merchandise.

The tremendous increase in the sales of cosmetics and silk stockings in the last ten years is a revelation of their power. Their influence on clothing, corsets, shoes and lingerie has been revolutionary. Manufacturers of knickers and soft collars, sporting goods and automobiles know the value of their approval. Practically all men's clothes are young men's clothes. Most frocks are designed for young women.

To-day they are careless of tradition, heedless of responsibility. But to-morrow these young women will be home executives. These young men will conduct our businesses. They will buy enormous quantities of every conceivable kind of staple merchandise. And they will buy according to tastes now unformed, by standards yet to be determined, with a judgment of values yet to be established.

Advertising that considers the preferences of the new generation not only returns a direct profit, but it may also be regarded as the soundest of investments. For the mind of the new generation is exactly like the mind of all preceding generations—"wax to receive and marble to retain."

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

ten times more agonizing than the old-style one-man author could ever have experienced. His was the responsibility of gathering, from his staff of trained specialists, the various elements that make the sure-fire best seller.

"For the love of Mike," he shouted to Andy, his assistant, "get busy on that opening chapter!" Andy, who used to be a garage mechanic, was now the chief operator of a specially constructed linotype and printing machine, which had a maximum capacity of five hundred thousand volumes a day.

"Not so fast, boss," Andy shot back. "You haven't slipped me the dedication; or the preface either."

"Dedication No. 14," ordered Underwood. "To my best friend and severest critic, my wife, but for whose energy in keeping the children away from my study this book would never have been written."

Andy fed this dedication into the maw of the gigantic machine and waited for further orders.

"Preface A," commanded Underwood into a speaking tube that connected with the Preface Department, and two metallic blocks of type came whizzing down the pneumatic chute. This was the familiar Preface Apologetic.

Andy shoved it into the machine and it came out, in two seconds, beautifully printed:

PREFACE

In writing this simple saga of the simple people I have known and loved in my simple way, I am beset with an overwhelming feeling of my utter inadequacy in setting down these short and simple annals of the poor. I have attempted, however bumbly, to depict, in these pages, the daily life of the dour folk who cultivate the wheat, and to show how the other chaff lives. If I succeed in enlisting the sympathy of only 500,000 readers, I will not feel that my task has been entirely in vain. THE AUTHOR.

Primrose-on-the-Brink,
Fall River, Mass.

Next came the Table of Contents. Glancing at the synopsis of the work in hand, Underwood dictated to Andy:

"Part I—COSMIC URGE
Joe

"Part II—COSMIC SPLURGE
Dora

"Part III—COSMIC MERGE
Joe and Dora."

"All set," said Andy, cramming the Contents into the hopper. "Now for Chapter I."

The chief of the Plot Department dashed in with his copy for the introductory chapter.

"In the little prairie town of Mudbank, Ohio, lived Joe Simpkins, the only son, thank God, of an alcoholic father and a strabismic mother. Joe was a good boy and a moron, who tilled the wheatfields of his father's farm, without care or complex—until Dora came into his life ——"

"So far so good," interrupted Underwood, and Andy pulled the lever that stopped the works. "Where's the dope from the Character Analysis Department? You've gotta have some zippy psychological stuff about Dora's mental make-up."

"Here, this will do: 'Dora was a flat-chested, inarticulate, sex-starved spinster of forty-three. The only man she had ever met was the garbage man, and he was always in the dumps. All her nights were spent in dreaming dreams which no psychoanalyst would dare to publish. These dreams possessed, obsessed and repressed her even in her waking hours as she went about her menial chores. One day she ordered from a mail-order house a book in a plain wrapper, entitled The Farm Girl's Handy Freud.

"'From this moment on, the grub became a butterfly. Without a moment's notice Dora stalked triumphantly out of the kitchen door, leaving the greasy dishes in the kitchen sink.'"

"O. K.," said Underwood. "Enough of that. Now shoot some more plot."

The huge machine began clicking again:

"Into a sprinkling can Dora emptied the contents of a quart bottle of Parfum de Jasmin, and sauntering through the wheatfields she left a perfumed trail in her wake. To Joe, as he sat at his reaping machine in the neighboring field, was wafted this alluring fragrance. For the first time in the nineteen years of his life strange desires entered his being. Getting down on all fours, with his nose to the ground, Joe followed the scented trail to a grove of sycamores, where she stood waiting."

A copy boy rushed in at this point from the Dialogue Department and handed Underwood a sheaf of papers.

Glancing hastily through them Underwood began interlarding the story with these selections:

"Who . . . are . . . you?" breathed Dora.

"Glub, glub," groaned Joe, who was still under the anæsthesia of the perfume.

"My love," she hissed, "why are you so inarticulate, so inchoate, so inept?"

"*Je t'aime*," he heaved, at last, in French.

"Not so fast," she quivered. "It is too much—too much. I must go away from here—far away—into the world. I must see life!"

As the proofs emerged from the machine they were carried on fast-moving belts past a small platform, where were stationed a corps of proofreaders equipped with blue pencils with which they marked corrections with lightning speed.

Into the machine Andy continued to feed various bits of Plot, Dialogue, Description and Analysis.

An expert from the Travel Bureau contributed the account of Dora's wanderings from the time she left Joe prone among the wheatfields, through the mazes of her dizzy experiences among the literati of Chicago and the inebriati of New York, until she came back, disillusioned but ennobled, to the dear old kitchen sink with its familiar stack of still-unwashed dishes.

"All this novel needs now," put in Underwood, "is some Quaint Characters, indigenous to the soil and necessary to the thickening of the plot."

From a large cabinet labeled Characters, a file clerk brought some cards, numbered and cross-indexed. From these Underwood selected:

"No. 38—A garrulous, one-toothed grandmother, who spends her time making caustic remarks from a rocking-chair, and getting splinters in her large bare feet.

"No. 47—A hardware merchant and pillar of the church, who sins in secret.

"No. 51—The village librarian, who circulates gossip and sometimes books."

"Hot stuff!" commented Andy. "Now for a snappy finale. What'll it be—wedding bells or tragedy?"

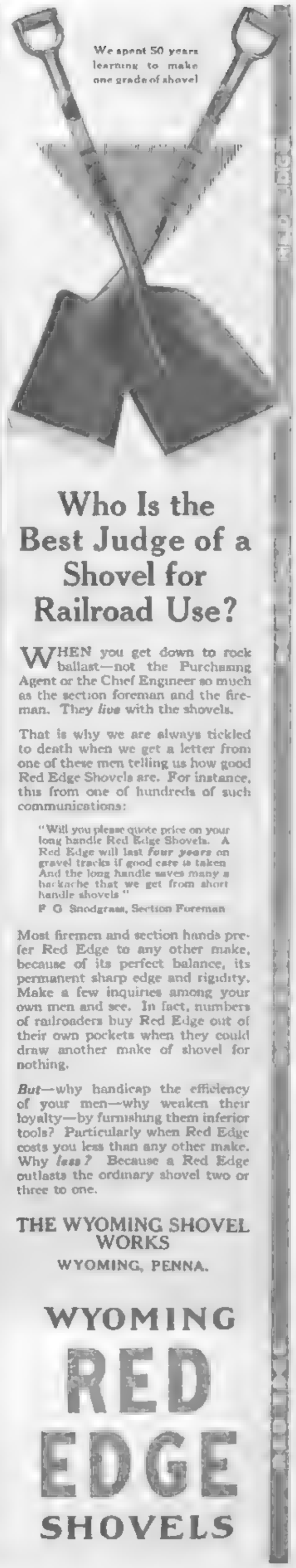
"Tragedy, of course. That's the fashionable ending this year," replied Underwood. "We'll have Dora stab Joe with a can opener because he refuses to wash the dishes. By the way, Andy," he continued, looking at his watch, "I've got to get home for an early dinner tonight. You dope out the finish; will you?"

"Sure," grinned Andy. And then, as Underwood dashed out of the office, "But say, boss, ain't this book gonna have a title?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Underwood, and without stopping in his mad rush for the subway he threw back over his shoulder, "Just call it Wild Oatmeal."

—*Oliver Lea.*

"I Hate to See Dad Walking to the Station—It's His Car." "So Do I. We Should Have Gone the Other Way"



Who Is the Best Judge of a Shovel for Railroad Use?

WHEN you get down to rock ballast—not the Purchasing Agent or the Chief Engineer so much as the section foreman and the fireman. They *live* with the shovels.

That is why we are always tickled to death when we get a letter from one of these men telling us how good Red Edge Shovels are. For instance, this from one of hundreds of such communications:

"Will you please quote price on your long handle Red Edge Shovels. A Red Edge will last *four years* on gravel tracks if good care is taken And the long handle saves many a backache that we get from short handle shovels"

P G Snodgrass, Section Foreman

Most firemen and section hands prefer Red Edge to any other make, because of its perfect balance, its permanent sharp edge and rigidity. Make a few inquiries among your own men and see. In fact, numbers of railroaders buy Red Edge out of their own pockets when they could draw another make of shovel for nothing.

But—why handicap the efficiency of your men—why weaken their loyalty—by furnishing them inferior tools? Particularly when Red Edge costs you less than any other make. Why *less?* Because a Red Edge outlasts the ordinary shovel two or three to one.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.

WYOMING
RED
EDGE
SHOVELS

DISCOVERED!

The secret of a good appetite! The joy of eating! The pleasure of a real meal!

Found in Heinz Tomato Ketchup, which is produced by Heinz exclusive methods and impossible to produce in any other way.

The best evidence of its popularity is that this appetizing condiment is used wherever civilization reaches. It is a very pioneer of civilization itself.

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens

H. J. Heinz Co.

UNDER THE HORSE TENTS

(Continued from Page 9)

The opening day came and with it the announcement that one of the leaders of the six-team was dead of colic. The two eights had become an eight and a four now. The season went on. The show reached Lexington, Kentucky, on a nasty, drizzly day, and the eight-horse team started down a steep hill with one of the show's heavy wagons.

A shout from the driver. A frantic effort to press a brake which refused to obey. The wagon slid forward upon the rumps of the nearest horses and pressed them against the pair ahead. The team shied, scrambled to get out of the way of the heavy object behind it, and then, eight frantic animals tearing at top speed, they broke beyond control.

For an awful two blocks it continued. Then a lead horse stumbled, slaunched in front of the others, and wagon and horses piled in a horrible tangle, while circus men strove in vain to aid them. When at last extrication was possible, two of the horses were dead and a gaunt-eyed driver was calling for a revolver to kill a third, hopelessly crippled from broken bones. The two eights were only two fours and an extra now. And the next day that extra was in harness. A street car had struck one of the teams, killing the leader outright.

The show reached Kansas City and picked up the horse which had been left there in the spring, breathing easier again with the possession of an extra. But the surcease lasted only two days. In crossing the innumerable switches near the leading runs, a wheel horse caught a hoof in a switch frog, became excited, jerked frantically and tore off his hoof. There was nothing to do but use the revolver again.

Seemingly that ended the jinx. The remaining eight horses were put into one team and the season ran along without mishap. Then came the closing of the show at Fort Worth, in a fight against a norther which coated every inch of the canvas with ice and delayed the loading of the train until far past midnight. Tired men dragged their way to their bunks. The train pulled out, gathered speed and began to work its way northward. Hardly had dawn come when drowsy men were leaping from the vestibules, pulling on their clothes as they ran. There had come that most dread call of the circus:

"Fire! Fire!"

Fire in the Horse Car

It was a horse car; the car which contained, among others of the baggage stock, that eight-horse team. A spark from the engine had sifted into hay, smoldered there, then burst into blazing destruction. When frantic hostlers succeeded in rescuing their charges it was found that four of the eight steel-grays and dapples had been burned badly enough to disfigure them for circus life, although leaving them otherwise sound, and they left the life of a trouper for that of a contractor's camp at a price of fifty dollars apiece. Somehow the remaining four managed to survive misfortunes and remained with the show as all that was left of two eights that never materialized. That show owner always felt a keen interest in those animals. He should have. They represented $9000, besides shipping costs.

In all the travel of that season it had been impossible exactly to match these horses that their ranks might be kept filled. When the color had been right the weight had been off, and so it went. In fact, getting horses when one wants them is not at all a simple matter. A few years ago, one of the big circuses was traveling from North Yakima into Pendleton, Oregon. Two o'clock in the morning came, and with it the frenzied signals of the night watchman for the emergency brakes. A horse car containing twenty-seven head of baggage stock had been discovered afire, and from workmen to performers the circus crew piled forth to give aid.

But the fire was well started, blazing so strong that it was deemed necessary to uncouple the cars before efforts were made to free the captive stock. The signal was given—and misunderstood! Down the track went the engine with its blazing car, while the men of the show trotted beside it, ready at the first instant, to leap to the doors, open them and lead out the frantic stock. But soon they were shouting and waving their arms in futile attempts at signals. The engine was gaining speed; soon it was beyond the sound of their voices, and traveling at forty miles an hour toward a water tank, miles away. The inevitable happened. The speed of the train fanned the flames. When the engine stopped every horse was dead.

That night the circus worked while it grieved, sending forth messages to every hamlet and town in the vicinity of Pendleton to produce every horse available for purchase, that the places of the missing stock might be filled. When the show rolled in, hours behind time, the circus grounds were fairly alive with horseflesh of every possible description. But out of the 300 or more animals which offered themselves, only six were found available for circus work, and this when lines were more loosely drawn than usual. In fact, the twenty-seven horses were not fully replaced until the show had reached St. Paul, Minnesota, a month later.

These were working horses. When it comes to a rosinback or ring horse, the matter is even more difficult.

A peculiar animal is the rosinback. His work is of the sort desired in only one place in the world, the circus ring, and he must be born to it as truly as the artist to the brush. When an equestrian wants a new mount he can't simply send to a livery stable or a horse market and get one. He must search, and keep on searching. More, the season may pass without success.

Horses That Keep Time

In the first place, the ring animal isn't merely the hobby horse which he appears to be from the circus grand stand. The high school and ménage horses which do their various steps and tricks along the hippodrome track may be more showy and their stunts appear more difficult, but that is only a matter of looks. The statue horses which strike new poses with the lifting of the canopies may seem to have steadier nerves, but if you look closely you'll often notice that their stillness demands a price every moment in offerings of sugar. The Wild West horses may appear to have a sense of distance that is marvelous, but the equestrian director will tell you that they are like kindergarten students compared to a real ring horse.

In fact the rosinback—a circus person absolutely refuses to acknowledge that it is spelled "resin"—must be the exception to the zoölogist's rule that a horse ranks only 75 per cent in memory and reasoning power against the elephant's 100 per cent, for the ring horse cannot and must not forget, even to a step of the pace which carries him about the ring. Once that choppy springboard gait is changed at the moment when a man or woman is taking off in a somersault, and the workmen will run into the ring with a piece of canvas to gather up what once was a performer.

The rosinback must be a sort of equine clock, ticking always exactly the same and never once out of time. It isn't every horse that can live up to these requirements, to say nothing of the rudimentary qualifications. In the first place, one never sees a dark-colored ring horse. They're cream or dapple gray, partly for appearance, but mainly for the thing which makes them rosinbacks—the bag of powdered rosin which is applied to their backs and rumps immediately before they go into the ring and as assiduously brushed out the moment their labors are over. It is this rosin which makes equestrians; a horse's hide otherwise is as slick as ice.

Nor did one ever see a long-legged ring horse, unless he happened to be a bad mistake. He must be short-legged, broad-backed, broad-hipped, as steady of gait as a plumb line, equally steady of nerves; possessed of large quantities of common sense; and, once in the ring, he must be of the type that can be trained to disregard everyone and everything in the world save his rider. A real rosinback will keep right on loping in that same jerky, springy pace, no matter if the tent blows down. Of curiosity he must have none; and when it is realized that the ordinary horse is as curious as the proverbial cat, one can understand the catastrophe when a rider announces the necessity for new ring stock.

Partly for that reason, and partly for the one that the horse is as much of an equestrian's act as he is himself, the riders of the circus own their stock, and it is their personal funeral when necessity for an addition arises. Then comes the search!

As, for instance, that of Homer Hobson, the head of the Hobson Family, long a feature with one of the large circuses. Homer possessed what in the circus world is untold riches—two boys who were growing up in the same line of endeavor as their father and mother. It meant double training, for the boys and for a new horse. Hobson went at his task with forethought.

He belonged to the old school of circus actor who could do anything, with the result that the first day of his search found an addition to the circus band in parade. It was Homer Hobson, sitting high on the clown band wagon, blowing lustily upon a trombone and keenly appraising every horse along the parade route.

"Got to have him with a long body," he told his mates of the band. "Long as all get-out. If those kids take to riding I've got a new finish for the act."

The Hobsons' Find

So the clowns searched too; every sight of a dappled-gray animal caused a craning of necks and hurried consultations. But the days passed without result. More, weeks went by, and months. Then one day the driver of a scavenger cart gaped suddenly as a clown atop the band wagon dropped his trombone, made a flying leap to the ground and approached him.

"That your horse?" asked the excited newcomer.

"Reckon he is," said the scavenger man. "I've got a bill of sale for him."

"Busy?"

"Not so much."

The clown dived into a pocket of the clothing under his clown suit.

"Give you ten dollars if you'll drive him to the circus grounds."

Out they went, clown and horse and scavenger cart. There had been an early arrival that day and the ring banks were already up. Together they unhitched the horse and led him into the ring. He was made to gallop, then to step, and gallop again. Then Homer Hobson went yelling across the big top to assemble Mamma Hobson and all the little Hobsons. The searched-for thing had been found! Today, four years later, Long Nile—he's one of the longest, shortest-legged horses in the circus business—carries the Four Hobsons on his back for the finish of an act, while somewhere a scavenger-wagon driver wonders whatever became of that fool circus man who paid him $150 for a $75 horse without ever batting an eye; while young Homer, new clown of the act, hopes that when he branches out for himself he can get a horse for his act as cheap as his dad did. A real ring horse, measuring perfectly to all qualifications, is worth about what one desires to ask.

And the strange part of it is that a good percentage of them have the same prosaic beginnings as Long Nile. I knew of one that served its time in the harness of a coal cart. Another went from a plow to the horse tents, spotted from a vestibule as a circus train one morning was making a late run into town. Others have come from the baggage stock of the circus itself. Every new horse is an object of interest to the equestrian; and if the animal should happen to be short-legged, with a springy gait and a supreme disdain for the usual things which cause equine skittishness, it isn't long until the baggage-stock horse tents see him no more and a new groom is working in the pad room.

Meeting the Elephants

But let it not be believed that a ring horse goes straight into performance. More often he is merely with it from a month to a whole season or a year before ever the audiences see him. For there are many steps of education yet to come, once his worth has been decided—the first thing being an introduction to the elephants.

Some way or other, everything about a circus seems to hinge on its elephants. They're like Maine in an election; as the elephants go, so goes the circus. And as the horse goes when it meets these elephants, so often goes his future. It's a pretty good index as to the quality of his nerves.

It is an operation of delicacy, that meeting with the elephants. Horses don't like the process of introduction. More, once let them be forced into that greeting, and it may result in a useless animal, owing to the fixture in his mind that the taking of him into proximity of fearsome things has been some sort of punishment. An elephant is liable to bob up most anywhere around a circus lot, and it's a good thing to know that horses won't be bothered by five or six tons of elephant flesh ambling into the horse tents for a little visit.

Therefore the meeting is one of cajolery, of petting or urging on with lumps of sugar, and more petting and more cajolery, to be repeated and re-repeated until at last the horse learns that an elephant is a pretty good fellow after all. Following that, the acquaintanceship may go even further. Every circus has its elephant horse, looked upon as a pal by the pachyderms, to be trusted implicitly, followed anywhere; and should those same pachyderms take a notion to distribute themselves over the landscape by means of a stampede, the approach of the faithful old elephant horse often means as much in the calming of frazzled nerves as the presence of the bull keeper himself.

An elephant simply loves to smother somebody or something with affection. When he turns loose his love it bubbles forth by the ton and he doesn't care who knows it. With the result that on small shows, where space is limited and horses and elephants are often loaded together, there is always more or less discomfort owing to the fact that when the horses want to go out and work, the elephant department simply insists on ambling along also. On one show is a horse named Mother Goose, which does nothing more to earn her living than to stand in the elephant picket line. For years she served as the mount of the bull keeper, or elephant superintendent, finally becoming too old for active work. So they put her in the horse tents, there to remain on pension until the end of the season.

Wild West Horses Which Have Been Trained for the Circus

Watch This Column

MORE OF THE "WHITE LIST"

Strong in dramatic and comedy situations, full of what the theatre knows as "big moments," and scenically magnificent, the plays in the "White List" are occupying much of the attention of theatre managers all over the country.

These plays can be seen by every member of the family. They are clean and fine in all respects. If you will look over the stars, the casts and the directors chosen to produce them, you will be on the watch for them in your neighborhood.

LAURA LA PLANTE and EUGENE O'BRIEN in ***"Dangerous Innocence,"*** a play based on the novel, "Ann's an Idiot," by Pamela Wynne. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Martha Mattox and William Humphrey. Director, Wm. Seiter.

JACK HOXIE in ***"Ridin' Thunder,"*** with Katharine Grant and Francis Ford. Directed by Clifford Smith.

HERBERT RAWLINSON and MADGE BELLAMY in ***"The Man in Blue,"*** from the Red Book Magazine story, "The Flower of Napoli," by Gerald Beaumont. In the cast are Cesare Gravina, Martha Mattox, Dorothy Brock, Jackie Morgan, Harry Mann and Nick de Ruiz. Directed by Edward Laemmle.

The "White List" is the result largely of helpful suggestions from you, and it's a real pleasure to receive your ideas. Write as often as you wish.

Look for HOUSE PETERS in ***"The Tornado."*** It has been highly praised by the critics. And don't forget to see ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** with LON CHANEY, who will achieve another triumph in ***"The Phantom of the Opera."***

Many have written that they have enjoyed reading Universal's booklet. Have you sent for *your* copy? It's gratis.

Carl Laemmle

President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

But it didn't work. First Old Mom, then Freida, then Alice, then Major and Pete and Mary, all lady and gentleman elephants, pulled up their stakes and went over to the horse tents also. Which paraphrase of the mountain and Mohammed was not particularly pleasing to the circus folks, inasmuch as the elephants insisted on staying there. So they moved Mother Goose over to the picket line, and there she has been ever since, sharing the elephantine hay.

But for that matter, the circus seems to be naturally a place of strange animal friendships. In winter quarters, when money is steadily going out and as steadily refusing to come in, many of the shows adopt the custom of feeding what they term Navajos, or condemned horses, to the cat animals. The horse, in the person of the zebra, is the natural meat of the lion, and the other cats seem to relish it equally. Navajos, which, if they are not killed for lion meat, will be killed for glue anyway, are far cheaper than sides of beef -the cat food of the summer—with the result that the winter quarters of many shows have their Navajo pen of worn-out beasts waiting for a merciful death that will relieve them of the agony of labor and the whip. Owners of poor, bony, worn-out horses seem to have a particular flair for dodging humane officers.

And it happened that in the winter quarters of one of the big shows an animal trainer decided to put on as a feature for the next season a horse-riding tiger. He went to the humane officer of the city and told him his plans. Then he selected the most movable creature out of the Navajo pen, padded him well on the neck and haunches and began his training.

The tiger, a dependable leaper out of an established act, was brought into the ring and sent upward to a pedestal above the horse's back. The Navajo was moved beneath it and the tiger sent downward to the platform on the ancient bony animal's back. There it obeyed instinct and struck with the kill stroke at the base of the spine, only to find that thick padding broke the force of the blow and foiled the penetration of the fangs. As for the Navajo, the fact that something was trying to kill him didn't seem to make much difference. He was too far gone anyway to notice a little thing like that. The training went on.

A Reprieve for His Glueship

A week passed and the animal man cocked his head. The old Navajo was seeming to take a bit more of interest in life. Another noticeable thing was that his ribs and hips were less protuberant than they had been. Another week went by and His Glueship took on more of flesh and energy than ever; while the tiger seemed to have gained the knowledge that this wasn't a feast especially designed for his benefit, and began to desist from his attempts at murder. Finally the blinders were taken off the horse, then the padding was thrown away. It wasn't needed. And the order for a horse to take the Navajo's place was countermanded. He had fattened and grown sleek. He was fairly swift of movement; rest and good food had restored what the grueling labor, the deep-biting whip and the cruelty of a rag picker's wagon had taken away from him.

They didn't kill the Navajo for lion food. He's still in the arena, with a tiger riding on his back during performance hours; and the trainer doesn't appear to worry when they're turned in with each other. They've become friends through the simple fact that performance means exercise to that tiger—a thing for which all caged animals are grateful—and feeding time immediately afterward for the Navajo, and one could ask no more.

But to return to the life of the ring horse, once he has passed inspection. His is a life of routine from that moment on. The first thing that he must learn is to perfect the pace which has qualified him in the beginning. Bareback, with only a halter, he is affixed to a lunge line leading to the hand of the trainer in the middle of the ring. Then an hour or so at a time, day after day, he is put through that pace; there must be never a faltering, never a break. And the trainer's voice never rises above a monotone.

Weeks, perhaps, with nothing but this schooling. After all, the pace is the thing; gauged at a tempo that never varies, a gallop that isn't a gallop, a canter that falls short of the name, a gradual progression which gives the appearance of speed, yet which is not fast by any means, with the hoofs barely high enough to clear obstructions, and with the hips never varying in their rise and fall.

Merely Atmosphere

After that the music, built to the cadence of the horse rather than leading it, and the equine knowledge that when the band stops he also must halt. At the same time the ring whip, cracking lustily, fiercely in fact, combined with the education of the horse that this is a part of the act, not a thing of punishment. Watch closely the next time you see an equestrian act. You'll notice that if the whip ever touches that horse at all, it is a long-drawn motion that would hardly sting the hand of a baby. The fierce crackings are merely atmosphere and signals.

Not until all this is accomplished does the rider even touch the back of the horse. Then for days he merely rides astride, shifting his position from the neck to the saddle, then to the hips and back again. That horse must become accustomed to weight on any part of his back, and not until this is fully accomplished does the equestrian rise to his feet. Weeks follow. Gradually the positions are changed, from straight standing to foot and knee, to slight jumps, then bigger ones and finally—day of all days—to the somersault.

This, combined with other training which goes on simultaneously—the banners, held designedly low so that the horse may run into them time after time until he learns that they are things not to be noticed at all. The gradual forcing of concentration on the part of the animal until his brain becomes a single-track thing, holding but one thought—to hold a certain pace as long as the music continues and then stop. It all may consume only the interim in the winter quarters between one season and the next. Then again it may take two years of constant work. A ring horse is perfected animal machinery and time is no object.

For that matter, the same holds true of every circus horse that exhibits under the big top. Sugar and cajolery and a small bit of education at a time—such is the history of the statue animal, the *haut ménage*, even the bucking horse in the Wild West exhibit, for he is a trained beast too. For each one there is the matter of individuality to be considered, each to his particular tricks.

"It is like the schoolroom," said Herr Christianssen, one of the greatest horse trainers. "Some pupils are good pupils and some are not so good. You teach first the horse his A B C's, to step and go, go and step. You treat him nice and tell him he is a fine horse. It makes no difference whether you are training one or twenty-four like I have in my act. He must have his A B C's. After that you teach him the whole alphabet, like you would teach a child in school—just a little more, always just a little more, and you can count on it that he will not forget.

"Because horses," he said, "outside of their stubbornness and willfulness, are routine animals. When one of them doesn't do his tricks it is not because he has forgotten, but because he takes the notion that this is the one time when he does not want to do anything for anybody." Whereupon Herr Christianssen lifted an upper lip and showed the missing space once occupied by two teeth. "My nicest horse," he said, "he did that. Then he went through his whole act without even a word from me. Good reason! My face it was so swollen I could not talk, and the horse, he knew!"

"Derned right, he knew," echoed a clown close by. "They all know. Didn't my mule throw me three times today and act for half an hour like he didn't know what it was all about? Tryin' to bull me that he'd forgotten his act! Huh! What he'd forgot was that I took him out of pasture last spring, after I'd been away from the show five years, and inside o' an hour had him doin' every trick that he'd ever done. And this without anybody hardly saying two words to him since I'd been away! They're just like humans, these nags. They may need a little brushing up after they've been away from the racket for a while; but it's all there just the same."

Which, however, was hardly the case with one show that decided to offer something a bit different in the way of horseflesh. The United States Government had tried the experiment of crossbreeding a Rocky Mountain burro with a Grévy's zebra from Africa. It was a wonderful experiment. If ever there was a sport-model jackass, this was it. There were the stripes of the zebra and the long ears of the burro; there was the excitability of the wild animal and the stubbornness that can be found only in a Rocky Mountain canary when it doesn't want to do something. There was the fierceness of the veldt and the placidity of a velvet night in the pine lands. After the United States Government had given them up as a bad job, they gravitated to the circus.

Very Special

I believe I know their record there. I happened to be press agent for that show and wrote its programs. After the third unsuccessful season of attempting to get something out of the Five United States Government hinnies, as they were called, we finally merely put the following into the program and let it go at that:

"SPECIAL—SPECIAL—SPECIAL.

"The Five United States hinnies, produced by the Department of Agriculture by a combination of the Grévy's zebra from far-off Africa and the famous long-eared burro of the Rocky Mountains, under the special training and direction of Captain Sharp, will now enter the center ring and PROCEED TO DO AS THEY PLEASE!"

Sometimes these hinnies stayed in the center ring. More often they distributed themselves from the menagerie connection to the back door, while at night they often didn't appear at all, owing to the simple fact that they had all decided to run away and investigate what was being offered at that particular time in the town's backyard gardens. For years the trainers worked in vain. Then one day Prince and Sultan, two energetic lions, broke out of their cages, taking each unto himself a hinny. Following which the hinnies kicked

(Continued on Page 68)

A Circus "Six" in Parade

GRAINGER PLAYS "WEDDING DAY AT TROLDHAUGEN"

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

From that long roll of great pianists who have chosen the Steinway for use and ownership, there comes year after year a flood of admiration for its astonishing durability. Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Grainger, Levitzki—these and other pianists insist that, next to its miraculous singing tone, the durability of the Steinway is its most impressive characteristic. And it is this durability, built into every Steinway during the five years and eleven months required for preparation and construction, that transforms its purchase into the soundest of investments.

The Steinway is made in numerous styles and sizes to fit *your* home. It is sold at the lowest possible price as a matter of principle, and will fit *your* income. And it pays dividends on your investment year after year, decade after decade—in increased appreciation of the great music that finds new life and new meaning through the matchless Steinway tone, and in its definite gift of permanence. For the Steinway will be an everlasting joy, not only to you, but to your children and your children's children. You need never buy another piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. • Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up*

Plus transportation

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

THE
Hanover
Shoe
FIVE DOLLARS

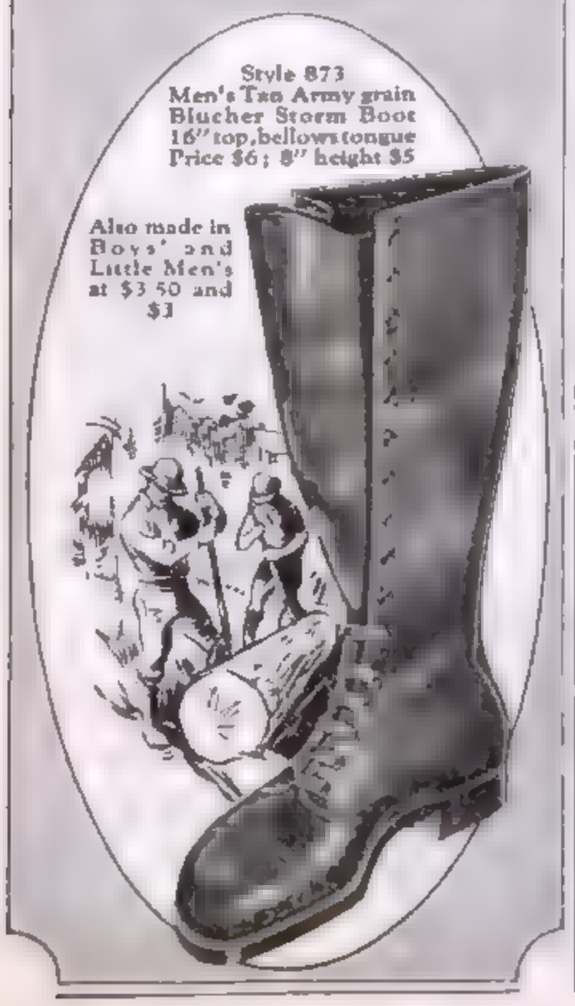
Because they're made right, styled right, priced right and intelligently fitted by experts in our own stores, discriminating men, for nearly a quarter century, have preferred Hanover Shoes. Next time you buy shoes look up the nearest Hanover Store, or write for our new catalog.

The Hanover Shoe
Hanover, Pa.

Style W 287D
Tan Thistle Beaver
Oxford with
Storm welt—$5

Style 40D
Black Kidskin
Lace Shoe—$5

Hanover Shoes are made in our own factories and sold only through our own stores



Style 873
Men's Tan Army grain
Blucher Storm Boot
16" top, bellows tongue
Price $6; 8" height $5

Also made in
Boys' and
Little Men's
at $3.50 and
$3

(Continued from Page 66)

the everlasting daylights out of the lions, hee-hawed their victory and then went out to look the town over. About that time the baggage department wanted a four-horse team for the monkey wagon. It got what it wanted—in the Five United States Government hinnies. Two weeks later they were transferred to a vehicle the weight of which was more in keeping with their energy. They only had run away with the monkey wagon six times!

Which goes to show that a circus can find use for almost anything, once it is in the outfit, even to the extent of creating that use. To wit, Glass-Eyes. He was a four-year-old when he came on the show, a calico, glass-eyed, or white-eyed, man-eating, horse-killing, cow-hand-murdering fiend. They thought he'd make a great bucking horse. He did. He knocked every cow hand in the Wild West department goggle-eyed and then added to the daily attraction by attempting to chew or stamp him to death. It wasn't long until the Wild West buckin'-hoss contest became a ropin' contest, to see who could be the first to hog-tie Glass-Eyes and drag him off some unlucky cow-punch before they called the ambulance. In the horse tents, he kicked and bit and cavorted until it was necessary to give him the space usually occupied by four horses. Down at the cars it was deemed advisable to build him a special box stall so that he couldn't murder his companions. About the time that he kicked the side out of this the circus decided to cure him by means of an operation.

There was only one trouble. It was too successful. When Glass-Eyes came out of it he was a changed horse. The world sailed by without ever a blink from him; the man-eater had become a saint. No longer did he bite and kick and chew. He was what is known in the circus as a dead-up, too lazy and indifferent even to obey the command of the bridle; so unconcerned in fact that the circus owner stopped before him one day, rubbed his chin and turned to the boss hostler.

The Only Living Balloon Horse

"What're we going to do with this hay-burner?" he asked. "He ain't any good, don't take any interest in anything."

"Interest?" The boss hostler grinned. "Say, you could send that baby up in a balloon an' he wouldn't know what was goin' on!"

Whereupon the circus owner went away and did some thinking. When the next season came the billboards bore the announcement of the "Only Living, Breathing Balloon Horse in Captivity." It was Glass-Eyes. Twice daily, rain or shine, the unconcerned animal was led to a platform above which rode a gas bag built on the blimp order. The usual beautiful lady vaulted into the saddle. Then a windlass creaked and the balloon was raised to the top of the tent, carrying its horse and rider, while red fire glared and rockets and pin wheels popped and sizzled at the edges of the platform.

Did Glass-Eyes budge? Not a budge! He'd found his place at last; and if any show of emotion was possible with that placid beast, it was when he displayed eagerness to get into the ring for his act. There was something in the sensation of being lifted to the top of the tent which seemed to please him, and the world in general could drift whither it pleased.

For that matter, the life of the circus horse in general is a fairly soft existence. Of course when work does come it comes in plenty—a muddy lot, with ten-ton wagons sunk to their beds, is no sweet existence. But it doesn't rain every day. And the strange part of it is that the usual circus horse in the baggage department doesn't seem to care how hard he works at his task, just so there isn't more of the task than usual

Their stint, as a rule, is two trips to the train and two back again. If the lot is wet, well and good; those heavy horses will strain and pull and tug with every atom of energy that is in them—as long as it's a matter of two trips. After that comes a typical home strike; they've completed their task, and enough's enough! But while they're at it there is no animal, man or beast, in the circus more faithful. It is by the horse that the main tent rises in time for performance; for it is the big-top team, literally pushing its way under every inch of the main-tent canvas, its sight shrouded, its course over ground that it never has seen before and its eyes almost constantly covered by the heavy weight of the great mushroom, which raises the quarter poles and sets them in place, lifting all that part of the tent not attached to the bale rings, and doing the work of thirty men. Down at the trains it is the pull-up team which brings the wagons from flat car to flat car by means of pulleys, and finally to the runs, lowering them to the street, where the eight and ten horse teams can pick them up and take them to the lot. And when a small show begins to go on the rocks it is the horses which often enable them to take one more chance, in the hope of returning business. Years ago, when the Norris and Rome Circus, a California institution, failed, it scattered horses for a hundred miles, selling a few today and a few tomorrow that the money might pay for the railroad moves. But a thing like that is the last grasping at the proverbial straw, for it is not until the drowning process has reached its third trip downward that a circus man even thinks of parting with the one thing that in the final analysis is the life of his show. And because it is his life, the circus man treats his horses with perhaps as much care as the finest aristocrat of the racing track.

It seems strange, but the horses appear to know that they're with a circus. Lot locations may change day after day. Horse tents may be pitched at different angles. But they'll find their places. A word from the driver and they step to their positions in the harness, almost the moment they make their slow way down the runs from the stock cars. And as long as their union hours are not infringed upon they're willing to give everything they possess. As at Roseburg, Oregon, one terrible rainy night when the call went forth for the horse gun. The big team had mired belly-deep in the gumbo. In straining to free itself, one of the sorrels had twisted off a hoof.

They took him to one side, out of harness, petting him, grieving with him—a circus man will not take the agony of shooting a horse if he can possibly get the police to accept the job. But the police had refused, so now they stood about the injured animal, trying to interest him—anything to free him from his agony and themselves from the knowledge that they must kill a friend. A new horse had been put in his place and the long string of animals swung to firmer ground. A command had echoed from the hoarse throat of a grieving driver, his head turned that he might not see, in the glaring arc lights, the suffering of the "best horse that ever strained leather," for every horse in a driver's eight or ten is his best one. The great team, with its reënforcement, lunged forward. The wagon lurched, settled, sprung a bit, creaked, then came out of its mud hole—and with that, a thing on three legs, screaming with pain, broke from its attendants. And they shot him there, hobbling along beside the horse which had taken his place.

Such is their faith; it goes on interminably. There are those which are left behind owing to injuries which prevent them from being carried farther. There is always a last visit in those cases, from drivers, even performers. For the odds are three to one that the horse will be dead when the circus comes again—from heartbreak, so the showmen say. Nor is that faith much stronger than the faith of those men who drive them, and who remain awake for thirty-six to forty-eight hours when illness comes to one of "those best horses that ever strained leather."

A Sure-Fire Insult

Incidentally, if you should ever happen to desire to insult one of those six-foot, broad-shouldered, heavily muscled persons who handle the destinies of an eight or ten horse team attached to a circus wagon, call him a skinner. About that time he will crawl down from his seat and convince you that he is a driver and that a driver amounts to something in the circus business.

The name "skinner" originated around grading camps, and it meant exactly what it said—a mule skinner who, by an extremely muscular turn of the wrist, could throw his line in such a fashion that it would either cut a piece out of the tough hide of the animal, raise an ugly welt, or at least make the hair fly. A real skinner cannot get a job on a first-class circus; its horses are too valuable for them to be marred by hide cuts. The fine for striking a horse runs from a five-dollar deduction in the pay envelope to dismissal. Besides, a circus driver is a sort of graduate from the ordinary rank, a horse engineer in a way, and he's above that sort of thing.

The circus driver is a personage, if you would know, to be designated by particular nicknames, such as Green Whitey, Big Whitey, Short Whitey, and a half dozen other Whiteys—Whitey seems to be a favorite sobriquet—Red Dan, Illinois Woody, Big Rhino, Arkansas Slim, Gramma and other names which cause him to stand forth from the common herd. And his lordship, the driver, although his hours are such that sleeping is done during matinée time and the hardest work of his day during the dark hours in which the night show blares on through its program, is as much a part of the circus as the performance itself. For he is the liaison officer between the horse and his task, the general who can tell soft ground or hard ground almost at a glance; who, mired in impossible wallows, can somehow find a way out without killing his faithful assistants; the interpreter upon whom the circus depends to tell its mainstays what is wanted.

A circus driver doesn't merely sit on a wagon and drive two lead horses, while six or eight others follow, simply for effect. He drives every horse in his string, handling him by the bit, and each horse must do his work. In that is a nicety of perfection that can come only to the long-experienced.

Eighty Pounds of Reins

The hands of a circus driver are large, abnormally so; strong also; so strong that the strength of one finger is equal to that of the ordinary man's hand. He drives with those fingers, the lines, which must be equal in width and thickness to the smallest fraction of an inch, and even in weight to the ounce, passing through them, beginning with the aperture between the forefinger and middle finger, then passing up between the thumb and forefinger, and dropping down, at least on the left hand. On the right hand, the lines pass in the same way through the fingers, but drop down through the palm of the hand, so that when the driver is culling, or taking up slack, his thumb and forefinger are free. Those fingers work! The pressure of each, one against the other, must be sufficient to guide the bits of nearly two tons of horseflesh! Nor is a ten or even a twelve horse team the limit of what a man can actually drive, with every horse on the bit. Back in circus history is the case of Jim Thomas, on the old Barnum and Bailey Circus before it was amalgamated with Ringling Brothers, who broke to the bit and drove forty horses, four abreast and ten long, with twenty lines that weighed more than eighty pounds, which necessitated a helper behind Thomas whose sole job was to hold up the weight of surplus leather!

It is such things as this that make a circus driver a personage a bit different from the ordinary man who handles a team. There's pride in the work that goes with the pride of a ship captain or the engineer of a passenger train. He knows who puts the show on the lot in the morning and takes it off at night, in fair weather and foul, in beating sunshine or screeching norther. And more than the pride in his work is the pride in his faithfulness. For he is the man who won't quit. I've seen him with his clothing frozen to his body, and his only concern was for his horses; with the yellow green of the tornado sweeping to the circus lot, and him sitting unconcernedly waiting for the signal for the next one out.

Such a man, for instance, as Gramma, who drove the best horses that ever strained leather away back there in the 70's and 80's, who awoke one horrible night at Gary, Indiana, in a hospital, to learn that the circus train—his circus train—had been wrecked, that out of the forty-seven teamsters in his car, forty-two were dead and he and the other survivors all but condemned to death; who lingered month after month between hope and failure, who alone of the five survivors fought his way back to health in spite of broken bones, internal injuries and muscle lacerations that would make him forever a cripple, and who now, old and bent and injured, sits each night on the broad back of one of his horses, watching the shadowy forms within the side-wall-less menagerie top, waitin' for the next one out!

The fact that forty-five men died practically by his side wasn't nothin' to old Gramma. He's a circus driver!

Doubly Good

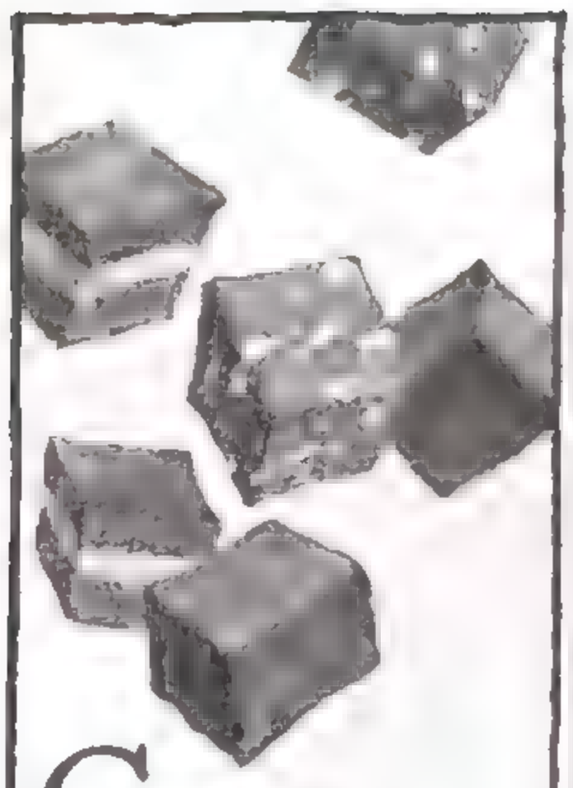
Good Cheese is given a prominent place in every well balanced diet; food authorities urge its frequent use. Kraft Cheese is both good and "good for you"; it is everything that good cheese should be; you can eat it to promote health or purely to enjoy the deliciousness of its exquisite flavor. Genuine Kraft Cheese has the Kraft name on it.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO—POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA
Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

Send for FREE Recipe Book S1

KRAFT CHEESE

DECIDEDLY BETTER



Creole caramels!

MAKE them yourself with this recipe—and a can of the molasses that has the real, old-time sugar cane flavor.

Boil 1 cup of Gold Label Brer Rabbit Molasses with ½ cup milk, ½ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons butter until, when tested in cold water, it forms a hard ball. Add a few drops of vanilla, pour into buttered plate. When it has cooled a little, mark it off into squares, cutting when entirely cold. Adding nut meats or marshmallow filling will make these caramels still more interesting

Pure molasses is rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need. Like milk it is rich in calcium and like spinach it is rich in iron.

FREE RECIPE BOOK: Write to Dept. P-7, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., for the Brer Rabbit book of delicious molasses recipes.

Two grades—
Gold Label and
Green Label

Brer Rabbit Molasses

BARTER

(Continued from Page 36)

"And this-soon-to-be-stricken country's treasure?" I demanded.

"No, their own, Pom. They are friends and former associates of Papa Gomez, rich bankers and merchants. They got foolishly mixed up in politics; and when they saw that they were sure to get caught on the wrong side of this present governmental issue, they quietly liquidated their property and have been watching for a chance to get clean away."

"So that's it. Clean away with what is no doubt their unclean graft money. Did Davide know about this?"

"Yes; when I agreed to land them on the end of Cuba he got word to them and slipped them aboard. He got half. We're to get ours as soon as they leave the ship. Five thousand, Pom."

I leaned back against the ladder and stared at her. So here was Allaire hard at her old game of intrigue again. Tricky, unfair to us others, and yet when all was said and done a deal that seemed to promise safe and easy money. Davide was actually the one who had taken the risk, as Allaire now pointed out.

"You see, Pom, I couldn't see where we stood to lose anything. On the other hand, if Davide had been caught at it he would have lost his schooner. They'd have confiscated her. He sent them word and at dark they got a native to paddle them offshore and he picked them up on his way out."

"It wasn't yet dark," I said. "When you pull this sort of thing, Allaire, why can't you put us wise? Why do you want to be so sneaky about it?"

"Well, you've got such fussy scruples, Pom. I was afraid you'd say what you said just now, that they were thieving politicians that had got at the state funds and were making off with them and that you wouldn't have anything to do with it. But they really are not."

"How do you know?"

"I—I was shown. More than that, Gomez told me that unless they managed to get away they would have to start something in the forlorn hope of saving their skins, and he wanted to avoid bloodshed and shooting up the place and the killing of a lot of innocent, helpless people—women and children."

"All the same, it was your plain duty to tell the rest of us, Allaire."

"I would have told you, if I'd thought for a second that we were in any danger, or that there was any chance of your going back. When we agreed on Haiti, I decided to tell you tomorrow morning. Why didn't you tell me when I was up on deck that you had turned back?"

"For one thing, we were discussing more absorbing matters," I answered grimly; "and for another, since you would have your little joke on me, I thought I'd surprise you for a change; let you wake up in the morning and see the high peaks of the Cordilleras. Do you know where we are now?"

"No; where?"

"We are almost where Col. W. McK. Gomez held us up last night. And if that gentleman or any of his crowd has happened to hear from any of these fishing boats that we were passing the time of day with Davide out here, they might take it into their heads to put off and see if we are still loitering about to land your precious arms."

"Oh, lordy, Pom, but we must be outside the three-mile limit!"

"Not so far but what they'd stretch the tape a little on us. Here we sit in a flat calm with an engine that's doped and a couple of absconding bandits that you've seen fit to tuck away in the extra sails. For all we know, their absence may have been discovered too. If we were to get collared now, then, thanks to your cunning little way of making dubs of us, we stand to lose the ship and everything aboard her. The chances are these birds have managed to loot somebody's till before doing their burn."

Allaire looked very wan.

"Then for heaven's sake, don't let's waste any more time talking! There must be some air stirring."

I stuck my head up through the hatch.

"Not a baby's breath. The best we can do is to keep on tinkering with this infernal engine. I've got a hunch that the trouble's with the fuel; dirt or water or sticky valves or something. You two women go back to bed, and let those two poor devils out of there. Give 'em a drink and a cigar. They'll be smoking in there first we know and set the bally ship afire, or burn holes in the sails."

"Well, I'm sorry, Pom."

"I beg to withdraw my overpositive remarks," I said. "They came welling up from a full heart, under pressure of quite a collection of emotions. So we had better consider the incident as closed, just as when we get safely out of this we may consider our business partnership as closed."

And at that moment we heard a hurrying footfall overhead. Then McIntosh stuck his cannon-ball toppiece over the hatch and called down softly, "Big boat pullin' up dead ahead, sar. Look lak a ship-loadin' lighter full o' sogers, sar."

XXXII

I LEANED back with a despairing groan. The same tub that had laid us alongside the night before, no doubt. So here at last our intriguing Allaire had overstepped herself.

As I crawled up the ladder my legs seemed scarcely able to lift the weight of my leaden heart. Here promised to be a proud finish for a trading venture that, starting with next to nothing, had forged ahead in a series of leaps and bounds that had already enriched us to a degree that seemed positively absurd. And now, just as we had entered into possession of precisely such a vessel as I had set my heart on one day having, enter the raiders.

The situation was obvious enough. We had been reported lying alongside Davide's schooner at sunset. Some fishing boat had carried in the news. The inference would be evident to our friend the colonel. He must believe that we had traded off the munitions for Davide's cargo, when Davide, instead of jogging on home, had decided to take a chance for bigger money and deliver his contraband to some party or parties with whom he had struck a bargain. Clumsy work enough, considering how it looked to have been done; but the sort of folly one might expect of a gay, inconsequential painter of marines and pampered only son like Davide Arias.

There seemed also rather more than a chance that the flight of the two suspects had been discovered and their means toward its accomplishment guessed at or even known. They would have been closely watched, offered the opportunity of giving cause for their apprehension and seizure of their funds.

The big boat was dead ahead, about a cable's length away, and coming up slowly under power of a heavily panting engine, gas or oil.

And then, at this harrowing moment, our engine began suddenly to cough and sputter. As it started my heart stopped. I grabbed for the wheel and shoved it over. The schooner started slowly to swing, moving gently ahead. A clamor of shouts rose from the big lighter ahead. The tenor of them was unanimous—a command to stop.

"Duck!" I called to McIntosh. "Drop down the hatch!"

At the same instant I acted on this advice myself. With the helm well over, the schooner would sheer enough to clear the barge. No prairie dog ever hunted its burrow quicker than I did that engine-room hatch, except that I went down feet first, landing more or less on Allaire, who had started up. As we floundered there entangled at the foot of the ladder, there came, just as I had expected, a salvo of rifle firing from the lighter, or fish boat, or whatever she was considered. And before the scattering shots were discontinued that soulless brute of an engine stopped again.

"Keep her going!" I yelled at Cyril, under the impression that he had been so rattled by the firing as to stop it.

"No good, sir," he answered, calmly enough. "That was just a priming of gas and oil she fired on."

There came then a bump, not heavy, but none the less sickening. Followed the rush of many feet along the deck. In the confusion of this boarding onslaught by a mob of wildly excited Central Americans, there would be every splendid chance of getting a bullet or slash from a machete or sword bayonet by any of us to poke up our heads, so I counseled remaining where we were until the first enthusiasm subsided.

This happened immediately it was discovered that not only was there no resistance—McIntosh having prudently dived down the companion—but nobody in evidence at all. Then a sharp voice called out in Spanish, and with a puzzled tone, "*Caramba!* Where the devil is everybody? Where is Señor Arias?"

Allaire gave a stifled, nervous giggle.

"It's all up, Pom. Better go do the honors."

I acted on this urge. Crawling up through the hatch with the full dignity of a woodchuck smoked out of his hole—this literal, as the place was full of stifling fumes—I discovered a young man in white standing by the wheel. He stepped back and surveyed me in some astonishment. A mob of men, probably the same as the night before, I thought, were clustered round the deck and at the head of the companionway as if waiting orders to search the ship.

"What the devil does this mean?" I demanded savagely, in English. "Firing on an American vessel!"

He stared at me in stupefaction, less for my words, which he did not entirely understand, than at my own unexpected personality. Then, as out of this same dark and fuming aperture that had given me exit there came first Allaire, in silk pajamas and bungalow apron, followed by Mrs Fairchild in a similar overgarment, he looked as if desiring to cross himself. Here, evidently, was not at all the crowd he had been led to expect.

"Do you understand English?" I asked in the same harsh voice.

"A leetle, señor. Not very gude."

"*Vous parlez français, peut-être?*" I tried.

He did, fluently, so I repeated my first question in that tongue. Allaire spoke perfectly good French, as also did Cyril, who now appeared, which put us all on a basis of comprehension. The curious conversation continued in that international tongue.

"But I do not understand," he protested. "This vessel is the Evangeline, belonging to Mr. Arias. Where is Mr. Arias—and his captain and crew?"

I managed to get it through his head that we had traded ships, then suggested that we go below, where he could examine the documentary evidence of the transaction. We trooped down into the cabin. This young lieutenant, or whatever he might be, did not impress me favorably as seen in the glow of the standing lights. He was a thick-set fellow with a sullen, stupid face, and his white quasi-uniform very far from clean. I noticed also that it bore no insignia of rank. He looked in fact more like a bandit than an officer.

"For whom are you acting," I asked, "and by what right do you first fire on us, then board us with these brigands of yours?"

It was not a very diplomatic procedure on my part. But for one thing, I was not feeling diplomatic at that moment; and for another, there are times when it is better to take the offensive. He did not immediately answer, evidently trying to decide on what course of action to pursue. I decided to follow up my hand with more recriminations.

"You will be called upon to explain this attack," I said. "Fortunately, we were all below trying to start this accursed engine, with which we have not had time to become familiar. Then, after hours of effort, no sooner do we get it going than you paddle up and fire on us. Are you soldiers, or are you pirates? It is necessary to know, in order that we may have an idea of our position."

Then came the knock-out. He stared at me for a moment with a sort of sullen defiance and answered coolly enough:

"Since you insist upon knowing, monsieur, we are neither. We are a party of brave men who are not content with the present government and who have allied ourselves to dispute its rights. It is not yet decided which new party we may wish to support. But meanwhile we have got to get ourselves established. We are in need of money and supplies."

I managed to assimilate this tough piece of meat.

"Then so far as regards ourselves," I said, "we are to consider you as pirates?"

He gave an unpleasant smile and his eyes flitted toward Allaire.

"As you wish, monsieur. What difference does it make? Over on the land they

(Continued on Page 72)

When the mail plane lands at night

The world's production of platinum is not enough to supply today the needs of lamp manufacturers. An important task put to the laboratories, and successfully performed, was the development of Dumet wire, the present substitute for platinum for the lead in wires that go through the glass

When the mail plane swoops down from the sky at night, it sails into a flood of light that makes landing as safe as at noon. For the air mail landings, the Laboratories have developed MAZDA lamps of ten thousand watts.

MAZDA SERVICE explores the world for new ideas on incandescent lamps, and ensures the lamp developments that have already brought modern lighting to so high a point of efficiency. The benefits of this research are given to those incandescent lamp manufacturers entitled to use the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. And only the manufacturers so served may use the MAZDA mark.

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

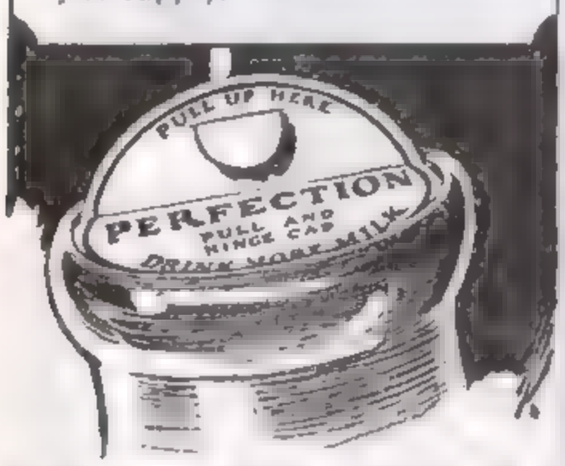
A new kind of milk bottle cap

ONE THAT housewives appreciate—opens by a tab and so does away with forks, or thumbs, or ice-picks.

One that school children like—opens *half way*, on a hinge so that a straw may be used.

Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps keep milk pure. You can pour some from the bottle and close the hinge without ever exposing the milk to contamination. Ask your milkman to furnish them. See that they are used in your favorite restaurant.

To try them for yourself, just mail the coupon for a month's *free* supply.



PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Smith-Lee Co.,
Oneida, N.Y.

Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps.

Name

Address

Canadian inquiries referred to
THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada Limited)
245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

DRINK MORE MILK

(Continued from Page 70

would probably tell you that we were brigands. Whoever does not see fit to obey their stupid laws they call brigands."

Well, here certainly was a nice mess; worse than anything we had anticipated. Fortunately, Mrs. Fairchild knew no French and so was spared for the moment the disagreeable knowledge of just what had happened. But Allaire and Cyril got it just as I did, and I saw the tautening of their expressions.

"In that case," I said, "what are your plans in regard to ourselves?"

He shrugged, glanced round the cabin, then answered coolly enough:

"You seem to be rich people who can afford to voyage comfortably for your amusement. There must be a great many things aboard this boat of which we are in need. We shall therefore take off what we can; then, to avoid attracting attention, we shall have to sink the vessel. As for yourselves, no doubt we may be able to arrange some way by which you may be able to enjoy your liberty again on payment of a certain sum of money. Failing that, it is necessary to reflect; but I am afraid that your situation might be very grave."

"Thank you for your frankness," I said, and looked at Allaire.

"It is better to be frank," said this cheerful brigand. "Do you happen to have a little cognac?" And his shifting eyes went again to the girl whom I had been so berating not many minutes before.

XXXIII

I SAID to Cyril in English, well laced with slang to make it more obscure, "This guy hates himself as a hold-up, I don't think."

Cyril was quick to catch the idea of this masked speech.

"I'll say, sir! That's because he's a four-flusher and this pirate stuff a frame."

The professed sea brigand looked from one to the other of us suspiciously. I had an idea that he understood English perfectly well, but it was plain that he could make nothing at all of American.

He snapped out in French, "What's that you say?"

I rose, stepped to the sideboard and got a decanter of old cognac and a glass which I set in front of our guest, then seated myself opposite him.

"We say that you are a fraud, and that you are not a pirate or a brigand at all."

He looked more startled and angry than would the average honest man at being called a pirate and brigand. This fact confirmed Cyril's statement, the truth of which I had already been led to suspect.

"What do you mean, a fraud?" he demanded. "And if I am not a franc-tireur, what do you think this is—a delegation sent out to welcome you back to our troubled shores?"

"Your very speech betrays you, monsieur," I said. "It is that of a man of education. This *opéra bouffe* of yours is very raw. You should have worn a pirate's big false mustache or sworn some fearful oaths."

He did that last then, quite sincerely.

"What are you trying to say?"

"Merely that your game is very evident to people of intelligence like ourselves. We have all been about a little. This brigand rôle of yours is staged to mask the real motive for your capture of this schooner. You are acting under the orders of another man, and I have a very good idea of who that man is."

"You are crazy," he growled. "It is true that I am not entirely a common fellow, but I have been obliged to turn outlaw from having been discovered as a conspirator against the government. Therefore I am now to all intents and purposes a brigand, as you may very soon discover."

"All that is *blague*," I said. "You are actually a secret-service agent in the pay of the existing government. This pirate farce is to cloak a performance for which your chief does not care to assume the responsibility. You are very much surprised to find us in possession of the vessel instead of Arias; but since that is the case, it seems best to you to go through with it on the same pretensions."

Allaire gave me a burning look. She had not seen through the trick herself, but it was now plain to her, and she showed no relief at the turn of the situation. I really believed that she would have preferred this man to be the pirate he professed himself, as in that case her own skirts would have been clear of blame for what had happened. If by our turning back we had blundered into the clutches of a freebooter, that let her out, and the fault was Cyril's and mine; whereas if, as I now claimed, our captor were a secret governmental agent masquerading as a pirate, then his search of the vessel would disclose her pair of smuggled absconders and all would be lost. In fact, it looked as if all were lost, from any slant on our position.

The young man gulped down his cognac. He looked very much upset. I think it hurt his pride and dignity to be exposed like a schoolboy playing bogy man with a sheet and pillow case.

He shot me a sullen look and asked, "Why did you exchange vessels with Señor Arias?"

"Because we had some goods aboard that it had become impossible for us to dispose of, and he offered a good price for them. He told us also that this schooner had shown a loss ever since he had been running her, and that he was sick of the business and would much prefer a handy little vessel like our own, that was entirely a pleasure yacht. We saw the chance of a good trade, so we acted on it."

The bogus pirate listened to this statement with a gathering frown. Then, as the full gist of it penetrated his none too brilliant mind, he ripped out a real oath and leaned forward on his chair, red and furious.

"*Car*—then you mean to say that the munitions are not aboard? That Arias has sailed off with them?"

"You will please to remember that there are ladies present," I said harshly, for his expletive was not "*caramba*," but a very objectionable word. "Señor Arias not only sailed off with them but by this time has probably landed on these troubled shores of yours."

I injected this untruth partly to protect Arias from a possible report to his destination that his new yacht had something more interesting than works of art aboard, partly on the off chance that this news might get us rid of our pirate, who at this moment really looked the part. He sank back into his chair, glaring at me, then tilted out another dose of cognac.

"I shall search this vessel," he said sullenly.

The time had come to bluff. If the man was what I suspected him of being, an agent of Colonel Gomez, and were now to search us, then Allaire's two paying guests must surely be discovered, in which case it was apt to be all up with us and them. They might be friends and colleagues of Papa Gomez; but I was by this time convinced that this gentleman had told us the truth in stating that he and his son were on different sides of the party fence, which is a dead line down in these chile-con-carne countries. Not only would we find ourselves charged with having rendered aid and comfort and provided the means of escape for two enemies of the state, who might be proved to have got away with state funds, but this unfortunate couple stood every chance of being shot.

"Very well," I said quietly. "Then you may search her in your own home port, for which we were bound when our engine went back on us."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he blustered. "I shall search her here and now."

I leaned forward and shook my finger under his nose.

"Listen to me, young man! You have already done enough to get yourself tried and convicted of piracy on the high seas. Our last sounding showed us to be at least ten miles offshore. You come upon a peaceable vessel, put this day under the American flag in the office of our American consul in Trujillo. Our papers are all in order. You yourself have seen them. You fire on our ship, then board her. Then, after being shown our papers, you now insist on searching us. If you do that, you will be committing still another very serious breach of international law, for which you will pay the penalty. There is an American cruiser at Bluefields, and she will be here within thirty-six hours of the time I get to the cable office, when you will find yourself a fender ground between the government of Honduras and ours at Washington. Your chief will disclaim all responsibility for your act. So if you think it is going to be worth your while, then go ahead and search us—and see what you get."

He leaned back in his chair, goggling at me with his slightly bulging eyes. Seeing that I had him on the go, I followed up the attack.

"We gave your chief our *parole d'honneur* not to land or try to land any contraband in your country," I said, "and we have kept our word. In order that he may be assured of this, I am willing to stretch a point and let you look into our hold. There is a little cargo of clothing that Señor Arias found he could not dispose of at a profit and therefore sold to us at cost. You may open a case or two at random if you like. But I shall not permit any general rummaging of this vessel by those bandits of yours. If you insist on that, then I warn you that the consequences for you at least will be very grave."

He appeared to ponder sullenly on this, then asked, "Do you know where Señor Arias intended to land the munitions?"

"Yes," I said; "but I do not feel under any obligation to tell you that. Besides, it would not do you any good. He must have managed it by now, and be on his way again."

This seemed to discourage him. He shrugged, then helped himself to another cognac. The situation was evidently beyond the range of such authority as he might have been given, and even farther outside the scope of his intelligence. Then abruptly he rose.

"You say you cannot make your engine run, monsieur?"

"We managed to start it just as you came up," I said, "but it immediately stopped again."

"I have a good machinist in this band of mine," he said. "No doubt he may be able to discover what is at fault. Then, since you are going back to the port, I shall go with you. There is a good deal about this affair that I do not understand."

Allaire shot me another of her baleful yellow gleams. I got the full register of its import. In fact I had that already. It looked now as if I might have bluffed us out of one mess only to blunder into a worse. The fatal error had been in stating that we were bound back for Trujillo. But it was now too late to remedy that. A change of plan could only rouse suspicion.

The lieutenant, or whatever he might actually be, made for the companionway and went on deck. Cyril, at a nod from me, followed him. Mrs. Fairchild, who had been sitting on a locker unable to follow any of what had been said, looked at me forlornly.

"What's it all about, Mr. Stirling?"

"Well, I seem to have made a mess of it," I answered. "He is going to take us back into port, and there we will be put under guard and searched and these two birds of Allaire's dragged out, when there's no telling what may happen."

"I must say, Pom," said Allaire, "you handled it in true diplomatic style up to a certain point, then went and bungled it."

"Oh, I know. Talked too much, as usual. There was just a moment when I thought I'd got rid of him. Perhaps we can manage it yet."

She shook her head.

"He's the stubborn, stupid sort. The more he drinks the stubborner he'll get. That sort of fool is the hardest of all to deal with."

"Well, anyhow, he doesn't know anything about the get-away of these two nuisances of yours. They must be having a gay time down in that stuffy hole."

"They'll know all about it in Trujillo, though," said Allaire. "Can't you think up something, Pom?"

"It's not so easy. He's got ten or a dozen armed men, and we haven't so much as a pistol. Davide begged so for ours that we let him have them at cost, and a few of his sea studies. Just as well, perhaps. If it wasn't for those two beggars in the lazaret, there's not a thing they could put on us. But that's enough."

"And those poor things are almost certain to be shot," said Allaire. "They cooked up the insurrection that's ahead, then had it financed, when somebody squealed. So they gathered up all the contents of the till and a little for their trouble and got Papa Gomez to persuade Davide to ease them out of the place. And I saw another little turnover for us."

"That's all right," I said; "but where the shoe pinched was in your not coming across with it. The first principle of any partnership is teamwork. There was only one reason for your holding out on me, and that's your horrid vice of wanting to flash a *coup de théâtre*, dazzle the rest of us with your flaming finesse. Well, it's apt to come high this time."

Gloom descended on us then. It was unrelieved even when the engine began to turn over, erratically at first, then with a

(Continued on Page 74)

AS PIONEERS IN THE FIELD OF ORAL HYGIENE, WE BELIEVE THAT THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE ARE LOGICALLY QUALIFIED TO INTRODUCE THIS NEW AND DRASTIC NOTE INTO DENTIFRICE ADVERTISING. AND WE BELIEVE THAT A VERY DEFINITE PUBLIC BENEFIT WILL RESULT FROM THIS ENDEAVOR TO MAKE THE NATION PROPERLY CONSCIOUS OF THE DISEASE DANGERS THAT MAY RESULT FROM TOOTH ABSCESSES.—LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY.

YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO ADD MANY PRECIOUS YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—BETTER SEE HIM!

You wouldn't have believed it of this girl

To all appearances she was the picture of health, yet a dental X-ray revealed hidden tooth abscesses that, neglected, might have cut short her life by many years

DO you, too, perhaps have hidden wells of poison at the base of your teeth, that, unknown to you, may be seeping their deadly bacteria into your system and undermining your health?

Your doctor and dentist will tell you that many dread diseases trace their origin directly to infected teeth. One eminent authority in this field estimates that 78 out of 100 adults today suffer from tooth abscesses.

Diseases so caused

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist and the wonderful modern X-ray can really place you on the safe side.

What dentifrices can do

A good dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Let your dentist add years to your life. He can do it if you'll let him. Do your part, of course, with your tooth brush and with the *right dentifrice*, but don't neglect seeing your dentist.

NOW a really scientific dentifrice

Aware of the important part a dentifrice plays in curbing tooth decay and those more serious and often fatal diseases that follow, the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have created for you a new and really scientific dentifrice.

What Listerine Tooth Paste is

First of all, Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine so popular both with the profession and the public. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy. They discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth. But remember, only Listerine Tooth Paste contains all of these antiseptic ingredients.

Cleans teeth safely and quickly

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

This paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is! Once damaged it can never be replaced and then decay sets in with its dreadful after-effects.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains cream of tartar, a wholesome fruit acid which stimulates healthful saliva flow and assists Nature in her own way of keeping the teeth clean.

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste.

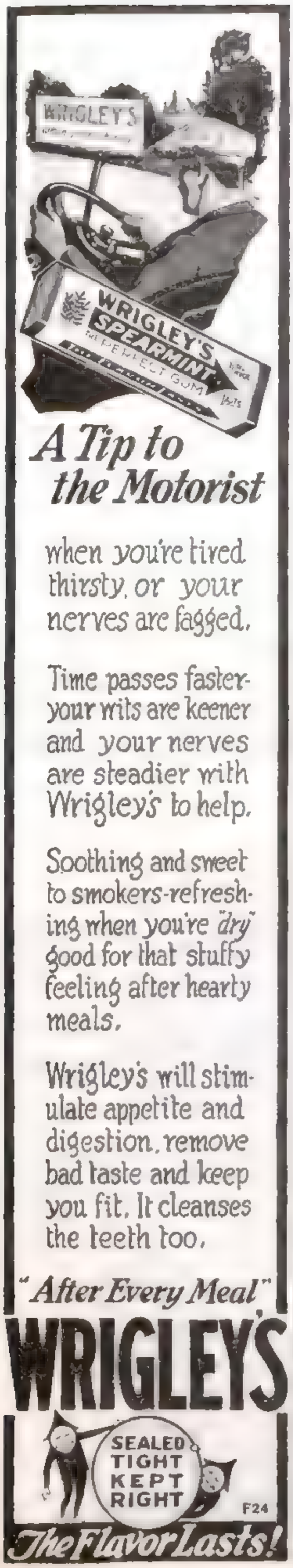
But, see your dentist, too

In short, this dentifrice is recommended as one that will do *everything* for you that a dentifrice *can do*.

Yet we repeat this warning—do not neglect those hidden sources of disease—tooth abscesses. Let Listerine Tooth Paste and faithful brushing do their part. But let your dentist and his X-ray add precious years to your life. He can do it if you will consult him. Heed his advice.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

WILL YOU *BE ALIVE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW!*

© 1924, Lambert Pharmacal Co.


WRIGLEY'S
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
A Tip to the Motorist
when you're tired thirsty, or your nerves are fagged.
Time passes faster-your wits are keener and your nerves are steadier with Wrigley's to help.
Soothing and sweet to smokers-refreshing when you're "dry" good for that stuffy feeling after hearty meals.
Wrigley's will stimulate appetite and digestion, remove bad taste and keep you fit. It cleanses the teeth too.
"After Every Meal"
WRIGLEY'S
SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT
F24
The Flavor Lasts!

(Continued from Page 72)

strong and steady beat. I could not see how that was going to help matters much. Neither did I see how we could hope for any assistance from our own country. The whole rotten business was too involved, too compromising. It might be shown that we had first tried to filibuster, then traded ships and made an effort to sneak two conspirators against a so far stable government out of the country with a large slice of the country's funds.

Cyril came down. He looked worried, but still hopeful.

"That black-and-tan mechanic put his finger on it," he said; "but it's a bit like driving the policeman to the station with you now. We've just got to do something, Mr. Stirling. Couldn't you coax this little bounder into a duel?"

"'Fraid not, Cyril. He is too worried about the upshot of all this. If he knew how he had us, the ship couldn't hold him. How many chocolate soldiers has he got up there?"

"About a dozen, sir. They've roused out Pompey and set him to serving them port and rum; *aguardiente*, so to speak. That tub of theirs can do only about four miles an hour under power alone, the mechanic told me, so they are taking her in tow to let her spin along astern."

"And the gang of them aboard us?"

"Yes, sir. They like it better here. More rum and biscuits. I'm sorry for those passengers of ours in the lazaret. They're getting restless. The machinist heard them when we were starting that old bloky that let us down, but he thought it was some of us."

"Poor things," said Allaire. "It's awful, Pom."

"Well, you would have your joke," I answered bitterly.

So down came gloom again, and with it our captor, after more cognac. No chance of his getting drunk though. Like most of his sort, his drinking technic was that of repeated little sips. His manners had improved however. He was far more respectful, and even tried a little jollity, but met with poor support. But one thing was evident—that he did not for a moment consider the possibility of our becoming recalcitrant. No restraint at all was put upon our movements. We were free to come and go as we saw fit.

Mrs. Fairchild and Allaire, thoroughly exhausted, went to bed. The lieutenant rose and bowed them out of the saloon. Cyril and I then took a drink ourselves and went on deck.

McIntosh was not in evidence. It transpired subsequently that one of the soldiers, a sergeant or corporal or something, had locked him up in the forecastle, merely as a sort of technic.

A man who was probably the pilot of the tub towing astern had the wheel. Looking down into the engine room, I saw the machinist stretched out on the tool locker, lulled to sleep by the rhythm of the engine he had so easily set to work. The other soldiers were grouped variously about, munching biscuits, smoking and occasionally straying to the galley hatch for another drink. It looked to be a happy ship.

Nobody paid any particular attention to Cyril and myself. We stood by the quarter rail talking in low tones about where this affair was apt to land us all. Personally, I could not see much of a way out of it so far as our investment was concerned. We were too deeply mired, or would be when the ship was searched.

Then suddenly Cyril said, apropos of nothing much, "I've got a plan, Mr. Stirling."

"To do what, Cyril?"

"Get rid of this rotten crowd. It may not work, but it seems worth trying."

"What's the makings of it?" I asked.

"Heave the blighters overboard, then cut their tub adrift and clear."

"Too many of them, Cyril," I said, "and all armed more or less. At least they've got their knives, and that blighter swilling cognac has his pistol on the hip."

"All the same, it might be managed, sir. I don't like to see Miss Forsyth let down like this."

"She's not let down. She let us down."

"That's just it, Mr. Stirling," Cyril said earnestly. "Young ladies like Miss Forsyth can stand no end of letting down by other people. But when they know they are to blame it nearly kills them. Breaks their spirit, like proving to somebody that all he believed in most was founded on a fault. That's herself, in Miss Forsyth's case. And we don't want to see her bowled after all the well-earned runs she's made."

"No," I agreed, "and we don't want to see Mrs. Fairchild bowled either, or ourselves, for that matter. I'd be inclined to put either group ahead of the self-sufficient Allaire. What's your plan for this murder?"

"It all depends on these two men Miss Forsyth has stowed away, Mr. Stirling. If they are game and have their wits about them, we might clear the decks of this litter. Provided they are armed, of course, and you can hardly imagine a team getting away with the swag of a country, being unarmed."

"But *we're* not," I said, "and they've got McIntosh cooped up somewhere."

"That doesn't matter, sir," Cyril said. "Better without him, perhaps. This is a white man's job. That blighter at the wheel is watching us, and some of these other swine beginning to take notice. We better not talk any more. If you just watch and listen, sir ——"

"Watch what?" I asked, and was going on to say more when the lieutenant came up through the hatch.

He seemed steady enough, but was evidently getting ugly, for on catching sight of us standing there by the rail he walked over and said truculently, "Tell me, by what right do you come down here and interfere with our affairs, trying to smuggle guns on your yacht?"

"All such questions will be answered when you are called upon to explain this performance," I answered.

"Oh, really? Well, it is plain enough to me. Old Gomez hired you when he was in the United States. He had it all arranged."

"Yes, and he seems to have accomplished it, doesn't he?" I said. "Don't you want to look into the hold?"

"Curse the hold! It's plain enough you tricked us. But you may not get off so freely as you think. You have conspired against the government."

"You may have trouble proving that," I said. "If you had the sense of a louse, you would have guessed what was going on. We are not such fools as to tranship contraband in plain sight of everybody, then turn in for the shore with it. I should say that your mother had dropped you when you were a baby and that you landed on your head."

Cyril jogged my elbow. Perhaps he feared that whatever plan he might have formed was in danger of being nipped in the bud by a fight on the side lines. But there was something about this fellow that put the finishing touches on my temper, which I had been on the point of losing several times that night.

I now set aside this vexation in my surprise at Cyril's next move. For he went to the hatch of the lazaret, uncovered it and slipped down into the place, coming up almost immediately with a coil of light line. Then, seating himself on the hatch cover, he unlaid the end of it and started to put in an eye splice. I stepped over to where he sat, the lieutenant remaining by the rail, in easy earshot.

"What are you up to?" I asked.

"Rigging a lead line, sir. Ours is worn out. It is a pity, sir, to have the command of the ship taken from you by such swine as these. They are apt to run her aground or on a reef."

The lieutenant barked out, "My pilot knows this coast better than you know how to say your prayers, animal."

Cyril glanced round at him.

"So you understand English after all, señor, even though you don't speak it politely. Well, it is lucky for you that our captain is not quarrelsome and that we are neither of us armed. Otherwise you might have to say a few prayers yourself."

"Oh, you think? And what could you hope to do against ten soldiers?"

"So they are soldiers?" Cyril sneered. "They look more like peon cane cutters to me. Two resolute men well armed could march the whole rotten mob of you straight overboard, to be picked up by your boat."

"Be still, you!" The lieutenant moved over toward us. "You talk too much with your mouth."

Cyril rose to his six feet and some odd inches.

"Listen, little man," he said. "I am unarmed, so you have nothing to fear. But if I had but two good men with pistols to back me up, I would very soon clean this ship of all you pack of land crabs. If only I could clap my hands and see two desperate men who knew that it was their only fighting chance of life suddenly appear by my side, I would quickly give you a lesson in politeness. You understand?" He leaned forward and glared at the angry and astonished lieutenant. "If two men such as I describe were suddenly to appear when I clap my hands ——"

And then at last I understood.

XXXIV

BY THIS time the lieutenant's bewilderment at Cyril's curious way of voicing what seemed a vain and foolish boast had given way to rage. Cyril was on the other side of the open hatch of the lazaret, talking directly over it, and with a purpose that now was clear to me. I heard a rustle down below. But the lieutenant required some attention.

"You had better stuff something into the mouth of that Jew mate of yours," he snarled, "or I am apt to let him chew a bullet."

"There is trouble enough ahead for you with the United States," Cyril retorted, "without your asking for more from the colonial government of the British West Indies, where I am a British subject. As for Jews, let me tell you something. There are as many different sorts of Jews as there are different nations, and in some of them the fighting spirit has been crushed by oppression for so many generations that it will need some few more to get it back. But some others of us, whose recent ancestry has been that of free people, have still in our veins the fighting blood of ancient Israel. So if a fight is what you want, there is nothing I should love more than to oblige you."

"You are an ugly, impudent fellow," said the lieutenant. "I had better lock you up."

He half turned to call to his soldiers, but I checked him with a gesture.

"Wait, young man! The least violence you attempt on us will put you entirely in the pirate class; and though you may not know it, the old international laws for the punishment of pirates have never been repealed. The British consul would have you hanged in chains if you were to shoot this young man."

"Yes, idiot," Cyril snarled, "and you would have to shoot me first before any of your mangy soldiers, as you call them, could lay hands on me. All they can shoot is some poor devils who may be stood up to a wall tomorrow for having tried to save their property from the paws of brigands like you. If only there were two like that to back me up at a clap of my hands ——"

The lieutenant interrupted savagely:

"What the devil is this fool raving about? Is he drunk or loco?"

"We learned from Señor Arias that there are two financiers of yours who are to be shot for conspiracy and theft of state funds," I said.

"Yes; Arjolas and Mordecai. They are to be arrested tomorrow, then *buenas noches*. But what has that got to do with this locoed mate? Ah, *por Dios*, I see!" He threw up his hand with a gesture of comprehension. "Mordecai is a Jew! I see! I see!"

And then he saw more than he had counted on. Cyril brought his big calloused palms together with a resounding clap. Scarcely had the smack of it died away when up through the open hatch of that lazaret came the two armed and desperate men that Cyril had been praying for, and to. His long chance had caught on.

What immediately followed was so swift and frenzied as to be difficult to describe in detail. I was, of course, myself entirely prepared, having caught the drift of Cyril's method that must have sounded like madness to the puzzled lieutenant. I understood that he had been explaining our situation and theirs to the fugitives in the lazaret as precisely as though directly addressing them. He had made clear to them the desperate nature of their position and our readiness to launch a surprise attack if supported by them and their weapons, and he had several times intimated the signal for his sudden offensive, the clapping of his hands. But perhaps his greatest artistry was in his claim for the valor of the Jew militant, of which he was himself so stalwart an example.

In all justice to the pair, I do not think they needed any great amount of heartening. They came up through that square black hole like two panthers making a ferocious sortie from their lair. And the way was already cleared for them.

Cyril, discovering them to be mobilized, leaped across the hatch and smashed his big fist into the lieutenant's face before that

(Continued on Page 76)

Burroughs — the mark of a quality product — Burroughs

Continuous, Profitable Use— The Ideal of Burroughs Service

From the very beginning the Burroughs Adding Machine Company realized that its obligation to the business man went far beyond merely supplying machines to handle all his figure problems. The Burroughs Company felt that its success and the satisfaction of the user could only be attained through the continuous, profitable use of Burroughs machines throughout a business lifetime.

And so from the beginning the Burroughs Company has not only built machines of the highest quality, but has also maintained a service organization without an equal in the world. Each service man is a Burroughs employe, trained by Burroughs, directed by Burroughs, and placed by Burroughs where he can best serve Burroughs users. Each service man has one ideal—that every Burroughs machine may give continuous, profitable use. This is one of the vital reasons why the Burroughs Adding Machine Company is today the largest organization of its kind—why more than 750,000 Burroughs machines have been sold to all kinds of business.

Today, Burroughs service men operate from 432 service centers in the United States and Canada alone. These centers are so located that Burroughs-certified, company-controlled, mechanical service is as near as your telephone. Similar mechanical service can also be found in practically every other country in the world.

Burroughs service men clean, oil and inspect Burroughs machines for one year without cost to the user. After the first year the company offers a maintenance agreement which, for a small annual charge, continues this service year after year.

Then, too, the Burroughs Company builds the only complete line of Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating and Billing machines to handle every figure job in every line of business. And the Burroughs organization has developed improved methods which make for greater economy and greater profits. These facts coupled with this unequalled mechanical service should make Burroughs equipment your choice. Let a Burroughs man show you how this combination of machines, methods and men can help you build greater profits.

Call our local office on the telephone, or, if you prefer, mail the coupon.

If your Burroughs equipment requires attention—

Burroughs company-controlled mechanical service is as close as your telephone

Every Burroughs service man is thoroughly trained in the mechanical construction and operating principle of all types of Burroughs machines

Burroughs

Adding Machines | Bookkeeping Machines | BETTER FIGURES MAKE BIGGER PROFITS | Calculating Machines | Billing Machines

Burroughs Adding Machine Company,
6000 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Please tell me how Burroughs service can help my business

Name

Business

Address

Sealright
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

Serve School Children Milk this Way

Protect health by serving milk in the *original sterilized bottle* capped with a Sealright Pouring Pull Cap—three times more useful.

1—A safe, clean way of removing cap—just lift tab and pull.
2—A safe, clean way of pouring without spilling, through opening in cap.
3—A more healthful way of drinking milk by inserting straw through cap opening.

It's economical, too. No glasses to wash or break. Ask your milk dealer to use Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc.
Dept. A-1 Fulton, N. Y.

Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

(Continued from Page 74)

muddle-headed hero could snatch out his pistol. I sprang upon the man at the wheel and served him in similar fashion. Cyril dragged his victim's weapon from its holster and handed it to me, then started forward in prodigious leaps, howling like a cave man and brandishing his arms, our two backers at his heels.

The effect of this furious assault was too much for the soldiery grouped forward. Taken thus completely off their guard while contentedly munching biscuits and guzzling rum and wine, they broke and fled, dodging round the foot of the foremast and windlass and forecastle booby hatch. Cyril, bounding after them, overtook and smote them down. The others, at the harsh command of our abaconding financiers, who seemed to understand this sort of fracas and to keep their wits about them, made no effort at resistance. Raising their hands in sign of surrender, they backed away up into the bow.

Not a shot had been fired, and the only physical damage to anybody that from Cyril's flailing fists. Keeping the lieutenant and his pilot covered, I reached for the wheel and put it over, heading back on our wake. Cyril gathered up the rifles that had been laid down here and there and came aft with a double armful of them.

Glancing then at the hatch, I saw the pale faces of Mrs. Fairchild and Allaire framed there.

"It's all right," I reassured them. "We've taken charge again, thanks to this fighting son of Israel of ours. I always said he was an avatar of the old Phenician traders."

"Oh, Pom, is anybody hurt?"

"Not badly, I should say. This fake pirate of ours might do with a little liniment."

Cyril came aft with his spoils of war.

"Put these below, please," he panted. "This seems to be an unconditional surrender."

We took council then as to what had best be done. We were pretty close in to the cape, and it seemed to me that if we were to put the crowd aboard their boat immediately and let them make for port, their version of the affair might lead to our chase and capture by some faster vessel. We decided therefore to run on to the eastward for the rest of the night and at dawn to say adios to the crowd.

But Cyril did not let off the lieutenant without some badgering, this to pay him off for his arrogance when holding all the trumps, as he had fondly thought. McIntosh had been released and was at the wheel. Our two passengers were guarding the prisoners forward and partaking of food and drink. The situation being thus reversed, our former captor asked sullenly when and where we proposed to set him and his men ashore.

"At Kingston, Jamaica," Cyril answered, "and in irons, like the bloody pirates that you are. You won't be the first of your sort to get short shrift and a long rope in that port. We British West Indians make quick work of you sea thieves."

"But we are not pirates," snarled the frightened man. "You found out for yourselves that we are not pirates."

"We found out nothing of the sort, señor," Cyril said. "That was just a bluff of ours to put you off your guard, to make you think that we believed ourselves to be under official arrest and therefore would not try to resist. We knew all the time what you really were."

"But I tell you, imbecile, that I am actually an officer of the government and these men are my soldiers."

Cyril shrugged.

"Well, then, you went and turned pirate for the sake of what might be in it. That's been known to happen before. There's good precedent for it in Jamaica. A former governor-general named Sir Henry Morgan did that thing. They still remember him, so I'm afraid your defense won't be worth a handful of sea water. They'll hang you first and listen to protests afterwards."

"But that would be murder—a massacre!"

"Not a bit of it, old top. We are six reliable witnesses, four white and two colored, ready to swear under oath that you announced yourself a pirate at sea and brigand ashore, and that you fired on and then boarded us with piratical design. Two of us, this Bahaman quartermaster and myself, are British subjects in good standing. We four whites can swear honestly that you told us of your intention to loot, then sink the ship, after which you proposed to take us ashore and hold us for ransom. I hardly think that in the face of such testimony your own government will interest itself in your behalf or assume the responsibility for your act. No, my poor fellow; even if there should be any truth in what you claim, you will find yourself the scapegoat. In a fortnight's time you will dangle at the end of a rope."

I must say, I began to feel a little sorry for the poor devil. Cyril had certainly made out a strong case against him; so strong in fact that, knowing something of the summary methods of British colonial penal law, I was inclined to believe that there might be as much truth as torment in what he said.

So also did the unfortunate victim of Cyril's relentless baiting. Perhaps he had been told that the coup intrusted to his management was in the nature of things irregular, and that he could expect no official support if he were to fluke it.

Meanwhile we plugged along with his heavy power boat in tow, her engine running to ease the strain on us. One man had been left aboard her, and to him it had been made plain that he was to take his orders from us or get riddled with rifle bullets.

Then, at the first sign of dawn and as a little southerly breeze began to ripple the water, I said to our by this time hopeless captive, "Señor, your offense is very grave, as you must see for yourself. As the mate has pointed out, you have run your head into a noose. But I happen to be a humane person and dislike to see a young and foolish man executed for an error of judgment. Perhaps you have a mother."

"That is true," he mumbled. He was by this time nearly in a collapse, what with the cognac wearing off and Cyril's rough handling.

"Then I shall consider her sorrow and let you go," I said. "You can tell your chief that you fell into a trap. Tell him also with my compliments that if he desires to accept defeat and consider this incident as closed, we shall do the same."

The lieutenant showed signs of reanimation.

"You say that you will let us go?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes; under the circumstances, I am willing to call this a fiasco. You and your men may go aboard your boat and get back to port. You ought to make it in about ten hours. Have you fuel enough?"

"I am afraid not, sir. Nor food and water."

"Then we shall give you what you need. To save you from too great disgrace, your men may also take their empty rifles. You must admit that I am dealing generously with you."

"That is true, sir."

Cyril, who had a good deal of dramatic sense, pretended to raise an awful fuss about this decision, but I silenced him. We slowed and threw the engines out of gear, hauled the tub astern alongside, provided her with the necessities of her run back to port, then marshaled the gang aboard her. Then, keeping them under the muzzles of our loaded weapons, we handed down their empty ones and cast off.

"Bon voyage," I called, "and our compliments to your chief. Perhaps we may have the pleasure of meeting him some day when he sees fit to visit our own more or less hospitable shores."

XXXV

"WELL, Pom," said Allaire, "I feel pretty well deflated; about as much as that unpleasant brandy-guzzling sham pirate."

"That," I said, "is an excellent state of soul for you and can do no harm. Let's hope that it may even do us all some good."

Allaire frowned. This was not, perhaps, the way in which she had expected her apology to be received.

"Well, we managed to wriggle out of it, thanks to Cyril."

"We did," I agreed. "As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that Cyril could have swung the job without asking any help of anybody."

"What did *you* do?" Allaire asked.

"Kept score," I answered. "Messrs. Arjolas and Mordecai held fast the slack. Less conservative business men would have been pumping lead into that crowd. All those soldiers asked for was protection from Cyril. They didn't think it was merely a revolt. When he sailed into them, like a combination of howling dervish and the whirling kind, they took it for granted he'd gone mad and run amuck. They might have heard the lieutenant accuse him of being crazy."

We were under sail with a reef in the mizzen, crashing through a short chop and on a course for Santiago de Cuba. The scattered banks and shoals to the southward kept down the sea that might have been expected under that clear humming twenty-knot breeze. We were making a close reach of it and spinning off our eleven knots without the motor. This was at noon of the day after our escape.

Our two refugees had explained their situation to me; and so far as I could determine, it was one of historic precedent by which they might be considered as traitors or patriots, according to which way the political cat jumped and then maintained its position. They had not stolen any funds, that I could see; but had managed to get away with the bulk of their own and those of certain friends pledged to the financial support of a party which they had recently decided to be on the wrong side of the issue, both in its policy and chances of success. Personally, that was the least of my cares.

These were now considerably lightened. Being a fair-minded person, it seemed to me that inasmuch as Messrs. Arjolas and Mordecai had helped us to save the ship, we ought to waive the price agreed upon for their transportation; but on my suggesting this to Allaire she promptly vetoed the idea.

"Don't be silly, Pom. It was their being aboard that exposed us to the risk of losing everything. Besides, it has probably spoiled our chances of making a good trade for the shoes and bungalow aprons. All they did, anyhow, was to guard the prisoners; and anybody in their position is supposed to do their bit in a jam."

Cyril was of Allaire's opinion, as he always was.

"They wouldn't think of it themselves, Mr. Stirling," he assured me. "They are two good old sports and claim we've saved their lives and fortunes, and they're right. Chances are they'll want to give us a bonus rather than expect a rebate."

"Well," said Allaire, "if they insist on that I shan't put anything in their way. Since I've turned gold digger, the niceties of social relations can be thrown on the dump."

"Along with the conventions," I said crossly. "For my part, I believe in sticking to what you start to do. Our original idea was barter, and that's the way we got our stake. Since then we've dealt in smuggled antiques and real-estate improvement and gun running and shipping properties, and now it's the ticklish business of transporting indicted financiers."

"Yes, plain old-fashioned barter is going to be a little dull after this," Allaire misagreed. "But it all seems to work in together pretty well."

"As if we were running a general store," I retorted, "with a soda fountain in the front and a prescription department in the middle and a blind tiger in the rear, with a real estate and insurance agency as a side line and furnished rooms upstairs front and a gambling layout in the rear; added to that, a public garage in the back yard and boats to let where the premises border on the creek. No doubt the proprietors of such premises average up a pretty good turnover—until they get pinched, which ——"

"'Which I 'opes it don't 'appen to me,'" Allaire quoted flippantly.

"Well, but I say, Mr. Stirling," Cyril put in eagerly, "after all, this is the sort of thing the early voyagers did. Their profits weren't entirely from barter."

"Your Phenician forbears' weren't," I snapped. "They did a bit of piracy when it looked good, and white-slaving, with a shore raid here and there to break the dull monotony of life at sea."

"Quite so, sir, but I'm speaking of the later ones. The Columbians. They grabbed off islands and coastwise tracts and cleared and farmed 'em and prospected for minerals and valuable vegetable products and sometimes did a tidy bit of raiding themselves. It's all of a piece with this barter idea—to grab off what you can without breaking anything."

"But the Ten Commandments, international law and the less important ones of your own country," I said. "But I suppose Mark Twain was right. 'If you see a chicken that ain't roostin' comfortable, take it. Becuz if you don't want it yourself, you kin always find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't never forgot.'"

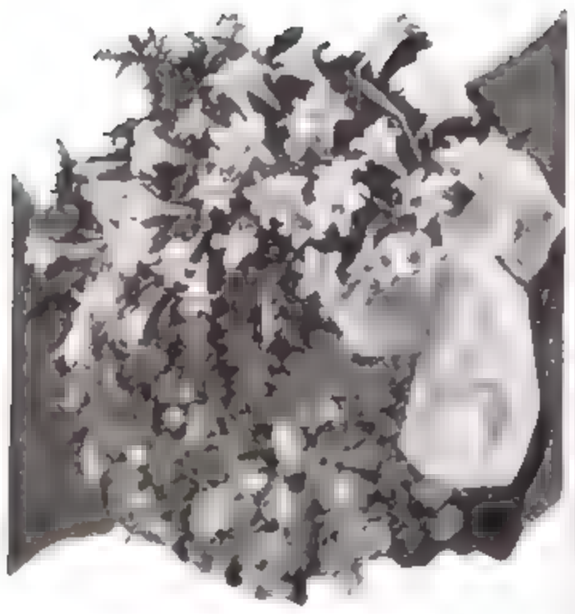
(Continued on Page 78)

The pie that all men like made with

Sun-Maid Raisins

Cut through the flaky, golden crust of one of these juicy, racy raisin pies—and learn how good *real* raisin pie can be! Your baker makes them to perfection. Buy one from him. Or have a piece for luncheon at any restaurant. They're made with Sun-Maid Raisins—all the fine fruit flavor of the tenderest and sweetest grapes. Healthful, nourishing —goodness that *satisfies!* Serve one for dinner tonight.

Just a reminder—Wednesday is Raisin Bread Day. Bakers everywhere prepare a special baking for mid-week—it's the world's finest raisin bread, every loaf filled and flavored with plenty of plump and juicy Sun-Maid Raisins. Place a standing Wednesday order with your baker or grocer



Your Heart
would not accept a substitute if it knew

IT is little more than a meaningless gesture to pay homage to the dead without being sure that positive and permanent protection has been provided for the remains.

Therefore it is unbelievable that any one could accept anything less than the highest standard of protection available.

For more than a quarter of a century the Clark Grave Vault has been demonstrating that no water can enter it. Never has this vault failed because it is designed according to an immutable law of Nature, and is constructed of most durable metal, Keystone copper-steel.

Leading Funeral Directors recommend and supply the Clark Grave Vault and give with each one a Fidelity Certificate which is proof of its genuineness and embodies a fifty-year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo

CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

(Continued from Page 76)

Cyril laughed and left us. Perhaps he saw that I was feeling irritable and guessed that it might be owing less to all these past irregularities of ours than something that struck closer home. The good lad and Mrs. Fairchild, too, were, I think, a good deal worried about the cat-and-dog relations between Allaire and myself. No doubt the romance they had scented at odd moments when the wind was right looked now more apt to develop a hiss, a sideswipe scratch and the top of a tree; or possibly canine yowls and retreat.

Cyril gone, we now resumed our bickering. Allaire seemed to court it, while for my part it threatened to become a nerve-disturbing vice, like cigarettes or strong, frequent cups of tea, openly and respectably indulged but none the less pernicious.

"Then you are still determined to carry on with this barter thing, Pom?"

"Of course I am. I mean to give it a fair tryout, with none of these complicating features that you and Cyril defend."

"With this schooner?"

"Yes, if you feel like selling out your share."

"But you said the other night that you would take me on if I insisted."

"That was before I knew the last one you put over on me. I'm rather glad that lets me out. 'We be not of the same blood, thou and I'"

"You would be horribly lonely, Pom."

"That's better than being continually irritated. Besides, I'm used to being lonely."

"You used to be used to it, Pom; but you no longer are. When you were working in the boiler factory you were used to being irritated part of the time and lonely the rest. Now you are only irritated."

"All the time," I amended. "That's worse."

"Not for your health. You look like a new man, a much stronger one."

"Free air."

She laughed.

"And free Allaire. You are pretty well cured of your ingrowing thoughts, Pom. It's better for a man to have to think about a pest than to think too much about himself. David Harum was right."

"Women," I said, "were undoubtedly put on this earth for the tormenting of men. Witness Adam."

"No, the Creator perceived that the man could not possibly manage to get along without somebody to blame it on. Witness Eve."

"Well, they made a mess of it between them. Breach of trust in the first generation of mankind and a murder in the second. Fratricide at that. The object lesson is obvious."

"Precisely," said Allaire. "That's why I advocated our running this schooner together, but on a business partnership alone."

"Yes," I said, "and that is exactly the way in which Adam and Eve were supposed to administer the Garden of Eden. And see what came of it."

This took her aback for a second.

"Why, yes, Pom, but we've got their experience to teach us."

"Of course. Two things. The second seems to have had more vogue. There is no record of any office of holy matrimony having been performed in Eden. Yet consider the present population of the earth. One might say that the lesson of the Fall hadn't taught us a whole lot. The gardener was plugging along well enough, a little dull and lonely perhaps, but keeping up the borders. Then Eve ribbed in and got them both fired, started her holding-out tactics. Persons built like her have been doing it ever since."

"Yes," Allaire admitted, "most women are restless and all men are fools. The combination is fatal for the peace of the world."

"It's fatal for the gardens of the world," I said; "but there's an enormous area of its surface that's still unpolluted, and that's the deep sea. It's lonely, but clean."

"Like you, Pom."

"Why, Allaire"—I leaned toward her—"thank you for the first kind thing you've ever said to me."

She looked surprised.

"Is it really, Pom?"

"Yes, our conversations have always been combative, when personal. You have pointed out a good many defects in me, but this is the first compliment. I'm afraid it must have slipped past when your back was turned."

"No, I meant it. You are like the sea, Pom; clean and bitter. I thought at first it was a phase, but I'm beginning now to think it's constant; or else it's due to me."

"To not enough of you, perhaps," I muttered.

"Well, perhaps. But if we squabble now because you can't have all you might like of me, think what might happen when you found you had too much of me. And I've an idea there is rather more of me than you ever guessed, Pom, and that it's far from perfect."

"No man wants perfection, Allaire. He wouldn't care to be under the strain of trying to live up to it. I shouldn't, anyhow. What's more important is to be in agreement about certain mutual faults. Hasn't it struck you that every one of our scraps has come from the resentment in one of us for the same fault in the other?"

Allaire nodded.

"I hadn't thought of it that way, but now you speak of it, I believe you are right, Pom. We got away for a bad start. I was furious when I found that you had let me make a fool of myself about what I took for granted to be your plans for the schooner. I felt that you had got her from me by cheap trickery, which was bad enough, and that I had been an easy silly mark, which was worse. I made up my mind then to let no chance get past for fooling the rest of you, especially you, and no matter at what risk of fatal consequences. It wasn't all avarice by any means. The background of it was revenge. So you see what a lovely nature I've got down underneath."

"Well, I must admit you backed your hand, Allaire, not only with your money but yourself. That man Carstairs would have made one mouthful of you if he had got away with me."

"Then he'd have choked on it, I think. And there was always Cyril."

"Cyril was unarmed. And this lieutenant fellow wasn't looking at you pleasantly. Are you still looking for revenge, Allaire?"

"No; my ledger is ruled off. This strategic error spiked my guns for good." She gave a nervous laugh. "When that infernal racket broke out overhead, with you cursing like a buccaneer and Cyril howling like a pack of wolves, I thought you had goaded that brandy hound into rabies and he had ordered a general massacre. It was pretty awful, Pom. I realized for the first time that I was only a girl."

"Well, then let's call it square. I've regretted my act every day since the start. It was a rotten thing to do. But we were all pretty desperate, even yourself, or you would never have considered rum running."

"I know. I've got a different slant on it now. Dirty business. You can buy me out at cost whenever you like, Pom. I'm through."

I leaned forward and laid my hand on hers.

"Marry me, Allaire."

Her tawny eyes fixed on mine with so strange a look that I half expected a bitter stream of words to follow it. It flashed into my mind that she might have been waiting to get at me under my guard, take me defenseless and tell me the entirety of her dislike.

She seemed to be staring straight into and through my eyes to read what was behind them, and then to scorn it.

This impression passed instantly, and I discovered that she was not preparing an attack, but fighting silently to resist. Those clear amber eyes of hers that were so strikingly disturbing between their black double lashes had a stricken look, as if I had said something to hurt her terribly, and from which she could not defend herself.

The odd part about it was that I could not seem to speak, myself, which was just as well, perhaps, as the last time our wills had locked I had broken the hold by too much speech. The present duel—for it amounted to that—was all the more curious because here we were sitting on the breezy deck in the broad light of day, with McIntosh at the wheel and Mrs. Fairchild talking to our two passengers amidships in the shadow of the foresail, all three facing us and no doubt glancing at us with friendly interest from time to time.

Scarcely the time and place to choose for the pressing of one's suit, it might appear; and yet perhaps after all it was better than the glamour of a soft tropic starlight night because of the lack of these emotional props. Any decision reached now would be sure and final, and later to be ratified more ardently.

At any rate, Allaire seemed utterly oblivious to our lack of privacy. That stricken flat glare, for it was scarcely less, softened and grew misty.

"Are you sure you love me, Pom? Really love me, and not just want me?"

"I adore you, Allaire. It's real love, my dear."

"I love you, Pom. I've loved you since I found how I'd misjudged you so, back there on the island. If Carstairs had killed you, I think that I should have run down to the beach and swum straight out until I could swim no farther."

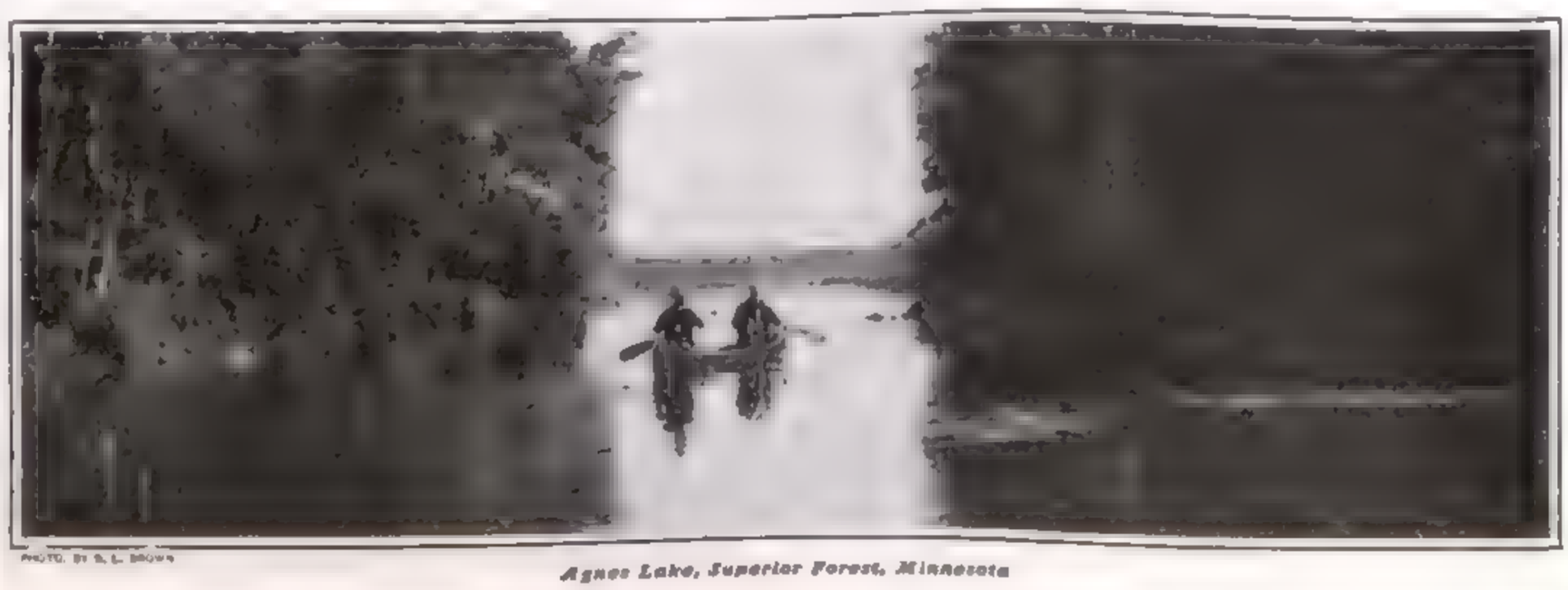
"Then you'll marry me?"

"Of course I will. In Santiago, if you like. I think I need you, Pom."

I raised her hand and kissed it; then still holding it, I rose and drew Allaire up after me. She looked completely dazed. Glancing round, I saw Mrs. Fairchild and our two passengers staring at us with a sort of embarrassed consternation, as if they felt they had no business on this stretch of deck that seemed suddenly to have become a sort of sanctum sanctorum, a tilting, swaying, wind-swept *temple d'amour*.

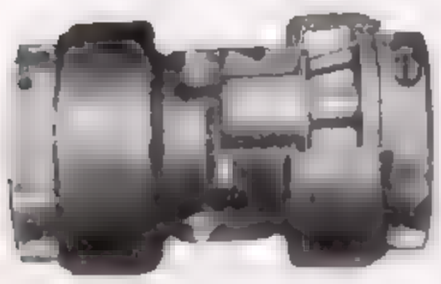
Leading the bewildered Allaire by the hand—and Allaire bewildered was the most bewildering thing about the business to those of us who knew her—I walked up to where the trio were sitting on the main hatch cover. Cyril at this moment appeared from the galley, munching a biscuit, which fell from his nerveless hand.

(Continued on Page 80)



Agnes Lake, Superior Forest, Minnesota

Bringing Down the Overhead



Dodge, world's largest producer of "Roadbeds for Power," builds Timken advantages into Dodge-Timken hanger bearings

COSTS come down soon after Timken Tapered Roller Bearings go up into line shafting. Basic Timken advantages account for falling costs in all kinds of machinery.

Power and belting costs are reduced because Timken bearings minimize friction in starting and running.

Lubrication costs drop to a fraction of previous figures, since Timkens require lubrication at rare intervals only.

Maintenance is lowered by the precisely centered, distortionless, smooth-running mountings assured by Timken Dual Duty in all machinery and shafting. For Timken bearings correctly carry *both* radial and thrust loads together.

Depreciation is lessened by the extreme durability of Timken Steel evolved from experience with more than 115,000,000 Timken bearings, in general industry, and in most of the motor cars of the world. All bearing contact is confined to the Timken Steel. There is no wear on shafts or shafting.

Timken cost reductions are denied your shop—or your stockholders—now, perhaps, only because you may not know how practical it is for your business to equip with Timkens. There is no greater possibility for instant plant savings in industry today. Ask for data.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, OHIO*

© By T R B Co 1925

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 78)

"Mrs. Fairchild and gentlemen," I said, "we ask for your congratulations. Miss Forsyth has this moment done me the honor to promise to become my wife."

XXXVI

SAID Mrs. Fairchild to me a few hours later, after a very festive luncheon that was yet distinguished for its propriety, "Well, Mr. Stirling, I was never so taken aback. I must say, you weren't any way bashful about where and when you proposed."

"Mrs. Fairchild," I answered, "the old order changeth. Allaire and I agreed that henceforth all our contracts, understandings and gentlemen's agreements should be above decks, with no reservations in the hold."

"Good for you two," said the pretty widow. "That makes me feel as if all this we've been through was worth it, not counting the money profits it may show. But to think of your proposing right there before our very eyes! And not five minutes before I was worried for fear you were starting another fight."

"Let's hope that your fears were unfounded," I said. "Some girls can only be captured by a fight. But we have buried the hatchet, smoked the calumet, put the house in order, signed the peace pact and disarmed. We have also made covenant that neither shall henceforth withhold any plan, project or scheme from the other partner to the treaty."

"That's right, Mr. Stirling," she said heartily. "All the trouble started from deception."

"Entirely my fault," I admitted. "But consider the straits we were in. You on the verge of bankruptcy, Cyril on the beach, I the waste product of a boiler factory chucked out on the dump, Allaire fed by the crumbs from her rich friends' tables. After a long run of bad luck, the self-starter is usually jammed. The old machine is apt to take a bit of cranking. And if we managed to change it by hook or—as I must confess—a little by crook, then I'll say it was about time."

For the remainder of our run to Santiago, Allaire and I found that by tacit agreement we were given the freedom of the deck from about eight bells of the evening watch. Arriving in that port, we found the tide of our luck still running strong in a manner more gratifying to me than if the results of it had shown four times the profit but through some happy fluke, instead of what it actually proved, good old-fashioned barter.

Señor Mordecai, after discharging his obligation, went ashore; and without losing a moment or saying a word to us about it, busied himself in our behalf. Cyril, for whom the banker had conceived a high regard, went with him. They found a merchant who was interested in shoes and bungalow aprons when he learned that we were quite willing to take local products in exchange. It was the same old story. Trade was active, even eager, provided it could be conducted on a basis of barter without that fluctuating medium of juggled and insecure exchange, which was the world over at this moment, money.

But this was not the half of it. The merchant, desiring to inspect our wares, came off aboard and went down into the hold. Before glancing at our scant cargo he let out a yell.

"*Sapristi!* And all this!"

"Ballast, señor," I said. "Old car rails for a little construction railroad down on the Isthmus. The former owner put them aboard because the vessel was previously too light. I'm not keen about it as ballast, because it seems to me to put so much strain on hull and spars."

"Then perhaps we can make another trade, captain. I can use these rails on a sugar plantation in which I have an interest, provided you will take sack sugar in return."

"Can do," I said, "if besides the sugar you will undertake to put aboard about a hundred tons of this coral-lava stuff so that we can unload it without disturbing the sugar."

"What do you want of that, Pom?" asked Allaire, who had gone below with us to overhaul the bungalow aprons.

"Backing your bet, my dear. It's just what will be needed for grading and filling on Pelican. Then we can take on some fine sand ballast to carry North and trade it off for loam to bring down the next time we come, for a top dressing. That way, we turn our ballast into profitable cargo."

We turned the whole business over to Cyril then, Allaire and I having more important things to consider. We were married in Santiago, and I am almost ashamed to describe the jeweled wedding present given to Allaire by Messrs. Arjolas and Mordecai. Then we bought a flivver and motored to Havana, returning in a week's time and loading the little car on deck, well swathed in tarpaulins.

Sayles' yacht had just left for Nassau. Allaire cabled him, "Have you seen Pelican, and do you want it?"

The answer came promptly, "You bet. It's my Isle of Golden Dreams. What are you up to and who are you doing?"

ALLAIRE: You. Can you use a hundred tons of lava coral for grading and filling on Pelican? Have got.

SAYLES: Sure. Can use a thousand tons. Deliver to Sanders, who is there in charge with dredge and lighters. Have ordered cargo of coral stone from Bermuda. Who else have you been doing? Please be more explicit.

ALLAIRE: Getting married to Pomeroy Stirling in Santiago. Now on honeymoon in Havana. Why don't you do the same?

SAYLES: Can't, since Stirling beat me to it. Getting option on another of your persuasion. Hope to spend honeymoon on Pelican. Great place for it. Love and all best wishes to you and your Pom.

"Well," I said, "so that's all right. Let's stop cabling now before we have to take a mortgage on the schooner."

"After all," Allaire said, "Nick's a dear. But there are dearer."

XXXVII

WE CALLED at Pelican, where we found Sanders more or less in charge of field operations. He seemed glad to see us, as well as considerably surprised to discover how the little old Tinker had grown. A dredger was at work deepening the channel to the jetty, where a crib was being built for a wharf so that Sayles' yacht could lie alongside.

"There's a sight of money being spent, Miss—I mean Mrs. Stirling," Sanders said. "Who'd ever ha' thought this here place would catch the fancy of a millionaire like Mr. Sayles?"

"I," said Allaire. "I hope you're getting yours, Sanders."

"Can't complain, Miss—I mean Mrs. My brother's runnin' the store. This takes all my time."

Sayles had been there and gone on to Georgetown, South Carolina, to order some lumber. We unloaded our ballast, just what was needed for filling behind the crib, then put back to Turk's Island for a load of salt that Cyril had got a charter for. Barter and charter both this run. It was a game that could not be played in routine fashion, nor could it always be the New Lamps for Old lucky strike that had started us. Neither could it be strictly compared to the commerce of early voyagers with fresh fields of trade. We had to work in between markets, with some study of the sort of tempting articles to offer folk who paid in produce.

"It's not a game of chance," Cyril said. "What it needs is knowledge: the best sort of stuff to take to certain places, and about what theirs will bring less duty on the wharf at home. You buy the cheapest stuff wholesale, a lot you pick up secondhand, but in good condition. You save money, exchange, agents' commissions, freights and the upkeep of offices and warehouses. It can't be done in the old-fashioned way of barter direct with the natives, because that would make trouble with the local government; but by trading through a merchant you can keep your port charges and import and export duties shipshape and proper."

Allaire and I dreaded losing Cyril. Not only was he an ideal shipmate, cheerful, breezy, enthusiastic and invariably optimistic, but very fond of us both in an unpresuming way, as if we had been his patrons or benefactors. His attitude contained a sort of feudal loyalty that Mrs. Fairchild seemed at times rather to resent.

Therefore we were delighted to find that we were not destined to lose him. This news came as a surprise a couple of days after our arrival in New York. Mrs. Fairchild received an amusing letter from Captain Poole, in which that Yankee skipper gave us their news with dry Maine humor:

"My owner was right when he said his papa would be pleased with our horse trade out in the stream. I guess those fireworks came in right handy for a little Fourth of July celebration some of the boys were fixing to spring as a surprise party. The señor told me on the q. t. that they thought better of it when they found there was a rival fire company all set to turn the hose on it. Papa was pleased with the boat, likewise. The Evangeline was getting to be too much of an elephant on his hands. You folks don't need to worry about taking a stick of candy from a child. The señor only paid eight thousand dollars for that one, and she cost five times that to build. Fine stuff in her and the best sort of work.

"I'm quitting my job here and coming North to look after some shore property of mine down home that they want to open up for summer cottages. Good chance for a hotel proposition too; the only big one thereabouts burned up like I told you. Hope to land in New York April twentieth."

"Why, that's tomorrow!" Allaire said.

"So it is," Mrs. Fairchild answered, and for some reason blushed.

Cyril flourished his long arms over his head with a tragic gesture.

"I'm jilted—cut out—torped—scuttled—sunk! It's no surprise, though. I saw the writing on the wall. My bloomin' heart is broken, and all that's left for me is to run rum or Chinks."

He turned his head aside and I caught the flicker of a long black eyelash.

"Don't be silly," Mrs. Fairchild snapped. "I told you the day before I met Sherman Poole ashore that I was much too old to marry you, and that you had better put it out of your head. Besides, there's nothing settled at all. This is just a friendly letter."

"Ho, is it?" Cyril challenged with ferocity. "Then read us the ending. That's the part that tells the tale." He thrust out his big hand. "Let me read it."

Mrs. Fairchild, blushing still more ruddily, snatched the sheet away.

"I'll do nothing of the sort." She looked at me appealingly. "You know what sailormen are like, Mr. Stirling."

"I know what this one is like," I said. "And Captain Poole struck me as a go-getter."

"Go get her is right," Cyril rasped. "He is coming to get her now. A fast worker too. And I've had all winter! That was just the trouble. Sea love never lasts. First day out, attraction; third day out—oh, my; seventh day out, distraction; and landing day, good-by."

"He's a silly boy, Mr. Stirling, but all the same he's a dear," said Mrs. Fairchild. "It would have been ridiculous for me to have married him, now wouldn't it? And me five years older."

"I know how you feel, Mrs. Fairchild. I'm thirteen years older than Allaire. Twenty-five and thirty-eight. May and ——"

"—— July," Cyril said gloomily. "Ain't it awful? When Mr. Stirling is a decrepit old crock of sixty, Miss Forsyth will still be a flapper of forty-seven, and if he lasts to fourscore she will be just reaching the zenith of her dancing age at sixty-seven."

"Cyril is right," Allaire said. "You can prove it in any Palm Beach hotel ballroom."

"Yes," I admitted sadly. "Women age more rapidly than men up to fifty. After that they learn the trick of suspended animation, like other ——"

I paused discreetly.

"—— r-r-reptiles!" Cyril blared, and removed himself in haste, fists rotating over his head.

All the same, he was pretty hard hit, and I felt sorry for him. I knew his real devotion to this pretty blond widow partner of ours. It had started in gratitude and forged ahead to a vigorous and wholesome love of her as a woman as well as benefactress. There was a stalwart male protectiveness about it, one that asked to serve not only in the big things but in the little. I had often observed how he rushed through or set aside work of his own to relieve her of some unpleasant detail of her own.

It seemed to me that Cyril, with his thirty years and abilities and eager, boyish enthusiasm, was a lot better choice as a husband than the bleak, hard-faced Capt. Sherman Poole, a man past forty. I said so a little later to Allaire.

"He's the male critter of her kind, Pom, just as you are of mine. Women always home back to that. One's own breed always seems more of a real person, no matter how clever or distinguished the foreigner might be. That's the reason international marriages usually go wrong."

So Mrs. Fairchild stepped out and Cyril stayed in, a third owner. Lucky for us, as he could not be equaled for driving a trade. He had a mixture of cajolery and bullying hard to beat, and he could do it in several different languages. But when it came to—well, I dislike to call it graft, though the victim might, he was not in the same class with Allaire. She possessed that cool, pleasant-spoken ruthlessness peculiar to Englishwomen of high caste when engaged in business or gambling, which gives them wrongly the reputation of cold-bloodedness. This trait had led me to believe that Allaire was cold-blooded, but I had discovered my mistake. That faculty of smiling pleasantly and trimming the other fellow to the quick did not interfere with warm and generous impulses. It was no more than the poker face and manner of the good player.

Sayles' check came in and was duly apportioned; also the proceeds from the products we had taken in barter for shoes, bungalow aprons, rusty car rails and a few other odds and ends. There was also the charter money for the salt.

I called on the hard-boiled boiler-making uncle to whom I owed so much for having fired me. At first he was wary, but relaxed when he found that I had come to praise and not to bury him. We lunched together and I gave him a brief of what I had been up to, omitting certain details that I thought he might not entirely approve. He listened, so absorbed that at moments he forgot to eat.

"That wife of yours must be a wonder, Pomeroy. Not only made the nucleus of a fortune but a new man out of you."

"Yes, I was like a burned-out boiler, uncle; an empty shell that wouldn't hold its pressure."

"That's the reason I fired you; as much for your own sake as mine. Speaking of boilers, how would you like to make a charter for a long voyage?"

"Where to?"

"Buenos Aires. I've got an order for a consignment of small tubular boilers to be delivered by the first of June. You could carry them and the piping with some space to spare, I should say. The stuff is ready for shipment now."

"Long runs and slow freights are where sail scores," I said, "and our vessel is primarily a sailer, with the motor to save towage at both ends."

"Well, I'll make you a good rate. You can figure on it and let me know tomorrow."

When I told Allaire about it she clapped her hands.

"I've always wanted to go to the Argentine, Pom."

Cyril also seemed pleased.

"It's sure money, and that's worth something, Mr. Stirling. Besides, we can manage to chink in with some trade goods."

"Bungalow aprons and shoes as dunnage," I said. "We did pretty well with them. Anyhow, it will give us a bit of a rest from huckstering for a couple of months."

That night in our bird's-eye-maple cabin I said to Allaire, "So here I am back to where I started—or quit, to be more exact—in the boiler business. It makes a lot of difference, though, whether you're in the shop or driving the delivery truck."

"Right-o, matey mine. And it makes a lot of difference to me whether I'm tucked into the chummy roadster of some silly millionaire listening to his truck, or sitting pretty beside my best beau on a delivery truck of our own."

"You have said it to the nth degree, sweet." I flopped down into a big leather-upholstered armchair installed by the luxurious Davide, for I needed rest. Whacking a schooner up the coast in midwinter and short-handed is no *dolce-far-niente* job. "The luck of this ship changed when you brought your cargo aboard, Mrs. Me."

Allaire made her mooring in that home port of brides, her husband-lover's arms.

"It followed our gang. The ship was swept by a green sea of luck that washed her decks and ran down below."

"After all," I said presently, "we are doing for profit precisely what we would be doing for our pleasure if we had happened to be rich in gold. My dream was always to have a big sailing auxiliary and run her myself. Being skipper-owner of a merchant vessel is better."

"I think so," Allaire agreed. "A free life on the only part of the earth's surface that's still free. Star-hung nights, strange ports—and a wife in every one of them."

"What?"

"Yes, wife and sweetheart in every one of them—and she always the same."

THE END

WHEN "The King of the Ivories" is tickling the keys at WOS.

WHEN WOR comes rolling in from the East and KFI, in its time and turn brings greetings from the Pacific coast.

WHEN your Saturday evening dance from WTAM is making just the biggest kind of a hit— *remember that*

WILLARD RADIO BATTERIES

are contributing to your enjoyment, for at these and *at 175 other leading Broadcast Stations* Willard Batteries are used to furnish the steady current that is required for perfect amplification of voice and music.

Write to **WTAM** *for these two booklets*

(The Voice of the Storage Battery)

Every owner of a receiving set should have these booklets. They tell how to get greater distance, more volume and better tone quality; and they show why Willard Batteries are the most economical and most satisfactory form of power you can use.

Better Results from RADIO
The Proper Use And Care Of Radio Storage Batteries
Tear me off the page and mail me to WTAM. I'll bring you "Better Results" and "Proper Use and Care."
Name
City and State
Address

WTAM is the Radio Research Laboratory and Broadcast Station of the Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio. The wave length is 361 meters—on the air for your enjoyment every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evening.

Behind the high standard of *working* that prevails in the Ford plants is the high standard of *living* in the homes of the workers.

Building Men As Well As Motors

The Ford Motor Company builds the finest type of men and the highest type of citizens, knowing that this is the surest way to success in building motors.

The time will come when the mountain of stone and steel that makes up the Ford industrial structure will be outworn, outgrown and replaced. But the spirit of service of the Ford industries; of a keen regard for labor, of better working conditions for employees, of contributing to the betterment of all with whom it comes in contact as worker, dealer, or public —will continue forever.

The Ford Motor Company has always been a leader in establishing a wage scale that insures the comforts and many of the luxuries of life to the family of every employee.

It maintains a school system unprecedented in business. Twenty-two hundred boys and young men are enrolled. Tuition is free and they earn as they learn.

It originated and developed a savings plan that encouraged the saving by employees of more than $20,000,000—on which the Company pays a liberal return.

The plants of the Ford Motor Company are as clean and hygienic as a well-kept home.

Every safety precaution is taken—and accidents are only a sixth of the national average of industry.

The first employee of the Ford Motor Company is rounding out his 22nd year. Many factory heads appointed in 1904 are factory heads today. There has never been an executive hired from the outside.

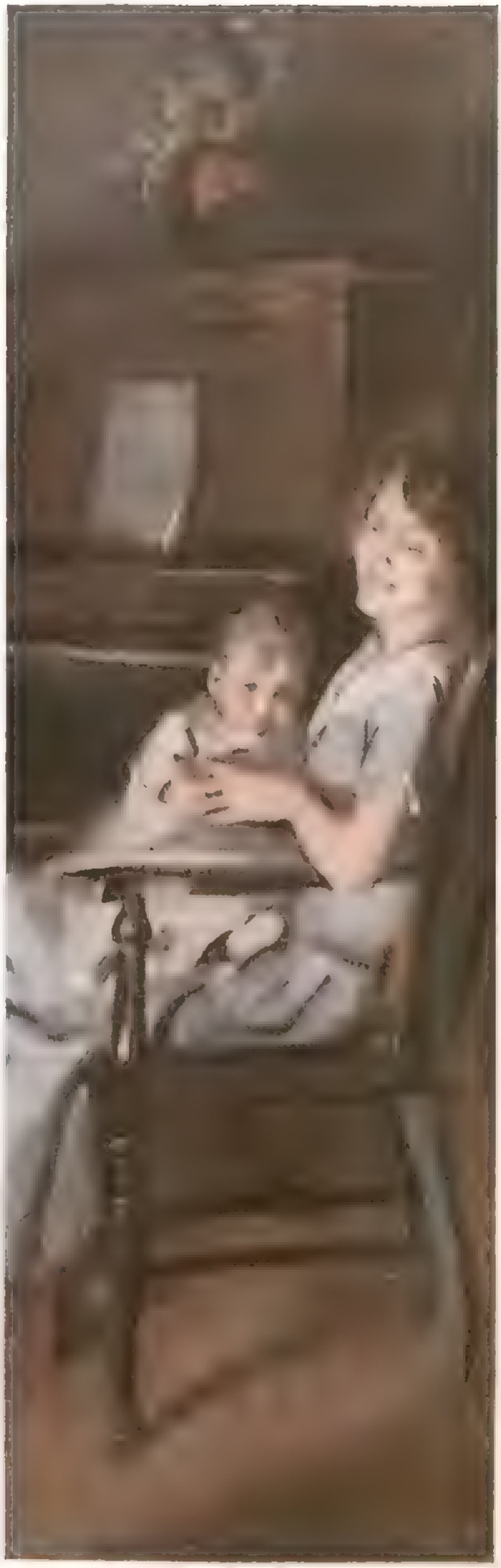
A square deal is the unbroken law. There are no arbitrary discharges. It requires four signatures to discharge a man.

Labor turnover is naturally low—about a tenth of industry generally. 185,000 employees produce 8,000 motor cars, trucks and tractors daily—a loyal army of efficient workmen. Man-power has been encouraged and developed in ability, in character, in self-respect and good citizenship.

This high regard for man-power is one of the vital reasons why the Ford Motor Company has so steadily grown in beneficial influence—a priceless element of character and service welded into the institution and its products.

Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, sawmills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds



In all our experience we have found nothing that equals AGEING IN WOOD to ripen and sweeten tobacco for smoking. . . . . .

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

You know how ageing in wood improves fine wines . . . . . — It does the same thing for fine tobaccos

Velvet
—the aged in wood tobacco

THE SEEDS OF TIME

Continued from Page 17

walks to destroy a guiltless man and to meet evil from the other world."

So saying, the diviner bounded off and raced away down the length of the wall, round the corner, alone, but swift as though chased by a mob. The ragged woman was already hurrying in the opposite direction.

Of those who remained to gape and argue, most were coolies without spare time for gadding farther. Some few might have gone, but misliked the hint from another world. Only one busybody moved on toward the gate of the river path, and he was that rough daredevil, that glutton for all things curious, Chubby Little Plum. Through hamlets, across fields, under branches where cicadas rasped the heat, among marsh reeds and steamy pools, he waddled at his roundest gait, keeping in view the point of a yellow shield hat which bobbed and gleamed on its way.

"Alas, the woman is far too thin and spry!" he panted. "Oho, the tree! None too soon, for I melt. Now we shall behold. *Hai ji*, but she has faith!"

A huge old tree slanted from the river bank and let green boughs droop close to its own shadow on whirling clay-colored water. Looped round the trunk and hitched below, a taut rope vibrated to the pull of something. The prisoner's wife, bending, knife in hand, cut.

"She obeys!"

Without a glance behind, the little dingy-blue rag bag rose, clicked her knife to, sighed and went bravely trudging on. As soon as leaves hid her, the gambler darted from hiding.

A rush and gurgle of muddy water beneath shadow; that was all, at first. Then downstream, out in the burning sunlight, he spied three boats, their painters caught together—empty brown sampans that joggled and thumped and revolved in a snarl as the current whipped them round a bend.

"Three boats? And empty? What do they mean?"

Little Plum drew back from the tree and hesitated, for the chuckle of the river warned him it was better not to meddle with such lonely work. But how if a marvel descended, even while he sneaked away? No, he could not miss that, not for the ill will of twenty dead men. He retired behind bamboo once more and curled his fatness uncomfortably down to wait.

For a long time nothing happened. Sultry heat, monotonous flowing water, cicadas gritting everywhere, oppressed him into a doze. Men shouted once or twice, far off. At last there broke out a faint drumming which grew louder; many feet pounded the earth, harsh voices cried, and along the river path came flying a rabble of wild fellows, ten or more, straight to the bastard banyan. There panic seized them, as the foremost jerked up the rope, saw its end cut, shook it and yelled, foaming at the mouth. All were scrubby rascals, hard featured, sunburned to a Malay brown.

"Bandits," thought Little Plum, and shrank deep into his bamboo. "Pirates from across the river."

While they gabbled in rage and fright, suddenly out of the earth, out of trees, bushes, mud, banyan roots, jumped other men who surrounded them—police by the dozen, villagers armed with clubs, boatmen with poles, and among them all, quietly active, our friend the fortune teller. "You," Little Plum said to him next day at evening, "carry a large brain, also a great heart. You shall be rich as earth or else happy as heaven."

Wan Gŏk Jū laughed.

"Thank you, not either," he replied, bowing. "Only two quick ears, friend, which the fogs of earth and heaven have not yet clouded; so what were you going on to say?"

It was being said everywhere, all over town. Before the magistrate those river bandits, without so much as kneeling on chain mats to have their ankles bashed, gave up and spoke truth. Among other vile deeds, they had crouched under a balk, heard Ho Kwai, the cassia trader, go jingling by with silver in his clothes, run after, killed and thrown him into the farmer's field. The farmer, that woman's husband, came home to her free, jail-delivered, lying sick but happy in a litter. No one guessed who paid the bearers of his conveyance or the coolie trotting behind it with bags of rice which bent a piculan; for Little Plum, though noisy often, could often keep his mouth shut.

Afterward there was no counting of the multitude who flocked to Wan Gŏk Jū and his table that bestrode the gutter. He took down his mustard-and-azure chart of the Face With Blackheads, a vain symbol now, beneath dignity, when all the world knew him; and yet he remained even to his friends a riddle, for if he throve as Little Plum was not alone in predicting, he gave never a sign of affluence, but kept the same bare, frugal habits.

Once, condoling with his fat gossip, who had suffered mischance again, he declared, "It will pass. It knocks at every door. I have a sorrow coming to mine."

His house, the plainest in a poor quarter, had before it a small weather-worn stone lion bearing the charm of the holy mountain—"Tai-Shan dares to outface evil"—and behind it a walled garden plot just large enough to hold one mandarin orange tree, one carambola bush. Indoors, the house was bare of ornament, but well kept. Husband, wife and son had always lived there in comfort enough, lacked neither food nor clothing, and given the neighborhood an example of serenity.

"We are blest," the boy's mother often told him, "in your father's wisdom."

It was a byword how the stone lion guarded their door, stopping, breaking every arrow of misfortune. And then one day a shaft flew in.

"We are blest. You will follow him, you will be as great."

The evening was rainy, the room was so dark that mother and son had become shadows talking. To the eyes rather of her spirit than of her body, it seemed that he gave her a pert look, hard, unyouthful, unkind, which frightened her as though a devil had run past between them.

"You do not answer. I said you will follow him and know all things."

Her boy laughed in the dusk, but it was not her boy's laugh.

"And stay poor as a rat? Never! I will learn some better way than his of cheating fools."

"What?" she cried. "His? Your father? You say ——"

The impiety, the horror of unfilial sin, left her dumb.

"Know all things?" mocked this new voice in their dwelling. "Much! Last year I told him where the pirates tied their sampans, barely in time; no one thanked me or called me wonderful; and last week, every week I tell him ——"

Another voice broke in.

"Do you, Ink Eater? Even so, why talk loudly at home?"

His father had joined them, a third shadow, that opened the door and beckoned.

"Come here where I can see you."

The boy cringed, then swaggered to the door, the twilight and splashing shower. Plump as a rice-fed quail, saucy, moon-faced, he looked up with all the boldness of young conceit.

"Am I then a lie?" The fortune teller's eyes were very tired, very sad. "No, Belly Wings, not altogether."

The rebel shrank, and for a moment would have collapsed. His rightful name was the school name, Ink Eater, of good omen, promising industry; but here his father spoke out a deep secret and a danger. No one except a few chosen companions ever called him Belly Wings the Lucky Bat. He recovered himself with a gasp.

"Ho! You know that too? Another marvel, I suppose! Your gambler friend has told you some nonsense."

"Yes, Little Plum knows many ill courses without adopting them."

Caught, discovered on his own doorstep, the precocious Belly Wings drew himself together and gave back threat for threat.

"I will run away!"

"You need not run," said his father quietly. "Walk, should you find it in your heart to walk from us who gave you life. You no longer believe, but I can foretell your way—sickness, hunger like a knife, wandering like a dream, the empty world without love. Yes, you may go beyond Kokonor, where the wild tribes come to trade; you may sail Tung-ting Lake and after a magic storm see General Mao the Iron Cat swimming on its waves; but what will profit you far or near, with nothing but death ahead, dry memories behind, and dry self, self, self roundabout to sicken you at every footfall? Stay, trust me, and do not fear!"

The lad wavered, groaned, then suddenly jumped into the rain, bareheaded. His mother ran out calling, but fell by the stump of the lion, clung to it and wept.

"Come." Her husband lifted and carried her. "Our baby's a thief, a leader of thieves. Better in the rain than in the police hell. They may never know. It was my fault. Manners of the street."

For a year life in the house dragged on; for a second year, a third, a fourth, if it were life to wait, hearken, be silent or chatter falsely at random, avoiding any word that might echo the sense of blame. Their child had gone, and though never away from thought, would not bear mention. Sometimes when rain fell toward evening his mother forgot and talked to herself:

"They called him so quick in school."

It was his father who broke at last, who came home one night without folding table or book or hourglass wicker stool, and threw himself down like a worthless burden.

"I have sold everything to a pupil," said he. "The sorrows of other men, I can carry them no more, for the mind stumbles under a load of its own."

Soon after he took to his bed and lay there motionless, pale, thoughtful, with eyes that looked away into some deep matter beyond the ceiling. His wife grew afraid. Always before he had been gentle with her; but whenever he spoke now, the tone of his voice conveyed a lightness, a tranquility, a slow wisdom that ran her to the heart.

"How this world brightens toward the close. Tongue cannot tell." He seemed to read her face without turning, though she stood across the room behind him. "No, no, my dear, you should smile. There will be peace for you and me."

That night in her sleep the woman heard, or dreamed, a sound as of a door closing, a bolt drawn, cloth pulled or smoothed with a rustle. It was no more than a confused hint waking her anxiety. She sat up, but found the room quiet. Their small water lamp burned with the same quavering of shadows on the floor. Her husband lay breathing, and the only other stir came from without, along the eaves, where a hollow night wind went droning from lip to lip of tiles.

Next day the sun rose clear.

"It may do him good," she thought, "to let in the early warmth."

She swung their back door open. As if all the earth were right, all restored, healed and transfigured, glory flooded the room. The top of the garden wall shone with dew, leaves of orange tree and carambola sparkled, and even the sick bed caught a long overspreading ray as from a golden lamp.

"Ah!" she cried. "What is here?"

On the damp stone of the outer threshold lay a single mark of a bare foot. The toes were printed at the very edge where the door had been shut.

"Who has walked in? Who tried to enter?"

From this alarm a greater suddenly drew her back.

"It is not his."

Like one risen from the dead and about to fall again, her husband wavered beside her. He too was peering down at the stone, but smiling.

"Not his foot. And yet it was—it was a—a night walker, a bringer of good luck."

He slid through her arms while she got him to bed.

"So do not look frightened." With eyes closed, he lay whispering. "You will live to bless that foot. I shall know. It was a deed not a dream. Then I am happy."

The journey across the room had taken the last of his power. Through morning and afternoon he remained silent in a doze; but about the hour of evening rice, when after each breath the woman listened for the next and doubted, he roused to beckon her with a feeble motion of his head.

"So weak. As tired as though I had been working all night." His eyes opened clear and seemed to laugh, bright with their old familiar gleam of roguery. "Now, quick! The last fortunes I ever shall tell—my own and yours."

The laughter faded from his glance, but not the brightness, which yearned and implored.

"Mine is very short. In a moment I am going. Not lost. Not lost, for all's well. The two worlds are but one." He nodded slowly. "Believe. Though in everything there must be deception, I was not a fraud. So here is your fortune. Do not forget a word of it."

Something like a mist drew over his features, then passed and left them too distinct, sharp as a new ivory carving.

"For three years you must live sparely. I have left enough. In the fourth year comes hunger. When you cannot see how to go on, do as I now command you. Early in the morning, leave this house, take the road west of the lion and walk till you have passed through a village. Under a tree by the road presently there will be a shrine of mud and brick no higher than a child. Sit there. Wait. At midday a man will pass—a man in black, about thirty years old. Stop him. Ask him for help. If the first day fails, go again and again. But halt the man in black."

By a visible effort of will, the seer, fighting for breath, conquered.

"Our son. The poor little Ink Eater. He will come home, I believe. It is not clear. I wonder if the boy did see General Mao. That would be curious—to know—the truth ——"

His eyes inquired of the ceiling, as before. For some little time his wife continued to watch, and did not understand that she was alone.

Full understanding came later, with passage of days in the house and long baffling thoughts for ghostly companionship. Once a year, in the spring, when the memorial days of hill worship came round again, she climbed the green slope to his tomb, a half-oval mound on a lucky site, overlooking from the flank of Wild-Tea Ravine a sunshine prospect of tree tops below, distant fields like a patchwork in apple-green velvet and a pond of silvery blue. Here at his barrow she mowed the grass, made all trim, and with fresh-cut sods building carefully the form of an urn or inverted bell, placed under it her paper ribbons, orange the first year, white afterward, to flutter in the spring breeze. Voices of children came to her—neighbors' children visiting other graves across the ravine or down the hill. She waited there alone and returned home at sunset, feeling that perhaps he had spoken, at no moment but throughout the silences of the day.

"Here comes the fortune teller's widow," called the children. "She is always the last one down."

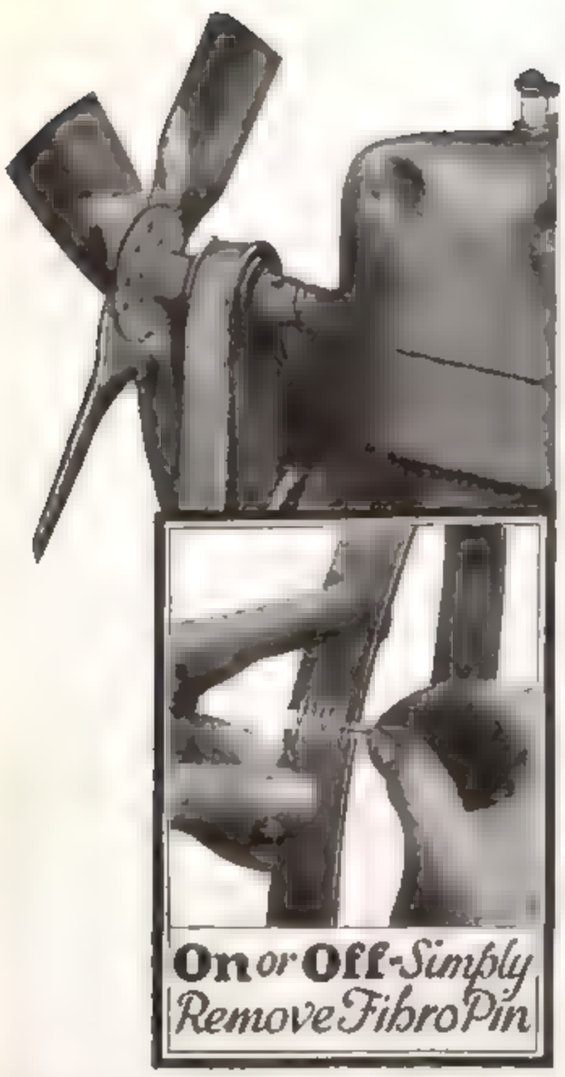
"It is very strange," said their mothers, "that he left her poor. And their son, who went away to gather more learning, where is he now? Look, she goes in alone and shuts her door. That house has covered mystery."

She never thought so. It was all quite natural. Her husband had not been miserly or sharp in trading, but free to give, slow to gain.

Though she knew little or nothing of other men, her pride when he lived and now her comfort rested upon the certainty that no other man was like him, who always belonged but half to this world.

"If his vision of our boy," she thought, "had only cleared at the last!"

There, in that regret, lurked all the doubt which would not cease aching. Whenever street and garden dripped in twilight, or under the eaves a night wind sang hollow, she could no longer beat off the phantoms of unbelief that came winging in a horde to overthrow and smother her. A man who foretold everything, who knew



For Lacing Fan Belts—

A Clipper laced fan belt is easily installed without removing any parts. The joint is smooth and strong and the lacing takes but a few minutes.

Garages equipped with this tool need not stock a large and varied assortment of fan belts; a few rolls of belting in popular widths equip them to belt a great number of cars. Belt hooks come carded and conveniently boxed. Clipper Belt Hooks are 100% staggered. No two hook points enter the belt directly opposite each other.

Motorists: Carry an extra Clipper laced fan belt for emergencies.

Write for descriptive circular and name of your nearest jobber.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

$2.50 in U. S. A. $3.50 in Canada

The No. 101 Vise Lacer laces same sizes as Clipper No. 1, lever lacer only requires a vise.

$10.00 in U. S. A.
$13.75 in Canada

The lever lacer Clipper No. 1 laces belts up to 2 inches wide and 3-16 inch thick. Substantially built, simple in construction and operation. Perpetually guaranteed against breakage and defects.

Clipper Belt Lacer

Quality Belt Lacing

the seeds of time, why had he not looked then if ever, not strained his power, broken it in a surpassing triumph, to discern above all earthly forms the one—the one—a child bareheaded in the rain?

She wept, for his words came back to her, obscure, fleeting, hollow as the wind. He had not seen, but given a vague promise. How if it were the babbling of delirium, or worse? How if he through all their life together had deceived himself and her?

"A wicked question, put that away."

One thing defended him, proved him right. Here came the fourth year, bringing poverty, with nothing in the house to sell and by her longest account no more than eight days' food.

"The end. Very soon, the end!" clamored those disloyal phantoms before dawn. "Three years gone by and all spent. Of course he knew so much. But is it likely that he dying or man alive could predict who shall pass long after, in what color of cloth? Halt a stranger at noonday? Babble! Fever! Here is the end."

Nevertheless, by daylight she rose to prepare for a journey, brushed and arranged her best garment, did her hair tightly, though its gold ornaments were long ago in pawn, and with a wet shaving of the slippery evergreen dressed it down till each curve behind the ear shone like black silk.

"I will not fail you," she whispered to his tablet in the wall of the room. "No, not even if you fail me."

Westward from their doorkeeper, the gray lion, she followed a road which in half a mile became unknown to her, wandering among fields, ditches, bamboo, fish ponds, rice and fallow. As he had promised her, it narrowed between houses in a village, where dark faces turned from their trafficking, eyes judged her down the length of muddy pavement. Then a low green hill undulated above some water that ran twinkling, flaked with sun, like a school of heavenly minnows.

On the hilltop, when she had climbed there, a bo tree welcomed her beneath shade. A wayfarer's temple no higher than a doll's house contained on its mud floor a handful of gilt paper chopped into small squares, and darkly enthroned against its crumbling brickwork a tiny image of a white-bearded man sat clothed in red, blue and gold—the Genius of the River guarding the road.

"He saw thus far. It was not delirium. The very place."

All was coming so exactly true as to frighten her. Even when rested, in the coolness and quiet under the tree, she heard her heart beating. It was the place, but not yet the hour.

"I walked fast. Ah, the long, long waiting before I shall know!"

Except for the river godling in his toy hut beside her, she was alone. To right and left down the slope of this hillock the road, quite vacant and blurring with heat, meandered into the plain, from which a barmy smell of bean paste drying soured the air. No creature moved.

"But footsteps come."

The sun had not mounted halfway toward noon. Beyond tree and shrine from a path hidden till now, suddenly but without haste appeared a young man, a slender man who wore horn-rimmed spectacles and a black gown hanging almost to his feet. He walked slowly, and thought.

"Oh, sir! If you please, one moment."

All her courage went in the act of rising.

"My husband. Three years ago. He told me to stop you at noonday. But you come too early."

Though surprised, the young man gave her a polite bow.

"It is true, madam," said he, "that I left home today earlier than usual. How can I serve you?" Mild amusement looked from behind the scholarly horn rims. "And who is pardon—pardon—who was your husband, to know my habit of life so thoroughly?"

The widow, lifting her head, named a name with pride.

"He?" shouted the man in black, then humbled himself before her and spoke low. "My master, who knew all, who taught me what little I am learning. He, who delivered my father from prison. Madam, do me so much honor as to walk with me toward the town, if that be your way. In the mornings, it is true, I help my father on his farm; in the afternoons I go sit at the master's table and try to pierce the cloud of the future, like him. Return with me. You need not ask another word."

Their journey home resounded with praise of his name, until they parted under the city wall.

"I must go round to another gate," said his disciple, the young man in black. "Remember. In your garden grows a carambola. Dig in that corner, as he swore me to command you. If you had not come today, I would have sought you before the Feast of the Moon Cake. Remember, in your garden, two foot deep. For you, no one else—no one. He trusted me."

By starlight that evening she dug, with a borrowed hoe, behind the carambola. Iron—the wooden tool was iron-shod—clinked upon pottery down a hole. She brought from the house a candle, saw among clods a great brown water jar and pried off the lid, tearing a seal of oiled cloth round its rim. Gray silver glistened in the jar, a layer of bullion shoes, ingot packed and wedged to little ingots of silver, all wave-marked with the joggle of pure casting. On them lay a paper. This and this only she took, for the written characters were his. The cover of the jar she refitted, the damp earth she hoed into place again, but with paper and candle she ran back indoors.

"For my wife, all," said his writing. "Let no man touch this or wheedle it from her, not even our beloved son. I write in bed with pain, while she sleeps. Tomorrow I die. Other earnings, my good friend"—here followed a name illegible—"whom the streets call Little Plum, will hold for her in honor and trust."

At the left of the few columns he had signed and imprinted a red stamp. Morning, through checkered windowpanes of shellfish plates, whitened the room and caught her still reading. She could not read enough. He had stolen out from his deathbed to bury this in the garden, then made a joke of it. Why?

"Mother!"

A child was calling somewhere, a child of the neighborhood, a boy, she thought, who might have scampered from home and found the dawn too fearsome. It kept on calling.

"Mother! Mother!"

She dropped her own affair.

"What a wench, not to answer it!"

Opening the front door, she leaned out.

"What are you there, who cry?" she scolded. "Boy or girl baby?"

It was neither. In the pink mist drifting down a lane of wet masonry, there crouched a man, bare to his waist, thin as wicker, all atremble with cold, who hugged the stump of the lion. She had never seen this wretch in her life, till he got his chin off the ground, and stared at her with his father's eyes.

"Mother!" he repeated. "I have been at his grave on Wild-Tea Hill. He knows. If you had been rich, I could not come here for shame. But poor—well, I am not strong any more; my arms are like sand, yet I will work them for you."

She carried him in to face the tablet.

"There! Look on the memory," she cried, "of the wise! What will you have to eat, that you like best?"

Her son gave her a smile, heartbroken, deep with knowledge drawn from far away.

"Yes, it all happened," said he. "Almost. I never saw the Iron Cat."

Through a cone of wrapping paper Yi Tao squeezed yellow daubs, one by one, oozily into a greased pan. He was preparing finger ladies to be baked.

"What happen then?"

"Oh," sighed Tao, grinning, "den de boy he welly solly, chin-chee manner, say modda ixcussee me. Go to wuk. Pehafe. Alloso he scare he's fadda see ewellyt'ing aftu die, allo same deffil, maybe do som't'ing badt fo' him."

The pan went sliding into the oven.

"So all lite."

It is hard to be certain even of the past, but if neighbors do hear correctly, five or six finger ladies may have gone through a hedge of thorns and roses; for afterward a young woman with ears tight on her head, who no doubt will be fortunate, sang that song of gallant Wales for ay, which, being interpreted, is All Through the Night.

Conserving the Remnants

IN A RECENT printed attack aimed at an article, Conserving the Remnants, that appeared in the September sixth issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Mr. T. W. Tomlinson, of the American National Livestock Association, writes of "Romance masquerading as facts" in referring to a statement that the public lands were seriously overgrazed and that the stock interests were opposed to sane grazing regulations.

There are certain areas in certain National Forests in which grazing is prohibited. In every such case of which I happen to have any knowledge, the local stock interests bring every possible pressure to bear to force the opening of such spots to grazing. Such portions of the National Parks as are not already being grazed are a source of continual conflict, the local stock growers waging a ceaseless campaign to force the National Park Service to open the restricted districts to sheep and cows. They make use of every sort of propaganda to advance their claims. They assert it as their absolute right.

The National Parks are the property of the American public, and the five million or so of our citizens who annually tour the parks may certainly demand clean camp sites and unpolluted waterholes as against the fancied rights of a few local stockmen.

It is the absolute privilege of the American public to demand that the stock of individuals shall be removed from areas in either National Parks or National Forests that the public would utilize for other purposes. It might be well to exercise that right in a sufficient number of cases to impress upon the local stock interests that they are grazing the public lands through the sufferance of the American public, not through any personal rights of their own. They might then rejoice in the knowledge that that sufferance permits them to graze the greater percentage of the forests and cease urging their personal grievances because they are not permitted to graze every square inch. Perhaps then the American public could reserve areas in a National Park and some areas in our National Forests for game refuges or for recreational purposes without having continued conflict with local stock interests.

In many localities the public domain is overgrazed almost to the point of exhaustion, to where there is insufficient vegetation remaining to keep the soil from washing and gullying. These facts are well known, yet Tomlinson asserts that the public domain not only is not overgrazed but that it actually has a greater carrying capacity than it had a quarter of a century ago! What was it that he remarked about "Romance masquerading as facts"?

In proof of his contention he compiles statistics showing the great increase in livestock in the United States at present over the figures of twenty-five years ago. Certainly, but those figures include all the stock raised on all the farms in the United States, an increase derived from the vastly increased quantity of feed that is now produced in the entire nation. It is rather remarkable that he should use these figures as proof of his contention that the public domain has a vastly increased carrying capacity for stock—a fallacy on the face of it.

There is undoubtedly more stock on the public domain now than formerly, which, however, is no criterion of greater carrying capacity, but the reverse. It means a shorter carrying period out of each year, supplemental feeding, or both.

He brings to bear another squadron of statistics to show that the area of the public lands as estimated in the article was too great. Concede it and it signifies nothing and fails to alter the fact that the public domain, whether it contains one acre or a billion, has been and still is overgrazed!

Nevertheless, Mr. Tomlinson has placed the American National Livestock Association squarely on record to the effect that the public domain has a greater carrying capacity now than it had a quarter of a century ago—almost fifty per cent greater, according to his figures for livestock then and now. He either means that his organization shall stand squarely on record for that fallacy or else his statistics are merely "Romance masquerading as facts."

HAL G. EVARTS.

"....and she compelled the adoring regard of men."

¶ How like a page from an old romance is the quest for beauty today. Now, as then, beautiful women have found in fine silks the magic of still greater beauty. The modern Real Silk method of buying silk hosiery harks back pleasantly to the days when rich argosies from the Orient brought silks "glorious in tint and of astounding lustre" in tribute to the charms of beautiful women. ¶ Today the trusted representative of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills brings to your home fine silk hosiery in a profusion of fashionable shades. ¶ Real Silk Hosiery can be bought in no other way. Naturally, under this direct method of buying, your silk hosiery costs less.

To insure service, top, toe and heel are made of finest lisle. Every pair is guaranteed.

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS
Indianapolis · Indiana

THERE IS A BRANCH OFFICE IN YOUR CITY—CONSULT PHONE DIRECTORY

This Gold Button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home

THIS COUPON BRINGS TO YOU MISS HARFORD'S NEW COLOR HARMONY CHART FREE

© 1925

CORRECT color combinations of hosiery, dresses, hats and shoes for either street, sport, afternoon or evening costume is insured by the use of the Real Silk Color Harmony Chart. With the assistance of our New York and Paris Style Bureaus, I personally designed this chart for your convenience, and will gladly send it to you without cost. Just fill out the coupon and mail.

Katherine Harford

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Dept D5 Indianapolis Ind. Please have Miss Harford send me, without cost or obligation, the Real Silk Color Harmony Chart

Name_____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

CONCRETE MADE WITH ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT IS THE COMPLETE ARCHITECTURAL MATERIAL

Concrete is "a new and more perfect tool, better balanced to the economics of our time than any other building material." Never before was the variety of form, enrichment in color, that architecture of past ages secured only through lavish expenditure, economically possible in today's construction. Concrete made with Atlas Portland Cement, now opens a new era of architectural achievement.

Concrete has substance. The Panama Canal, the tunnels, bridges and skyscrapers of our large cities, have tested and proved its strength. No other material can take its place.

Concrete has form. It can be used for simple foundations and walls, or it can shape itself to elaborate columns, cornices, and even complete sculptural masterpieces, like the Fountain of Time, in Chicago.

Concrete now has color. No longer need fading and impermanent surface colorings be recurrently replaced. For by using naturally colored sands and stones with Atlas, either in its normal gray tone or in pure white, any range of color can be secured, from delicate tints to rich and sumptuous tones. And such color is an integral and permanent part of the concrete.

Concrete is economical. Atlas improvements in manufacture make Portland Cement actually cheaper today than thirty years ago, adding, to concrete's complete structural service, economy provided by no other material.

The architect, the contractor, the home builder, have now available in Atlas Portland Cement the complete architectural medium—permanent, adaptable, beautiful and economical, "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

Between the Atlas plants and the user there is but one distributor—the building material dealer who brings Atlas to the public cheaper than by any other method. Any architect, contractor or prospective builder is invited to write this Company regarding the possibilities of concrete made with Atlas.

Atlas Portland Cement

The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT Company

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM INDEPENDENCE, KANS.

PHILADELPHIA BOSTON ST. LOUIS DES MOINES DAYTON OMAHA BUFFALO KANSAS CITY JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Atlas White Portland Cement

GOSSIP INSURANCE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Marie La Tour Smith!" she says, hot and firm. "Why ain't you asked us over to meet any of your swell friends yet? Do you know, dearie, I am commencing to wonder just how exclusive you are, or whether you are merely lonesome?"

Well, this sure give me a uncomfortable feeling, but I had, unfortunately, in the old days before I even dreamed of such a thing as her moving out there, dropped certain remarks such as I saw Mrs. Vanderbilt today, or something, see, and left her take it anyway she wanted.

"Rully, Maison deah, I don't quite know what you mean!" I says, raising my neatly mowed eyebrows at her. "If you mean to insulate that I am not moving in the best circles, you are wrong. And to prove it, I will give you a tea one of these days, where you will get a chance to make your mistakes in public!"

"Well, when?" says Maison, passing up the insult, she was that eager to pin me down in order to stick me up.

"When will you do it? What day? I got any day open you care to name, and if it isn't I'll open it for the purpose if I have to use a meat ax!"

That kind of put me up against it. I tried to stall for time by smoothing down the back of my boyish bob as if I was interested in nothing else. But Maison had her photo-telegraphic eye on me.

"Quit stalling," she says, "and name the day. Or else confess that the best circle you are moving in is the gravel driveway that goes around the grass plot in front of your house."

This got my goat, as it would any lady's.

"Maison," I says, "you've got the most even disposition I ever saw; you're always mad! But I'll give that tea just the same, like I said. How about—let me see—a week from tomorrow—Thursday of next week from five to seven?"

For a minute Maison couldn't speak. That was some satisfaction anyways. She gaped at me with her eyes sticking out like headlights, and then she smiled all over herself.

"Fine, dear!" she says. "Thursday it is. Not a week from some Thursday, but from tomorrow!"

Well, I'll tell the cockeyed terra cotta I was in for it then. All the way home I was wondering would it be better to commit suicide or leave for China before the middle of the coming week. I had also read where there was quack doctors to be found who would fake illness for a person and for a consideration. And by the time my car had reached the circle of which Maison had so truly spoke, I was wondering which would be the best, smallpox or scarlet fever. Both would kind of queer any reception-giving, and mean a long recovery. But it would also cramp my style in other directions. It begun to seem like the only thing remaining was to get Maison assassinated before Thursday, and I was pretty near desperate enough for that when, as soon's I reached my boudoir, the telephone rang and who would it be but the Reverend Davis!

"Mrs. Smith," says he, "I have good news for you. I have succeeded in getting together a committee of ladies who are willing to serve on your board, and I want to call a meeting to discuss plans for the home!"

"Fine, Reverend!" I says. "That's hot stuff! Who are the ladies?"

"Mrs. Winters, the banker's wife," says he, "and Mrs. Coward, who married Norman Coward, of the famous stock-brokerage firm, you know. Then there is Mrs. Broughton Hawley—the famous old Boston family."

"Good; great!" says I.

"And Mrs. Aloysius Gentry," says he; "the—er—well, the ex-beer people. Of course they are—er—well, rather new, but they have a great lot of money and it would be unwise to antagonize her by leaving her off the list. Miss Jane Crowe will be there, of course. And I thought it would be an excellent idea to add Judge MacBurney and his wife. He is chairman of the house committee of the Country Club, you know, and they are splendid people."

"Oh, I know the judge!" says I. "He's let me off for speeding when I wasn't, several times. Well, Reverend, that is a wonderful list. Practically all the best people in town."

"And now about the meeting," says the Reverend. "When and where shall it be?"

When he says this I drew a long breath and took the plunge. Here I had a bunch of dames lined up that would take all the wind out of Maison's sails—why not use them and kill two social events with one caterer's check?

"Ask them here to my house, Reverend," I says, "a week from tomorrow, Thursday, from five to seven."

"That will do splendidly," says he. "Five o'clock it shall be. Daylight or standard time?"

"Standard," I says, and added with more truth than he knew, "I am delighted you got it fixed up, Reverend. You can't imagine what a relief this is to my mind!"

So there I had Maison's reception all staged. The only real trouble, now, would be getting the ladies to stick around after the meeting was over.

Well anyways, next Thursday eventually come along, and right after lunch I spent a while fixing up our mah-jongg room that opened upon the east lawn and which we had furnished out with real genuine antique Chow Main Street, Canton, China, furniture. Well anyways, I fixed it so's it would look elegant, refined and yet cozy.

"Cozy!" says ma, when she come down to overlook me. "Cozy! Do you call them chop-suey seats cozy, huh? Don't you know, daughter, that the way to get strange, unfriendly lady visitors chatting together, is to make 'em set not only pretty, but comfortable?"

"Ma, you're crazy!" I says, the way a daughter will. "You're crazy!" I says. "It ain't fashionable to be comfortable any more."

"Well, this rice parlor won't make your company chatty!" says ma, stubborn. "Not that I really ever expected you would let your old mother help you!"

And with that she walked off to dress up in the new blond wig she had just bought herself, and I went downtown to make sure the simple little tea of salad and ices and creams and sandwiches and hot and cold soup I had ordered, was checked up properly.

Well, when I come home again I run my runabout down to the garage, and walked back acrost our refined lawn to take a last look at the room. I come up softly on the grass, and peeked in one of the Olong windows, and stopped dead in my tracks. For the company had arrived!

I suppose I must of got all mixed up on this daylight-three-per-cent-on-savings time and the town running on standard. But there I was, with practically all my guests with the exception of the Reverend, and of Mr. and Mrs. Maison Rosabelle, Inc., right there ahead of me. And that wasn't all. Evidently the very minute my back was turned, ma had got together every last rocking-chair in the house and set them in a circle in my best Hop Lee Laundry period drawing-room. Ma herself wasn't nowheres in sight, but her work was going strong, for in each chair was a lady, rocking earnest, and as ma had put it, chatting. The first words that caught hold of my ear stopped me from entering. Miss Jane Crowe was talking and I couldn't help but listen.

"Not that I want to say our hostess would do anything really wrong," says she, "but you will all admit that it does look rather badly!"

"Why does she run around with him all the time, if they are not interested in each other?" says Mrs. Winters, the banker's wife. "What is her object in giving all that money for an old people's home, unless she is doing it for his sake, knowing it is his hobby?"

"Yes, and what's more, just consider the fact that he has induced us to come here, to her house for this meeting!" says Mrs. Coward, wife of the well-known stock-broker. "That shows the way he feels toward her! Although I confess I never would have thought of such a thing if it hadn't been for your suggesting it, Jane Crowe!"

Well, maybe the hot and cold showers didn't go up and down my back when I received that earful! The minister and me—they was actually talking scandal about the minister and I, personally, me! Of all things! And while they kept saying of course they didn't believe it and of course it couldn't possibly be true, etc., why from the tone of their voice a person could easy tell they was hoping for the worst.

First off I felt like walking into that parlor and asking them women to leave. And then I realized where that would be even worse bred than what they had done. So with my blood boiling I went around the other way real quiet.

I felt kinda sick all over. What a horrible, wicked, made-up story to tell about me and the poor innocent Reverend! Here I was merely trying to give away some big money to a good charity, and this was what it led to! Folks could say this of me—me, that adored the very ground that tall, skinny ham of a husband of mine walked on! What next?

Well, I soon found out what next, on account by the time I come in Miss Crowe was asking Judge MacBurney, who had just arrived, if it was really so the Climber Company was going to seize them new cars of the DeWints for nonpayment, and the judge was claiming not to know.

Well, the meeting was called to alleged order by the Reverend, who come in a few minutes after. Of course he hadn't no idea what had been going on behind his frock-coated back, but all the ladies give him the double-edged ephis when he stood up to talk, and while he didn't know what they was thinking, why the very looks they fastened on him got him uneasy and embarrassed, and owing to this he certainly did give a kind of guilty appearance.

Well anyways, I was so boiling mad by then I hardly noticed how the committee got formed for the Old People's Home. Neither did the other ladies, on account, principally, of them awful rocking-chairs ma had brought in. With every third rock a piece of gossip seemed to occur to one or another, and they would lean over and whisper it under cover of the Reverend's whereases which he was reading out of the incorporation he was getting up for the home. And it was during this that Maison and her shrimp slipped quietly into the room and took a seat right behind me. Miss Jane Crowe was sitting next to me, and the very minute the minister stopped telling about a kind of bathtub he wanted should go in the home—Per Capita, was the name of the brand—well anyways, the minute he laid off it for breath, Miss Crowe turned on me with a smile.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Smith!" she says. "I have been so anxious to know you, and see your lovely house! We are so glad to have you in our midst, and when I say that I can assure you I speak for the better element here. We don't welcome everybody, by any means! And by the way, tell me, do you know anything about those new people who have recently bought down on the Point? I mean that milliner from New York."

Well, with Maison Rosabelle, Inc., and her husband sitting right there behind us I was so surprised for a minute I could only snigger kind of foolish.

"Why, I don't know a great deal!" I says, meaning to be playful and leading up to a introduction. But Miss Crowe rushed in where newsboys would of feared to holler.

"Well, I do," she says. "She drinks!"

"What?" says Maison, nearly bouncing out of her seat. "What's that?"

"Well, of course she may not!" says Miss Crowe. "But my friend, Mrs. Lester, has a party wire, and she says that this milliner person ordered two cases on the phone yesterday; and my dear, she had ordered two cases only the day before!"

"Cases of what?" I says, sharp.

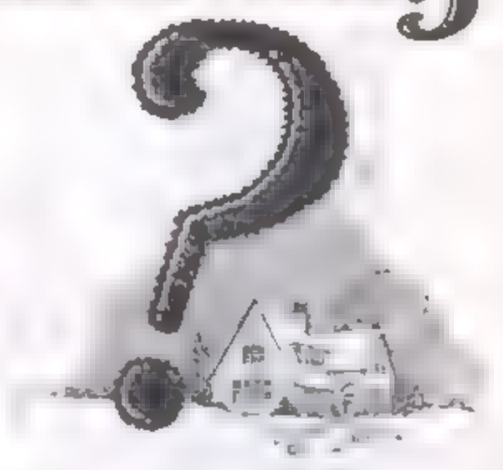
"Well, my dear, she would hardly mention that over the telephone," says Miss Crowe. "Besides, it wouldn't be necessary. She was talking with a man whose voice Mrs. Lester says was unmistakably a bootlegger's!"

"Four cases!" says Maison, getting to her feet. "Four packing cases!" And putting a Parisian French-novelty handkerchief to her mouth, she run from the room, just as ma appeared at the door.

"Ma, you look after Maison!" I called out. "Don't let her go home until I have seen her!" Then I give my attention to Miss Crowe. "Now lookit here, Miss Crowe," I says. "You ought to be careful how you go flinging remarks around. That just merely happened to be the very lady you was speaking of, herself, and she don't drink a drop, and never has!"

"Why—er—why, my dear!" says Miss Crowe, spreading out her skinny hands all

Did you dress in a chilly room this morning



It isn't necessary

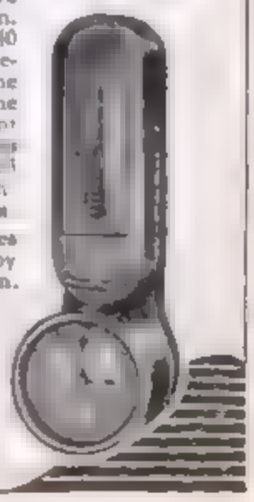
The MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR
THE HEART OF THE HEATING PLANT

wakes up the fire while you sleep

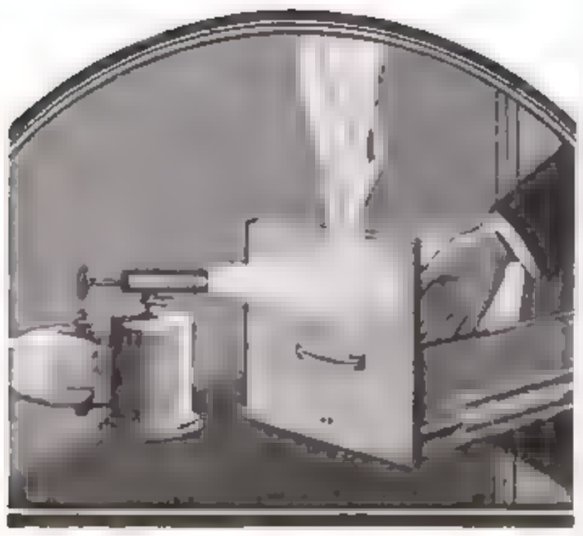
FREE!

Every home, whether heated with coal, oil, gas or district steam, should have Automatic Heat Regulation. It is fully explained and 40 ways of saving fuel are described in the booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," sent free. Address Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co., 2801 Fourth Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Installed by branch offices in principal cities—or by your local heating man.

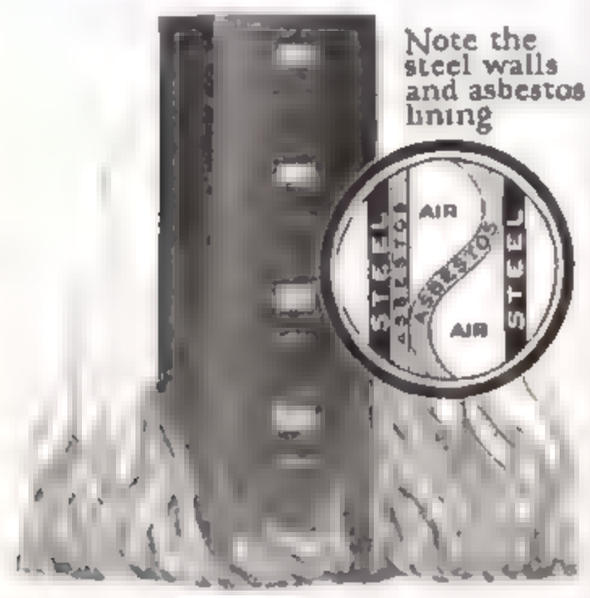


The New Model 77
8-Day Clock
7 Jewels



Why doesn't the heat come through?

ASBESTOS is the answer. The hot flame quickly heats the steel wall. But this is a "Y and E" Fire-Wall Steel File, and between its *two* walls of steel are two insulating layers of protective asbestos.



Note the steel walls and asbestos lining

Asbestos will protect *your* records, too

When you buy steel files, why not buy fire protection, too? "Y and E" Fire-Wall Steel Files are offered in sections for all sizes and kinds of records. See them at the nearest "Y and E" Store or mail the coupon.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
132 JAY STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
"Y and E" Branches in principal cities
Agents and Dealers everywhere
In Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd.
Newmarket, Ont.

"Y and E" OFFICE EQUIPMENT

Steel and Wood Filing Cabinets—Desks—Safes—Office Systems and Supplies

Yawman and Erbe Manufacturing Co.
132 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me free book on "Y and E" Fire-Wall Steel Files.

NAME

ADDRESS

in a fluster. "I didn't say that I positively knew she drank! I merely suggested that I had heard so!"

"Yes, but you don't have to open an egg all the way to know it's bad, either," I says. "It's a outrage to start such things."

"Well, I think I'll be going home," says Miss Crowe, getting up. "I've never been spoken to like that in my life!"

And out she marched, a enemy for sure, I could tell it by her very shoulderblades and the way she held the jet on her bonnet.

This kind of broke up the meeting, which was about over, anyways, and Mrs. Winters, a flabby, faded blonde, who had been tuning in on C. R. O. W. E., also got up and out, alighting beside me for a minute on her way.

"Good-by, Mrs. Smith," she says. "Don't mind Jane Crowe. My dear, the gossip in this town is dreadful. People just don't seem to care what they say!"

"I believe you!" I says, and then the rest commenced choosing the nearest exit, until nobody was left only the judge and Mrs. Mac, who had been listening, and the O'Toole, who was huddled up in a corner behind his mustache. As the last of the rocking-chair brigade went out Judge MacBurney come over and took me by the hand.

"So you have been getting a dose of our scandalmongers sauce, eh?" he says. "Well, my dear child, they will do it in these small towns!"

"Don't mind it, and don't listen, child!" says Mrs. Mac.

"I can't help minding!" I says, indignant. "Why, they were even talking lies about me, here in my very own house, this afternoon. There ought to be some way of stopping it! Those women have no right to take away a person's character just for the fun of it."

"It's a thoughtless thing, but we all do it, more or less," says Mrs. Mac. "And there's no protection against it, not even virtue."

"There ought to be, there must be some way of being protected!" I says. "Why, people ought to be able to get insured against it!"

Well, both the judge and Mrs. Mac laughed at that, and says good-by, and etc., and went away. For a moment I thought I was alone in the room and got all ready for a good cry over my willfully nicked reputation, when I remembered Maison's husband and turned to where he was. I took one look at him, and then another, on account a complete change had come over his whole entire expression. His eyes was shining but glazed, and actually he seemed to of grown a couple inches taller in the last few minutes. The big room was awful silent and full of rocking-chairs, and the only sound was Maison coming out of her hysterics a couple of doors away. I felt kind of uncanny. It wasn't natural for the shrimp to look like that. And when all of a sudden he come over and grabbed me by the wrist I pretty near let out a yell.

"Marie!" he says, working the big mustache fiercely. "Oh, my cow, but you're a great woman! You have saved my life!"

"How come?" I gasps. "Whatcha mean, saved your life?"

"Marie!" he says. "I love my wife." I give a nod. "And I'm going to lose her. You heard what she said, when we first moved out here, about being through with me if I didn't make good on this insurance business? Well, I ain't made good. I'm a flop. A utter flop. And why? On account I had nothing new to sell. A needle in a haystack is conspicuous compared to the uninsured property holder, and a new man in the business has to catch 'em with a expired policy and the old agent just laid to rest in the family plot, in order to sell 'em. And the same is true with theft, auto, accident and life. Out in this old territory I have been about as much of a success as a rabbit hauling lumber. But you have just handed me a new line for an old game!"

"Shoot," says I. "What is it?"

"Well," says he. "What is it everybody needs to insure, eh? Is it jewels? Everybody ain't got them! Autos? The same! Houses? Ditto! But everybody has got a reputation to protect, Marie; and that speech of yours to the judge give me the opening of a lifetime."

"How?" says I.

"I'm going to sell gossip insurance!" he says. "It's new, it's up to date, you can't afford to be without it! I'm a desperate man, Marie, and it's my last chance to make good with Maison. Gossip insurance—a good name or the cash equivalent! Hot bozo! Girl, you got a great idea, there! Do you foller me?"

"Gossip insurance!" I says. "Honest, I'm following you so close your heels will be all blistered like that feller Arch Illies. Gossip insurance! You ought to get a pretty high premium on that!"

"That depends some on who wants it," says he. "But everybody gets talked about, and sooner or later they hear of it through some kind friend, and get sore. And that's when they will come to me, can you see?"

"I can!" I says. "And I don't need any gossip's spyglass, neither! How will you work it, Tom? Won't you need a bunch of capital? There won't be any company write the stuff, you can depend on that."

"Well, if Maison won't advance it after what was said about her this afternoon," says the king of Irish insurance, "I'll raise the money someways if I have to do it with gunpowder out of a bank."

"You won't need to," says I, "on account I will advance it because of what was said about me."

"Thanks, with legal interest!" says he earnestly. "I'll maybe call on you."

"Tom, you do this without any help from Maison," I says. "Then she'll think far more of you if you get away with it, and she'll have one less thing to pick on you for if it gets away with you instead."

"I feel too strong about this to let it get away with me!" says he, earnest. "Lookit what people must of been saying about me these past ten years. I know how people feel that gets gossiped about—I've been!"

"Well," I says. "If they say you been a failure, Tom, and you can turn around now and make a big success, why what better comeback could a person ask?"

"I'll show 'em!" says he. "And also at the same time keep the love of that magnificent woman! Watch tomorrow's papers!"

Well, with that remark he was gone in a dust of dreams, leaving me to think ain't Nature wonderful, what can he see in that woman, and other similar thoughts such as pretty near any married or engaged couple will inspire. Then I went off to exchange indignations with Maison, and we put in a thoroughly enjoyable hour complaining about how bad we had been treated, each so eager to tell her own story that we could scarcely wait for the other to get through talking. Ma was listening, but in a comparatively weak position, on account nobody, so far as we knew, had as yet said a word against her.

Well anyways, the next day I looked in the local paper like the O'Toole had told me to, and there sure as some people's shooting was the ad:

HAVE YOU A REPUTATION TO PROTECT?

How Much Is Your Good Name Worth?

Almost everyone says and does, in all innocence, things which malicious or even idle gossip can take up and misinterpret. Did you never say or do anything which the world might misjudge? The innocent often suffer along with the guilty when idle tongues wag.

PROTECT

Your Name—Your Job—Your Business

Protect Your Future Happiness

I will insure your good reputation to any amount. Let me worry over what people say about you. All Business Strictly Confidential

SEE

Thomas Ignatius Loyola O'Toole
St. Paul's Road, East
Rosemere, Long Island

Well, it made me want to go right around to Tom's, but I hesitated on account I thought oh well, the crowd will all go early and there is no use in me being seen going in. I guess I will wait until some night when folks are all eating their dinner. And so the daylight savings was all in the cloud bank to the west of the town three days later before I drove over to the O'Toole's and found him alone in his office.

It was an awful pleasant evening but the shrimp didn't seem able to use it. He had a kinda drawn look on his face as if the day had been trying and convicting, both, but he managed to grind out a smile for me as he closed the door and give me a seat beside the secondhand doctor's desk he had parked in the middle of the office floor.

"Well, Marie, so you come!" says he. "And maybe I ain't glad to see you!"

The room was awful bright and it made me nervous, the way a woman who ain't certain about her make-up is under such a circumstance.

"What do you have it so light in here for?" I says.

"I turn 'em all on when I'm alone!" says he gloomily. "Maison ain't home, or she'd have me setting by the light of one lamp."

"Maison ain't home!" says I. "Where is she gone?"

"She's went to Europe on her annual buying trip," says Maison's Inc. "She's wild at me on account of the ad in the paper. She claims I've queered her for life and that now none of the best people here will ever invite her to their homes, and of course it's all my fault. She says she don't know as she ever will come back, but she'll decide that when she gets home. I'm awful upset."

Well, this made me mad and I grabbed up a small object I had been fooling with. I smashed it down on the table.

"It's a shame!" I says. "That ain't fair!"

"Don't do that!" says Tom. "It's only my camera, and it's insured. But it's a especial good camera, so if you'd just as soon get another gavel ——"

"Oh, I'm awful sorry," I says. "But I feel so indignant over Maison. Pretty near as mad as over my own troubles."

"Let's us talk about them instead," he says. "Do you still want to take that insurance out?"

"I want to take it out and exercise it!" I says. "I want one hundred thousand dollars' insurance on my reputation as a picture actress, and if my fan letters fall below twenty-five hundred a year, you pay. And I want two hundred thousand on my reputation as a devoted wife and mother."

"Fine!" says O'Toole, brightening considerable. "Here, you better read the application blank for the kind of policy I draw up. Mind the ink, now, it's still wet from the printer's, but at that it ain't the dry reading some insurance policies is!" And he give me the sheet that held the dotted line:

I hereby apply to the O'Toole Casualty Company for a Policy to be based upon the following statement of facts, which I warrant to be complete and true; and I agree to accept said Policy subject to all its conditions and provisions and limits.

(a) My full name is _____

(b) Class No. _____

(c) My weight is _____ pounds.

(d) My height is _____ feet, _____ inches.

(e) I was _____ years of age on my last birthday.

(f) My Post Office address is { St. & No. _____ City _____ State _____

(g) My occupation is _____

(h) I have never been named as witness or otherwise connected with any notorious scandal, except as follows:

(i) My habits of life are correct and temperate. I have never had nor am I now suffering from any condition which might give rise to scandal about me, except as follows:

(j) I have not consulted a lawyer or been in jail during the past 2 years, except as follows:

(k) I have not had any injurious remarks made about me during the past 7 years, except as follows:

TROUBLES DUE TO GOSSIP	DATE	DURATION

(l) I desire the beneficiary under the policy to be:

(Give full name) _____

(m) I agree that this insurance shall not take effect until this application is accepted by the Company at its Home Office in Rosemere, L. I., and Policy issued.

Dated at _____ this _____ day of _____, 192__.

Signed, _____
Applicant.

(Continued on Page 92)

"Why did I ever sign that bond?"

Past the prime of life . . . accustomed to comforts . . . proud of his success. . . . Then—a half-forgotten bond . . . signed years ago to satisfy a friend. . . . Now—swift ruin! . . . Home . . . business . . . everything! . . . Seized by the sheriff. His own and his family's future signed away!

ÆTNA-IZE

NO INDIVIDUAL ever should become a bondsman. Suretyship is a grave responsibility. When a man becomes a personal surety, he not only impairs his credit but also risks his life accumulations.

Not only does personal suretyship involve a risk to the bondsman which no prudent man should assume, but its value to the obligee is not comparable with that of corporate suretyship. The resources behind an Ætna Surety Bond are enduring—unimpaired by circumstances that may make a personal guarantee worthless.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies issue virtually every known form of policy—Life Insurance in all its branches; Group Life; Group Disability; Accident and Health; Automobile; Compensation; Liability; Burglary; Plate Glass; Water Damage; Fire; Marine; Transportation; Fidelity Bonds; Surety Bonds, etc.

Ætna-ize according to your needs—as you prosper and as your obligations increase.

The Ætna-izer in your community is a man worth knowing. He represents the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world. He is equipped to furnish you unrivaled protection against financial loss of *every* kind.

Through Ætna insurance policies and bonds, you can surround your income, your business, your property—the future of yourself and loved ones—with the security of Ætna's great resources. Get acquainted with the Ætna-izer in your neighborhood—today.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES
ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

(Continued from Page 90)

"That's all right with me," I says, handing it back. "Go on, fill it in now, Tom, and get it over."

Well, he took it and commenced figuring, and while he done so I took a good look around.

Now Tom's office was in his house. Maison had felt she could kind of keep a tab on him better that way, and so she had give him a wing that stuck out the back, and kind of to one side, with a door toward the street with a sign over it, and four windows and a door into the garden where the trees and shrubs was awful thick and dark, even in the daytime. Well, as I set there waiting for the shrimp to get the fatal papers ready, all of a sudden there come a knock on the door; not a good healthy ring at the regular office door, but a sneaky gentle knock on the door from the garden. Both I and Tom looked up kinda startled.

"Oh, my cow!" says the O'Toole in a low voice. "I wonder, now, who would be knocking?"

"I don't know, but I don't want they should find me here getting insured," I says in a whisper and a hurry. "It wouldn't look good! For the love of tripe, let me hide out, Tommy!"

And with that I made for a closet door just as another knock come on the garden entrance—a little bit louder this time, but still cautious.

"Hey, not in that door!" says the shrimp to me, his big mustache dancing frantically. "There's somebody in there already."

"No!" I says, meaning yes. "Where'll I go, then?"

"The broom closet!" says he, shoving me in with the vacuum cleaner. It felt like the place the body was hid, or something when I leaned against the bag. And in a minute more he had the door shut on me - practically. Something got stuck in the crack of it, and it didn't close exactly, and so I couldn't help it if I could see out into the room and hear what went on.

Well anyways, while I stood there pretty near eaten up with wondering who was in the other closet and how long they had been there, the O'Toole made up his mind to open that garden door, and who, of all people, would sneak in out of the dark but Judge MacBurney!

"Well, well, your honor!" says the O'Toole. "Come in, do! But what happened to the front door that you had to get all wet with the dew coming through the garden?"

"Whew!" says the judge. "I say, that shrubbery is thick! But you see, O'Toole, as a matter of fact I thought it wiser not to let anyone observe me coming in here."

"Ah!" says the shrimp. "I see! Well, sit down, your honor, and let's hear what you have to insure."

The judge took the seat I had just resigned from, and wiped his dear, kind face on one of them new big English silk handkerchiefs.

"Look here," he says. "This idea of gossip insurance is a mighty interesting one. I came from purely disinterested motives, to talk it over with you. Now do you mean to tell me that you can actually insure against gossip?"

"I do that," says Ireland. "And if they say a word against you to your injury, I'll pay in full."

"It's a lot simpler than bringing a suit for libel," says his honor, "and much less conspicuous. Now, Mr. O'Toole, understand me—I am, I trust, a man of honor. I strive to do the right thing in every way, and to live an upright life, but ——"

"Ah, but!" says Ignatius Loyola, slapping the table with his open palm and wiggling his lambrequin mustache. "But! That's just it! And you are running for office this year again, judge."

"I see that you get my point exactly," says his honor. "Now the political censors are going to be very active and I have some enemies among them. On the other hand, I have some warm and influential friends among our leading citizens here—all of them members of our Country Club, where I happen to be chairman of the house committee. Now my record on the bench is clean, Mr. O'Toole—absolutely. So is my private life. No one can say a word against me on either score, and there is just one place where my enemies can possibly go for scandal against me. I would be innocent, of course, but the damage could be done if a charge were made. I refer to the fact that, unfortunately, some drinking has been going on at the Country Club. The charge might conceivably be made that—well, that liquor was being sold at the club. These friends of mine of whom I spoke—my fellow members—all leading citizens, I assure you—well, you know how it is. Men will be men, Mr. O'Toole!"

"And you want a policy to cover you against the charge that the club is selling liquor while you are chairman of the house committee," says Tom. "I see. For how much money, judge?"

"Well," says the judge, "I'd an idea that if I were covered to the amount of my campaign expenses, that would be sufficient. Then if the opposition started any lying stories about this liquor business and I lost the election in consequence, I wouldn't be out of pocket. Ten thousand dollars ought to cover it, Mr. O'Toole."

"All right, judge, fine!" says the shrimp. "I'll write the policy tomorrow. I suppose I can set the examiner to work in the morning?"

The judge had got up and started toward the door he had come in by, when he heard that last, and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Examiner?" says he. "Examiner? What do you mean by that? What need is there for an examiner?"

"Sure, don't get hot, your honor!" says O'Toole. "When you go to get your life insured they sic a doctor on you, don't they? And he's got to give you a clean bill of health before they give you the policy. Well, it's the same with me, that's all. My examiner merely looks into your reputation to make sure it's a good risk. A mere matter of form, in your case, of course, but we have to go through with it. As you say, the stories about the club doing a little select bootlegging is all lies, so what harm can his investigation do? Besides, it's all strictly confidential. If a party gets turned down in this office the world will never know it from me."

Well, for a minute the judge stood there without a word out of him. He appeared like he was thinking deeply.

"I see!" says he at last. "So it's all quite regular, eh?"

"Certainly."

"Well, be damned to their petty lawbreaking, then!" says the judge, squaring his shoulders. "I'll run on a genuinely clean slate or not at all. You write that policy, Mr. O'Toole, and send your investigator day after tomorrow and any day after that, and I'll be hanged if he finds a thing, from then on, so long as I'm in charge!"

Well, I like the old judge, see, and I wanted to cheer, but remembered not to, just in time. And at that very minute I found out what was stuck in the crack of the closet door, keeping it open. It was my foot.

Well, the judge started out again, shaking hands with the shrimp all the way, and then, just before he reached the door, another knock come on it, equally stealthy, like his own had been, and the two of them stopped dead. I settled myself more comfortable on the dustrags.

"It's some other one!" says Ignatius in a loud subtitle. "D'yer want to hide, yer honor?"

"I—er—I have nothing to hide!" says the judge, indignant. "I am not afraid to be seen here! But I—er—well, perhaps I had better go out by the front door!"

"Sure enough!" says the shrimp. "There's a light on the front porch. Step this way, please!"

Well, the judge stepped. Lively, too, and out he went by the office main door. For a second Mr. Inc. stood wiping his red face and wet hands on a bandanna. Then he pulled down his vest and opened the door into the garden.

For a moment nobody didn't appear, or at least I couldn't see them even if I had forgot to take my foot out of the crack. And then out of the darkness come, of all people in the world, the Reverend! I pretty near fell off the vacuum cleaner when I recognized him, although he was so pale and shaky that first off I didn't hardly know him. If ever a man looked the miserable picture of guilt, the Reverend was it. He give a glance around over his shoulder as he come in, like he expected to see ghosts behind him, and when the garden door slammed he jumped like a Olympic Game entry.

"Mr. O'Toole?" he says, clutching his hat.

"Well, Reverend Davis!" says the Irish. "What can I do for you? Sure, don't be nervous, man, there's nobody around!"

"I hope not!" says the Reverend. "I would not have anyone catch me here, for the world! And yet I was forced to come to you. Oh, if only I had never heard of or met that awful woman!"

"What woman?" says Tom, and I wanted to yell the same question but couldn't.

"Can you conceive," says the Reverend, "of anyone saying such a thing of me—of me, who is—was—am—perfectly innocent!"

"Of course you're innocent!" says Ignatius. "That's why you're here. But what are you innocent of?"

"You do believe me, don't you?" says the Reverend, pretty near in tears. "There isn't a word of truth in it. Oh, that horrible woman!"

"Don't take on like that, your reverence," says the shrimp. "Who is the she-devil that's tormenting you so?"

"I wouldn't call her that," says the Reverend, sitting down kind of sudden and faint and looking at O'Toole real pleading. "I would not call her that; it is scarcely Christian."

"Do I know her?" says Tom.

"It's that actress person, Marie La Tour!" says the Reverend. "The creature has been pursuing me for weeks on the grounds of a—a charity. And now I find out that—that people say ——"

"There, there," says the shrimp, his bristles twitching with sympathy. "I know all about it. I know it's a lie. She's as fine a lady as ever walked, and I'm sure you are the same, your reverence. It's an outrage, that's what!"

"Oh! I'm so relieved to hear you say so," says Mr. Davis, getting out a big white handkerchief and doing the regular stuff with it. "I only this afternoon learned what was being said, and I came to you for help the very minute it got dark enough!"

"And you come to the right place!" says Tom. "You want a policy, I suppose?"

"Yes," says the Reverend, more calm now. "You see, I have been made aware that the story about me originated with Miss Jane Crowe. In point of fact she informed my wife, speaking, as she put it, for the better element in Rosemere. She manifested a great deal of interest in my affairs, Mr. O'Toole, and you know what that means, or would, if you had lived here longer. Miss Jane Crowe has been directly responsible for the resignation of my two predecessors in this parish. Her interest is fatal. I am a family man, Mr. O'Toole. I have a wife and three little ones. I must, I shall protect them! How about a policy to the amount of my year's salary?"

"That's all right with me!" says the shrimp. "I'll get the policy right out. It's five thousand, ain't it? Right! And the investigator will get to work tomorrow."

"The investigator?" says Reverend Davis, the light which had come in his face dying out. "But I have told you, and you have accepted as fact, that these rumors are totally unfounded!"

"Certainly they are," says the shrimp. "Of course it's mere formality. But when we carry a risk we give you a character that will bear any investigation."

A look of distress come over the Reverend's face, and he spoke in a humble tone.

"Mr. O'Toole, I am far from a perfect man," says he. "I fear it is possible that my difference with the dear bishop on the question of foreign missions may affect your investigator's judgment of me. Now that you call my attention to it, I realize that perhaps I acted quite wrongly in that matter."

Ignatius Loyola's mustache give a violent jerk. Then he controlled it.

"You are the best judge of that, sir," says he. "If you done wrong, why set the matter right first thing in the morning before my investigator commences work, and that will clear the obstruction out of his way."

"I will!" says the Reverend Davis, terrible relieved at this big idea. "I will attend to it at once! I—I am relieved to do so, Mr. O'Toole, for the rebellion had troubled my conscience! And then there will be no trouble about my getting my policy?"

"None at all!" says the descendant of kings. "Good night, Reverend Davis!"

"Good night, Mr. O'Toole!" says the Reverend. "Perhaps I had better go out the front door. After all, once the matter with the bishop is cleaned up there is no real reason why I should not be seen coming out of here!"

Well, while he was going through the door I was going through a fit. And once Tom had shut him out I wondered could I stand it another minute. I had to. It seems the Reverend chose wisely but none too soon when he went out the front door, on account no quicker was he gone than there was somebody else at the back. Unintentionally he had sneaked away. And by this time I was too interested to sneak away if I could of.

If the judge and the Reverend calling there had been a surprise, the next one was a attack, on account when Tom opened the door a female hat that was someways kind of familiar to me come slowly into the light. The face that carried it around was hid under a drop curtain in the form of a heavy veil when this party made her entrance, and the O'Toole backed away from her like she was great Cæsar's ghost or something. Then she closed the door behind her and rung up the veil, and there Low & Behold, the w. k. firm of novelty manufacturers, furnished another surprise, on account it was Miss Jane Crowe herself, in a personal appearance.

"What!" says Tom, the minute he seen who it was. "You here again? Ain't I told you twice already I didn't want to be bothered with you?"

"Oh, but, Mr. O'Toole, you must bother with me!" says Miss Crowe. "I want to be insured. And I'm going to keep on coming here until I get my policy."

"You'll get none!" says Irish firmly. "You won't tell me why you want that insurance, what it is they may accuse you of, and how you are innocent. What is more, you kick at me setting the investigator on you. And yet you got the nerve to ask me to write a ten-thousand-dollar character policy for you! Why?"

"That's my own affair!" she snapped at him. "My character is spotless. I assure you of that, myself, and the only reason I want that policy is because people talk so in this town you never can tell who will be next! I know!"

"I'll bet you do!" he says with a grin. "Now get along out of this, do!"

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't talk to me that way!" says she nervously. "I'm beginning to think there is something very peculiar about this strange enterprise of yours, Mr. O'Toole, and representing, as I do, the better element of Rosemere ——"

Well, just as she pulled that one, something slipped. I don't know was it the vacuum cleaner or the carpet sweeper or the oil mop or all three, but crasho down I come with a racket fit to get a cuss out of the President. The closet door flew open and out I flew like a landslide, and at the rumpus Miss Crowe let out one blood-curdling yell and fainted dead away in Thomas Ignatius O'Toole's arms.

For a minute he staggered under the blow and come pretty near to dropping her, but he didn't on account of what I hollered at him the second I scrambled to my feet, which I done with all the rapidity of an egg on a hot pan.

"Hold it!" I shouted as good as any director on the Goldringer lot. "Don't drop her, for your life! Lean over her tenderly! Remember that you love her—you adore her! Look at her lovingly, you simp! Look closer. Hot bozo, that's the stuff! Lights! Camera! Shoot!"

Well, there was the little camera I had been fooling with on the desk, and just in fun I grabbed it, to carry out the act, see, and shot it at them at the very minute Miss Crowe come to and flung one arm around Tom's neck to brace herself. Then seeing she was coming out of it, I put the camera back, feeling ready for pretty near any kind of foolishness.

"Oh, my!" she moaned. "Where am I? Oh, dear, I'm all upset!"

"Ahem!" says I in a very cold voice. "I should think you might be upset, Miss Crowe! I am both shocked and surprised!"

At the sound of my icy tones, Miss Crowe stood on her own feet instead of Tom's, and pushed him to one side, straightening her hat and giving me a glassy stare.

"Mr. O'Toole," I says. "Heaven knows I made noise enough coming in for you two to of heard me in time to break. I won't detain you. Good night!"

"Hey, wait!" yells Irish. "What in the name of ——"

"Please kindly don't add swearing to your other improper behavior, Mr. O'Toole! I says haughtily, pausing in my upstage flight."

Crowe gave a caw.

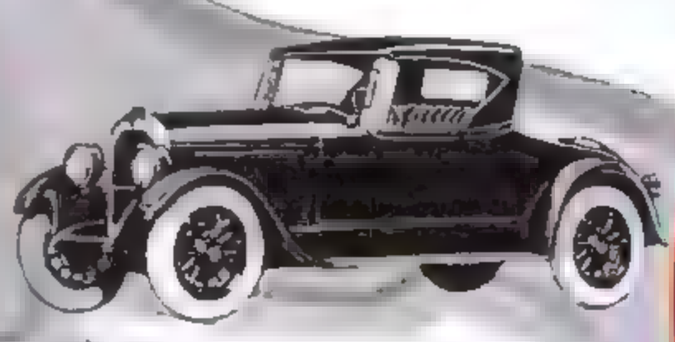
"Mrs. Smith!" she gasps. "You do not understand the situation! You are quite wrong!"

"Oh, I understand all right," I says, about as warm as a iceberg in January. "I understand that I come to call on my dearest friend and at nearly eleven o'clock at

(Continued on Page 97)

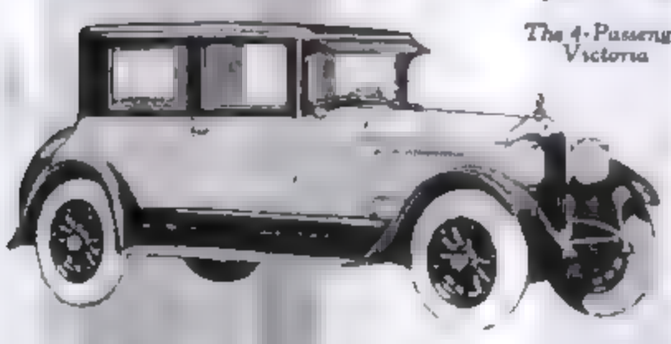
The EQUIPOISED 8

The SUPERB 6

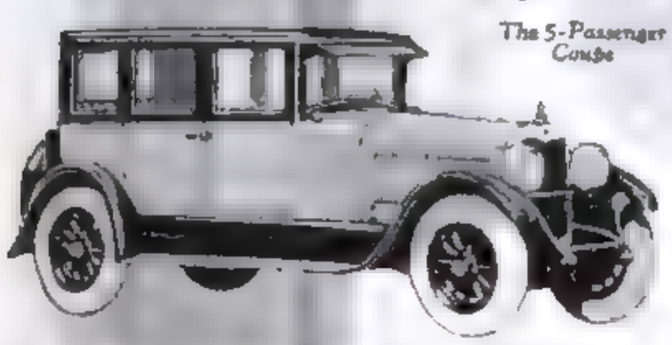


The 4-Passenger Touring Phaeton

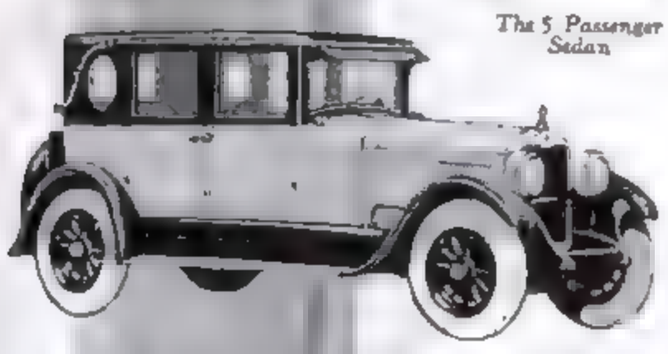
The 4-Passenger Victoria



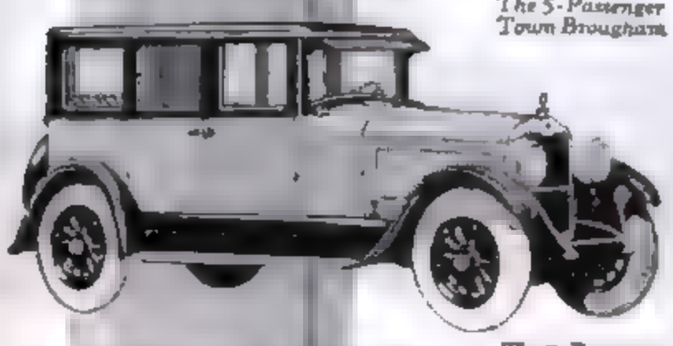
The 5-Passenger Coupe



The 5-Passenger Sedan



The 5-Passenger Town Brougham



The 7-Passenger Suburban Sedan

The 7-Passenger Berline Lamousine

A Model of Rich Beauty *and* Inexhaustible Power for Every Lover of Fine Cars

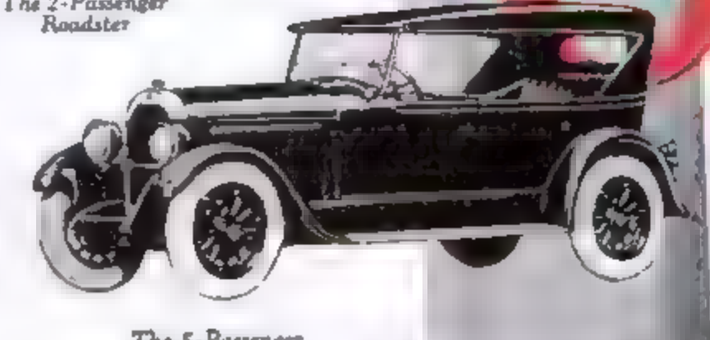
No matter how superb and powerful the car of your dreams may be, you'll find its counterpart in this alluring array of fine automobiles.

Is it an Eight? Then consider this Equipoised Peerless—an amazing blend of brute power and gentle smoothness; with a V-type motor that is absolutely vibrationless at all engine speeds.

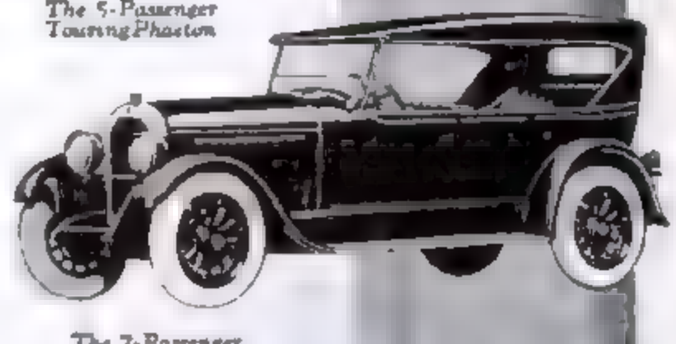
Or perhaps it's a Six. Then think of this moderate priced Peerless—pronounced by owners "the best six cylinder car built, regardless of price."

Whether your ideal motor car is an Eight or a Six, you can meet it to perfection with a Peerless.

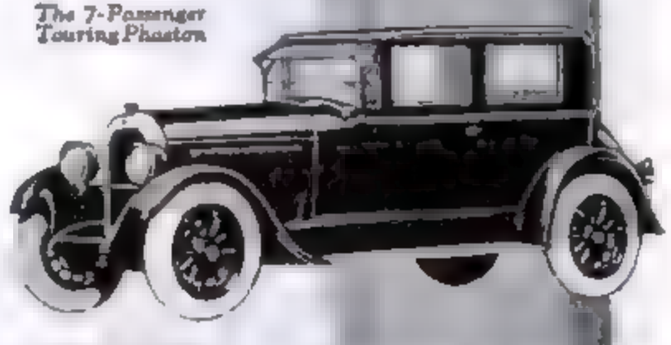
THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO



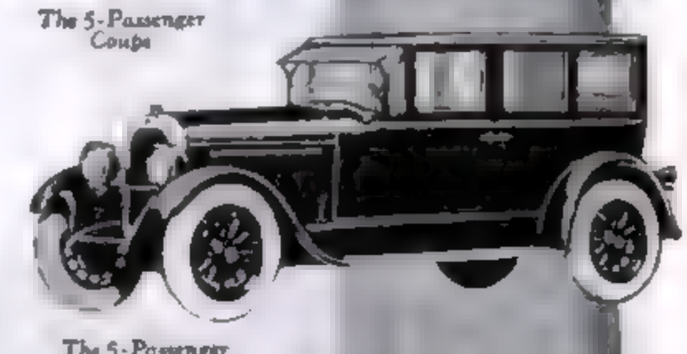
The 2-Passenger Roadster



The 5-Passenger Touring Phaeton



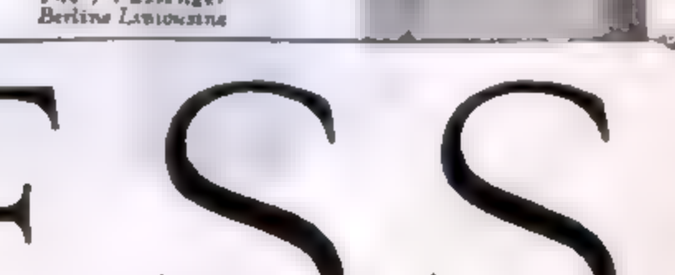
The 7-Passenger Touring Phaeton



The 5-Passenger Coupe

The 5-Passenger Sedan

The 7-Passenger Sedan



The 7-Passenger Berline Lamousine

PEERLESS

TEXACO
MOTO

MOTOR OIL

is what refining makes it

Black when it flows from the ground.

Loaded with impurities.

Step by step the crude petroleum progresses toward Texaco Motor Oil purity.

The completion of the refining and filtering processes brings out that clean, clear, golden Texaco color.

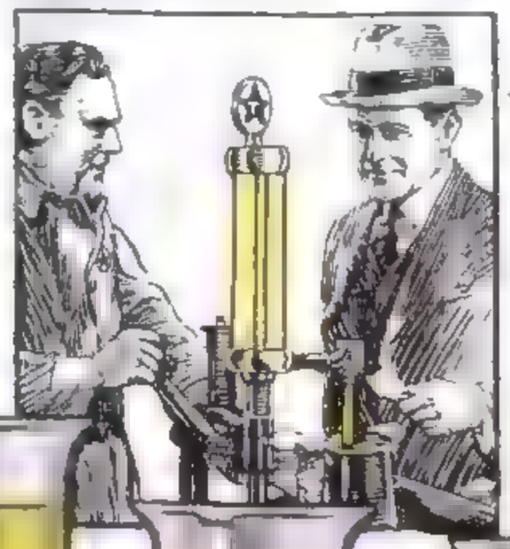
In the Texaco process refining and filtering are continued until all substances that would form hard carbon are removed—every tint and trace of impurity—and the golden color results.

The habitual purchase of Texaco Motor Oil is the safeguarded promise of a carbon-free engine.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

Run it with Texaco Gasoline



Save it with Texaco Motor Oil

TEXACO

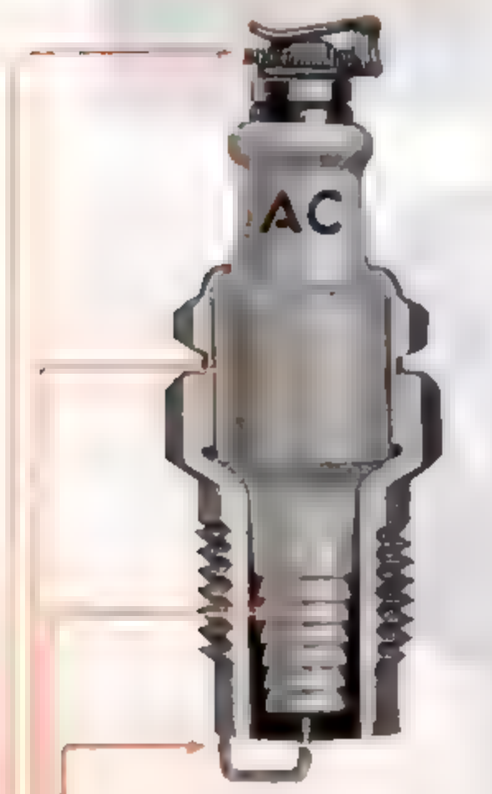
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

Don't guess --- accept no other --- *insist on*

AC SPARK PLUGS
AC SPEEDOMETERS

For Fords

The
AC 1075



WHEN you buy spark plugs you do not have to guess—insist on AC Spark Plugs and you will be sure of good performance.

Because AC's are better plugs more than 200 manufacturers use them year after year as factory equipment.

OTHER SIZES OF AC SPARK PLUGS

REGULAR METRIC	SAE EXTRA LONG	½" CARBON-PROOF	⅝" LONG BODY
for	*for*	*for*	*for*
*Hudson	**Dort Six	Overland	*Chandler (to 1924)
*Essex	*Apperson Six	Reo	Willys-Knight
Duesenberg	*McFarlan		
*Wills-Sainte-Claire	Elgin		

*Factory Equipment **With Carbon-proof Porcelain

More than 85% of the American cars and trucks produced, Fords excluded, are AC-equipped.

AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND

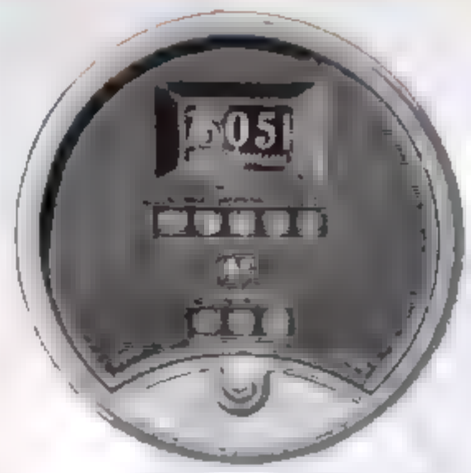
AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*
Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

AC-OLEO Levallois-Perret FRANCE

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

For Fords

The
AC SPEEDOMETER



Can be easily and quickly installed. The new AC Direct Drive is a big improvement over previous types of drives, as it does away with the swivel joint.

The cost is surprisingly low—$15.00 ($15.50 west of Denver). Your dealer can supply you.

(Continued from Page 92)

night I find not alone that she is out of town but you —— Oh, heavens! I can't even endure to mention it!"

Well, about then I had to hide my face in my handkerchief, on account otherwise I would of laughed in her scared face.

"Mrs. Smith!" says Miss Crowe in a tone that tried to make a crime out of my name. "Mrs. Smith, you have made a horrible mistake! I am absolutely innocent! I came here merely to get some gossip insurance!"

"No wonder!" says I.

"But, Marie!" says the shrimp, a worried twist to his mustache. "Please listen!"

"Tom, you shut up!" I says. "If you will kindly put this woman out of the house I will stay in it, not otherwise! And I want to talk to you before seeing your poor wife!"

"This is an outrage!" gasps Miss Crowe. "The better element of Rosemere shall be told of it!"

"Much attention they'll pay to you when they hear what I saw!" I says coldly.

"Mrs. Smith!" says she with a croak. "You wouldn't tell such a thing! You couldn't be so unfair! Why, I am as innocent as ——"

"As I am," I says. "but much you have cared about being fair all these years! Good night, Miss Crowe!"

"Will I really put her out, Marie?" says Ireland, who begun to have a glimmer of intelligence

"Certainly." I says.

Miss Crowe threw back her head with a snort, and picked up her shawl.

"Very well, I'll go," says she. "And as for anything you say, Mrs. Smith, I shall simply deny it as an outrageous lie! Speaking for the better element, I may say no one will believe such nonsense!"

"You have got 'em pretty well trained to believe nonsense, Miss Crowe," I says. And she flowed on out without a word. After he shut the door on her Tom come back and fell into a chair, exhausted.

"Whew!" says he. "That was a hot one, Marie. You had me scared for a second, honest! What will she do, d'yer suppose?"

"What can she?" I says. "Nothing of course! But you certainly have a funny bunch of customers!"

The shrimp give me a peculiar look at that, and hitched his chair a little closer to mine, leaning forward, confidential.

"Marie," he says. "There don't a soul come here during the days, but oh, my cow, the nights!"

"Hot bozo!" says I. "Spill it all, Tom."

"Well, Marie," he says, "the truth of the matter is, all our leading citizens, pretty near, has been here looking for insurance, all of them by the back door, and after dark. There was, strictly between the two of us, Aloysius Gentry, who came to let me know it was all a lie about his pretty stenographer. And Mr. Winters told me he don't keep a bucketshop, no matter what people says. His wife was in, too. The one that spoke so mean about you. She claimed she never cheated at mahjongg or bridge in her life, but she wanted a policy on account women are such cats!"

"Well," I says, "there ain't nothing like denying things you ain't yet been accused of, is there? Who else?"

"Oh, a pile of 'em!" says Tom. "Mr. Maison, who they say is so mean to his wife she's still wearing her wedding outfit after five years. And old Ed Trombridge, the village drunk. The list is too long to tell. But, Marie, it's a big success. I've already handled over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of insurance since the first of the week."

"That's just wonderful!" I says. "Maison will be delighted!"

"I sure hope so!" says he.

"Now, Tom!" I says. "Tell me, not that I want to hear any gossip—I'm just interested, that's all—but who is this examiner you was talking about? Does he find out a lot?"

"Marie," he says solemnly, "there ain't any examiner and he hasn't found out a thing!"

"What's the big idea?" I says.

"Why, the point is," says Tom, "I thought it would look more natural, see, if I was to speak of him."

"Well, Thomas Ignatius Loyola O'Toole," I says, "suppose all this gossip is true, and you have to pay? Where will you be then?"

"Oh, my cow!" says he. "But it can't be! You said yourself it was only gossip!"

"I ain't so sure now!" I says. "It looks awful suspicious to me, the way people have acted. I got a idea you should make a genuine investigation before you write even only one more policy! Get on the trail of everybody who's been here and find out about them. If you was to be caught in your own trap, where would you be with Maison? You'd be out, that's where! Get busy, Tom, and let me know how the investigation works."

"I will!" he says. "Thank you, Marie, you got a good head! And I'll write your policy tomorrow!"

"Well," I says doubtfully, thinking he might commence his investigation on me, "maybe you better wait for a couple days. I think my character is spotless, all right, but I want to check up and make sure. And now before I go, come on, tell me—I know so much, I might as well know more—who is hid in the other closet?"

Well, a funny look more like a sheep than a sheik come over Tom's face at that, and he stuttered with his feet.

"Why—why, Marie, I hardly like to tell you," he says. "But then again, maybe you can handle the case better than me, seeing you are a kind of a partner with me now."

With that he opened the closet door and I pretty near fell dead, on account there was ma, sitting on a rocking-chair that filled the closet, fast asleep with her new blond wig cocked way over one eye.

"So you provide chairs for some of your listeners!" I says in a whisper.

"I stuck that beast of a rocking-chair in there to get it out of my way before it destroyed me entirely," says he. "I hate the thing, but Maison give it to me for my comfort and I have to bring it out when she's home. Your mother took to it natural, didn't she?"

Well, just then ma woke up with a start, give her wig a sly shove into place, and at first seeing only the O'Toole, pulled a coy smile.

"Is that woman gone?" says she, referring to me, I guess. "Is it safe for me to come out?"

"Sure!" says he.

"Well, as I was saying," says ma, glancing at him kind of calculating to see had he noticed anything or not, "there ain't one word of truth in this about me wearing a wig, and I want some insurance against it. My hair was always a fine blond, and I simply been using a new tonic."

"Is that so?" says I from behind her. Ma stopped her fiction writing, at that, but only for a minute.

"Why, Marie Gilligan!" she says. Then she drew herself up, thinking fast and trying to turn the tables and other furniture on me. "Daughter," says she, "may I ask what you are doing here this time of night?"

"Never you mind that, ma," I says. "You come along home. The very idea, trying to get insurance out on people talking over that wig!" But you couldn't scare ma that easy.

"My hair is my own, and I can prove it!" she says.

"Yeh, I bet you've got a receipted bill for it!" I says. "Do come along now. Good night, Tom, and good luck!"

Well anyways, if ma didn't get no insurance out of her visit to O'Toole's office, she sure got something else. She caught a bad case of gossip, the same as if it had been measles or something.

It was being shut up there so long, I guess, she must of breathed in a few germs. Anyway, she broke out in a regular rash of it next day, and I had a terrible time with her all week.

She was tying a coupla blue satin bows onto the piece of handmade underwear she dresses the rocking-chair in her own room up in, when I first noticed the attack.

"Ma," I says, "did you really think you was going to get gossip insurance on what people might say about that blond hair of yours?"

Ma reached out a hand and patted the wig tenderly, smoothing out its bright waves, where it stood beside her on the dresser.

"Why not?" she says. "Everybody else is getting them policies, and I like to be in the swim, even when I have to use water wings, so to speak!"

"But, ma, leave me explain to you," I says with all the usual patience of a daughter for the ignorance of the older generation. "Leave me explain what this insurance means. It means that if a story gets around about a person, and it ain't true, why the person it is told on can collect damages. And you do wear a wig."

"Shucks, daughter," says ma, "don't be so foolish. Most of the talk Rosemere people have been getting insured against is true. Anyways, I heard ——"

"Now, ma, I don't want to listen to any gossip!" I says.

"Oh, well, of course it may not be so," says she, "but they do say, just the same, that Aloysius Gentry, the feller who had the pretty stenographer—well, it seems he has fired her."

"What?" I says. "Are you sure of that?"

"I got it pretty straight," says ma. "Our cook heard it from the ladies' maid over to the Winters', where she heard Miss Crowe telling Mrs. Winters all about it."

"No!" says I, sitting down to listen more comfortable. "What did Miss Crowe say?"

"Well," says ma, "it seems he had this stenographer, see, and he took her out to lunch a coupla times. Miss Crowe claims Mrs. Gentry didn't really believe there was anything to it, but now it seems Miss Crowe's maid seen Mr. Gentry coming out of Mr. O'Toole's insurance office the other evening, and the next day this stenographer got fired."

"Which door did the maid see Mr. Gentry come out of?" I says. "The front door or the back?"

"Why, the front door, I believe," says ma. "Anyways, he was there getting some gossip insurance, all right. And Miss Crowe told Mrs. Winters that there certainly must have been something in that story about his stenographer, or why would he want to get insured?"

"Humph!" says I.

"But that ain't the only thing I heard," says ma, hopefully, and I hadn't the heart to disappoint her.

"Well?"

"D'yer know," says ma, meaning of course I didn't, "d'yer know, Mrs. Winters has been over to O'Toole's herself?"

"She has?" I says, just as surprised as if I didn't know already.

"Yes, she has," says ma. "Mrs. Coward told me. You see, it seems like Miss Crowe had claimed that Mrs. Winters was too lucky at bridge one afternoon at the Thursday Club, and Mrs. Coward told me she had noticed that, herself, more than the once. And so it seems Mrs. Winters went and took out a policy the other evening."

"She took it out?" I says. "Out by the front door?"

"Why, yes, she must of," says ma. "Where else would Miss Crowe of seen her? And Miss Crowe thought it confirmed what she was all along suspecting about Mis' Winters' playing, because Mis' Winters ain't played a suspicious game since!"

"If Miss Crowe don't shut up pretty soon," I says, wild and quite a little woolly, "I know what I'll do!"

"I should think so," says ma, placid, "after what she's said about you."

This made me sit up with a start, meaning all ready to start something. "Are you talking of that lie about me and the Reverend?" I says.

"I am not," says ma. "I mean about you and Thomas O'Toole. She told where you was over in his office at eleven o'clock the other night, and that Maison is in Europe, but you was hid in the broom closet until she got you out!"

Well, I never knew before what they stunned silences with, but now I did. So Miss Jane had beat me to it!

"Ma," I says when I could speak again, "will you kindly tell me how you come to hear that?"

"Why, now, daughter, don't get excited," says ma. "I heard it on the party wire last night, when Miss Crowe was telling Mrs. Coward about how you was at O'Toole's the same time as the Reverend, but you stayed a long while after the Reverend left."

"Who told her?" I yelled. "Who told her that?"

"Dear me, I dunno!" says ma. "A little bird, I guess!"

"I'd like to put arsenic in Miss Crowe's bird seed!" I says.

"The whole trouble comes from her! And heaven help poor Tom's business if she keeps this up!"

Well, about a week later the stories all over town was something terrible. Everybody had the news of how the stockbroker, Mr. Coward, had closed a small uptown office of his where buckets was supposed to of been formerly sold, or so they said. Anyways, he had closed it. Also, they were telling where the Reverend and the bishop was all friendly again, and Mrs. Gentry was at last giving her old father a decent allowance, and Mr. Maison, the miser, was publicly seen paying twenty-five dollars for a new hat for his wife—the first blowout she had been allowed in five years. And many other records of reform.

Of course I never listen to any gossip, so I wouldn't of heard this only for ma picking it up here and there, and I listened this few times on account of my interest in Maison's husband. Because of it, however, I went on over to his office, about this time, to see how things was breaking for him, and they was.

He looked a wreck with hardly the strength left to support his big mustache.

"Marie," says he, delighted, when I blew in, "you are the very one I wanted to see."

"All right!" I says. "What's wrong? Is it sudden wealth that's worrying you?"

"Wealth!" says he, bitter. "How'm I gonner get wealthy if I have to pay policies?"

"Pay 'em!" says I. "So it's come to that, has it? And I suppose you know who's to blame?"

"Miss Crowe!" says he, without hesitating. "That human radio gives out information faster'n I can write policies."

"Has she been around here again?" I says. "Since that night?"

"She's been here pretty near every day."

"Well, I'll be cooked!" I says. "Why don't you give her a policy, Tom?"

"Just to spite her," says he.

I give a clever imitation of a woman thinking then, for several minutes, and slowly something like a idea come to me.

"Tom, did you ever make that investigation like I told you to?" says I.

"Sure did!" says he. "I held a board of directors' meeting with myself, hired myself out as investigator to me, and made a clean job of it."

"And found out that there was some truth in every rumor—something to anyways give it color?"

"Just that," says he. "Also, that the minute folks took out gossip insurance and thought a investigator was looking up their record, why they cleaned up after themselves, and are at present, anyways, pretty well watching their steps. The policies I have had to pay all come from Miss Crowe's talking over their reforms."

"And can't you scare her with a libel threat?"

"The trouble is," says Tom, "libel would be impossible to prove for the plain reason there was, like you have pointed out, some truth in pretty near everything she said."

"Judging by which," I says, "there would likely be some truth in what might be said against Miss Crowe, her own self! She's crazy to get a policy, which makes me think she's got something to hide. You accept her, Tom!"

"Maybe!" says he.

"Maybe nothing!" I come back at him. "Leave me tell you one thing, and that is, gossip is like a contagious disease. The best way to cure it is to quarantine the one that has the bad case. Keep Miss Crowe quiet, and the town will clean itself up good."

"But how'll we do it?" says he.

"Have you got that camera I was fooling with the night I was here?" I says. He nodded. "Do you think there is any chance it took?"

"Oh, my cow!" he says. "What an idea!"

"I'll get Al down to the studio to have it developed this afternoon," I says. "And in the meantime, you relent and promise her a policy."

"Why?" says he.

"Because I tell you to!" I says. "You give in to her today, if possible; tell her your investigator will go to work day after tomorrow, and meantime you got a secret date with me tomorrow night!"

"Crazy or not, I'm with you!" says he. "I'll do anything you say that'll give me the chance of making good for Maison's sake!"

Well, after that I went on home, forgetting about my own policy, and called up about getting the film done in a hurry. Then I set down to wait results. Later in the day, the film and prints come back, and there, sure enough, sandwiched in between a view of the left hind corner of the R. R. station and a snap of somebody's homely baby, was what I wanted—a perfectly grand still of Miss Crowe in the arms of the O'Toole! And scarcely had the messenger boy who brought it recovered from the five-dollar tip I gave him than the phone rung and who would it be but O'Toole himself.

"Is it you?" he says. "Well then, she was in and got it!"

"And I sent out and got her!" I says. "Tom, the picture is perfect! Meet me in that little park behind her house at nine o'clock tomorrow night. I'll be by the fountain."

"For the lovva tripe!" says he.

"For the lovva justice!" says I, and hung up.

Well, the next night Jim wasn't home, he was working at the studio on the last bit of a melo they was shooting. But he didn't have a thing on me for drama, only I was avoiding the Klegles, and didn't expect my sequence to get any release. But when I hid the fillum of Miss Compromised Crowe in the safe, and, sticking the print of the picture into the bosom of my pocketbook, stole out alone into the night, I felt like I was headed for the headlines of a criminal case. Tom was waiting for me in the little square, like I had told him.

"See here, Marie!" he says. "What is this all about, anyways? If you intend blackmailing that woman with that fake picture, I won't have any part in it!"

"You shut up and do like I tell you, or I'll show the picture to your wife the minute she comes back," I says. "And just remember Maison's eyesight is a whole lot stronger than her sense of humor!"

"Oh, well, all right!" says he. "Where do we go from here?"

"We are now headed for a snoop around Miss Crowe's nice shady dark yard," I explained. "You see, I figured she would act according to the rule your customers has proved. You give 'em the promise of a policy, and what have they all done? Made a bee line to the scene of the crime and cleaned up the remains so's it would all be neat and tidy before your investigator got there! The very first thing they done was make a clean slate. What door did the old girl arrive by?"

"The back," says he.

"And when you promised her the policy, what door did she leave by?"

"The front," says he.

"A sure sign she was headed for a house-cleaning!" I says, delighted. "Now ma has had the old Crowe out in our car all day, so she ain't done her work yet. Whatever she has to conceal she will be working on this evening."

"Marvelous deduction!" says Tom. "Well, come on, let's go!"

The curtains of Miss Jane's house was all drawn, but there was lights behind them. She was home, all right, but, sneaking around quiet on the soft grass in the darkness outside, I and Tom had pretty near give up all hope of discovering anything when we come opposite to her dining room, which was the one furthest away from the street. Here the window was open a slit, and we could see in, real plain. The table was all set out with delicatessen food, Miss Crowe was at one end of it and at the other end was a man!

"Great prohibition snakes!" whispers O'Toole. "If it ain't old Ed Trombridge, the town drunk! What and the world is he doing here?"

"Listen!" I hissed like one of the above-mentioned. Miss Crowe was speaking.

"Have some more salad!" says she. "And now, Ed, promise me you will leave town and stay away!"

He says something to that, but we couldn't quite get it, on account his back was turned and his mouth was full.

"No!" says Miss Crowe. "You must go tonight! I—I have good reason to believe that by tomorrow our secret will be out, unless you leave."

"I've been perfectly willing to tell our secret, for ten years!" says he. "M'dear, you mistake my character greatly!"

"As I've told you a thousand times," says she, "if this town ever finds out about us through you, I'll stop your allowance!"

"I like Rosemere!" he says. "I'm inclined to stay! Besides, I'm afraid if I was to leave you might forget to send the allowance along!"

"Never, Ed, never!" she says. "But I'll die if they find out, here. I think too much of my reputation!"

"Well, m'dear, so do I think a lot of mine!" says he. "You won't divorce me, and I can't divorce you! So here we are, tied up tight as—as—well, tight as I'd probably be this minute if it wasn't for being with m'charming wife!"

Well, I give a drag on Tom's arm at that, and the two of us staggered off over the lawn in a way that would of made Ed Trombridge envy us if he could of seen it. Then we found a old-style iron bench and set down to recover our breaths.

"My heavenly cow!" says Tom at last. "Married to the champion souse of Rosemere!"

"Hold on," I says. "We got to act quick or he may leave. Come on, Tom, in we go by the front door!"

Miss Crowe herself answered the bell, her napkin still in her hand. I didn't wait for her to ask us in, but brushed right past her, dragging the O'Toole by his unwilling sleeve. Miss Crowe followed us into the parlor, where among the plush albums and so forth I at once come down to reading the plot.

"Mrs. Ed Trombridge," I says, "good evening!"

Well, she sat right down on the nearest chair, her mouth opening but no words coming out.

"Madam," I says, "I want you to understand right off why we are here. This is a straight case of blackmail. The wagging of your tongue has done a lot of harm in this town and we intend to see you stopped. You are to quit talking about other people's business or we will fix things for you so's they won't be at all pleasant. To begin with, we know that your husband, the town disgrace, is in the other room."

"Mrs. Smith!" gasps the old girl. "This unseemly spying on your part is something that the better element of this town ——"

"Never mind them," I says. "They are all busy making theirselves even better elements, and it will be a fairly permanent job if only you leave them be. What I am coming to is this. I have here a certain photo. Take a look at it and see would you care to explain it to friend husband? Don't bother tearing it up, because I have got the fillum of it in my safe!"

She took one look at the picture, give a little shriek, and kind of tottered over.

"And don't bother fainting, either!" I says. "I ain't got the time for it this evening. All I want you to do in return for the original fillum is quit your gossip. I got a promissory paper here for you to sign, and if you do so, on my word of honor nobody will hear a word of this, and Tom, here, will write your gossip-insurance policy tomorrow."

Well, Miss Crowe, or, rather, Mrs. Trombridge, looked wildly from one to the other of us for a minute, and then broke down and commenced to cry real tears that somehow made her seem a regular woman, for the first time.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith, don't disgrace me!" she says. "Please, please try to understand! I married Ed twenty years ago, and ten years ago I had to leave him—he drank so much, poor soul! I took back my own name and moved out here, trying to pick up a new life for myself, but he followed me, and ever since, for ten wretched years, I've been looking out for him at a distance! He won't go away, and my life has been a perfect nightmare! Perhaps I have been bitter about other people's affairs, I sort of tried to get even for what life had done for me! I'll sign anything you like, do anything you say only don't show that picture to Eddie! It would kill me!"

Well, all of a sudden some of that much advertised woman's initiation you hear about, come to me, and I went over and set down beside that old scandal factory and patted her on the back

"So you're still in love with him!" I says. "Tell me, does he drink Thursday nights when he comes to supper with you?"

She shook her head, daubing her eyes with her handkerchief.

"No!" she says. "Never!"

"Then couldn't you make every night Thursday?" I says. "Sort of the every-day-a-be-Sunday-bye-and-bye idea?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" she says. "He'd never do it for me!"

"Wasn't you maybe a little hard on him, first off?" I says. "You know you sent him away before prohibition. It is possible to keep the stuff away from him now, if he's right here at home! Have you ever tried it?"

"Why, no!" says she. "He gets it in the village easily enough."

"But you only watch him on Thursdays," I says. "Now, Mrs. Trombridge, I am going to add a condition. Either you take him back and put all the energy you been using up with gossip, into watching friend husband, or I'll come across with the photo. Give him a chance! You know you're really dying for a excuse to do so. Well, here it is!"

"And I'll take a gamble on him, too," says Tom, contributing. "If you take him in and keep an eye on him, Miss Crowe, I'll give him the policy he asked for, insuring him against people saying he drinks. How's that?"

Mrs. Trombridge *née* Crowe got up and looked me square in the eye, and her appearance was pretty near human.

"Mrs. Smith, I'll do it!" she says. "And may heaven help me if I ever gossip again!"

Well, it was maybe a month later that Tom got a wireless saying where Maison was on her way home, and he telephoned for me to come on around and form part of the reception committee. I hadn't been to his place since the night before the day when Miss Crowe announced her marriage. Getting out a gossip-insurance policy for myself had kind of slipped my mind on account I had been making a tall-hat picture for Al Goldringer and hadn't been out home a great deal. And so the looks of Tom's office was as big a surprise to me as it must of been to Maison.

Where the place had once been blondined oak, it was now carved and upholstered in Spanish-type mauve velvet, with a refectory conference table with a elbow-proof top, loose rugs skidding around the floor, and every other high-class effect of success. But the greatest change of all was in Tom himself. The shrimp actually wore white spats, a flower in the buttonhole of his morning coat, and the mustache had been pruned way down below normal, so's it looked more like the eyebrow of a female picture star. Both him and Maison was beaming with joy when I come in with a little box of a dozen or so orchids as a small floral welcome.

"Marie, ain't he wonderful?" says Maison after she kissed me on the side of my hair in true female style. "Such a success as he's made—and all by himself! Lookit his office! Lookit his face! Ain't it grand? I'm that proud of him!"

"And well you better be!" I says. "Tom's a great mind. It ain't always physical size that counts, Maison. Lookit Napoleon! Lookit Caesar!"

"That's right!" says she. "Lookit Charlie Chaplin! And with all this success he's having," she goes on, "maybe in time we will be able to break into society and get invited to the best houses!"

"Oh, my cow!" says the O'Toole. "Woman, you just name the house where you would like to be asked to dinner tomorrow night, and I'll call them on the phone and inside five minutes you will have the invite!"

"What?" says Maison, hardly able to believe him. "Do you claim you can get me into society? You?"

"Say, listen!" says the shrimp smoothly. "There's not a house in town I ain't got the entrée and the salad and the roast to. Believe me, all I got to do is hint, and not one of my clients would dare refuse! Who'll it be, the Aloysius Gentrys, or where would you prefer to dine?"

"Oh, you great wonderful man!" says Maison, getting ready to fall on his neck, and about then I made a hasty exit. I knew if she ever landed on it, there wouldn't be nothing left but a pulp, and I had got too fond of the big little feller to witness his end.

So I went home, feeling real happy over my friends being all glad with each other again; and there of all things the first person I run into was ma, changing the lingerie on a pair of rocking-chairs she had bought offen a peddler for the front porch.

"Why, hello, daughter!" she says. "Sit down here and be comfortable. Where you been?"

"Over to Maison's," I says, sinking gladly into the easy rocker. "What's new?"

"Oh, nothing much!" she says. "I was down street this afternoon, and I heard where Mrs. Winters had heard them saying over at the rectory that the reason your donation to the old people's home didn't get accepted, was on account it was so large it embarrassed the other ladies who couldn't give as much, and they did wish you would understand and give something less ostrichtatious."

"Humph!" says I, rocking thoughtfully. "Maybe I have been kind of hiding my head in the sand over that gift. Thanks for the tip. If I could think of something more modest for a starter, why that might be better to offer. I believe I'll give 'em our rocking chairs. Was that all you heard today?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," says ma, "except what Miss Crowe—I mean Mrs. Ed Trombridge said about you!"

"What?" I yelled, springing out the rocker so violent that it got scared and tried to run away, kicking the paint off the veranda rail as it went. "What, that woman talking again? It's a shame, it's a disgrace, it's a outrage! I won't hear such things. What did she say?"

"Well," says ma, "her maid told our cook who told me with tears in her eyes while she was repeating it, that Mrs. Ed Trombridge says you are the finest woman she ever met, and true gold, all through, and that your complexion was absolutely the real thing, she knew it."

"Oh, well," I says tolerantly catching my chair and relaxing back into the seat with a smile. "Oh, well, let 'em talk—you can't prevent them! So the cook had tears in her eyes when she told you that, did she?"

Ma took a mouthful of pins out of her face and jabbed them into her chest so's to be able to reply.

"Yes," says ma; "she was peeling onions."

TESTED AND LISTED AS STANDARD BY UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

Balkite—*the noiseless battery charger*

ends the nuisance of weak radio batteries

No owner of a radio set need ever again be caught with weak batteries. For Balkite—the noiseless battery charger—may be used while the set is in use. Its operation does not create disturbances in either your set or your neighbor's. Balkite has no bulbs or moving parts, and nothing to adjust, break or get out of order. It will charge a completely discharged battery. It delivers a taper charge, and cannot discharge, short circuit or overcharge the battery. It is simple, efficient and unfailing. It consumes less current than a 60 watt lamp. Keep your batteries charged, prolong their life, and enjoy the full benefit from your radio set by buying Balkite now.

The Balkite Battery Charger charges the ordinary 6-volt radio "A" Battery from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles. It will also charge "B" Batteries of the lead type in multiples of 6 cells. Special adapter for charging 2 and 4-volt batteries—$1.50. *Sold by leading radio dealers everywhere.*

FANSTEEL
Balkite "B"
"B" Current Supply

a new and revolutionary invention in radio which replaces the "B" Battery and supplies plate current from the electric lighting circuit. At your Dealer's.

Price $55 $75 in Canada

FANSTEEL
Balkite *Battery Charger*
Price $19.50
West of the Rockies $20 · In Canada $27.50

Manufactured by FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois

FEATHERHEADS

(Continued from Page 44)

With which excuse for her going, Mamie returned to her own domain and the comic Eggleston christening robe. As she worked over its yellowed and fragile intricacy, she thought over what Lil had said. To have enough to keep her in her old age, surely, without favor from anybody—even from those as dear as George and Geraldine! It was a vision of peace. And of course plenty of people did invest money and make it three and four times over, so why shouldn't she?

Fortune had been kind to her, she conceded, in giving her health and strength and plenty of work to do; but after all there was nothing lavish about it. Ah, the rich might not be any happier than she had been, but at least they were secure! She thought back somberly of the time when George had been so sick and the doctors at the free clinic had been curt and casual, and she had no money for a pay doctor. Rich folks never need know that sort of helpless angry misery. Charity was vinegar and salt in the wound of her trouble.

Yet for one's children one must sacrifice everything, even pride. George and Gerry were worth it. If only —— Again the flaws appeared! They hadn't acted nicely about this money. Ah, well, weren't they exactly like John Tuckerman when they began to figure on what they could get for themselves, and their immediate enjoyment out of it? It was their father in them, and they were but young things; they couldn't help it. Even as she tried to exonerate them, Mamie Tuckerman felt their weakness, their greed and their selfish carelessness. Not pretty qualities, these. They wanted something for nothing, that was it—something for nothing. Why, their mother hadn't known of all these things they'd been hankering after! She hadn't known that Geraldine was crazy for a fur coat and luxurious gewgaws, or that the old couch irked her. She hadn't known that George so desired a car. She'd always made them spend what they could afford and frowned soberly on superfluities. But goodness mercy, if they wanted these things so much, why didn't they buckle down and earn them? There it was—they didn't want to buckle down and work, as she had worked, not even for their own pleasure. Something for nothing—just like their father.

"It's a bad outlook if they're taking after him altogether," thought Mamie Tuckerman bitterly, laying the finished freshness of the Eggleston robe on a sheet of tissue paper. She was about to call it a day and go to bed when the doorbell rang and stalwart Billy O'Brien appeared.

"Gerry home, Mis' Tuckerman?" he asked. "I was afraid she wouldn't be. Dog-gone it, a fella's got to work so late if he wants to get out of the ruck that he's got no chance with the girls."

"Sit down and talk to an old woman then, Billy. I'm glad to see you. Gerry's at the movies—as usual."

"Yeah—with Bernie Hatch, I guess. Just my luck."

"If you take it so hard, Billy, why don't you cut out working so late and come round earlier?"

"It's this way, Mis' Tuckerman: I got a big chance just now with my boss, and if I make good I'll have plenty evenings when I don't work late. Now I figure you don't get such a chance twice, and I better grab while the grabbing's good. But if Gerry'd only wait—I'd be round in plenty of time to go to the late show with her. I'd take her to the movies just as often as Bernie can, and oftener too. Say, d'you know has he asked her for the Leap Year Ball?"

"I b'lieve so."

Billy rose, heaving a sigh.

"Yeah, I knew he'd get in ahead of me. Makes me sick the way nice girls fall for a simp like that. I don't understand it."

"I do then," said Mamie bitterly. "They're featherheads, that's what. I'm sorry, Billy. I'd rather she'd go with you, and if she wasn't a featherhead she would. Good-by, boy. Come round again and earlier."

After he had gone she flung up her hands.

"I can't stand any more. Here I thought I was going to be so happy, telling them and all. It's a-plenty of disappointments and distresses I've had over one thing and another, but this is the beateree. That fella that said riches do not bring happiness was a wise guy for sure."

She went heavily to bed and was asleep when her roving two returned. But the next morning her first greeting from George was, "Say, mom, when do we get that money? I'd like to see about a car right away."

Geraldine, scrambling through her breakfast, chimed in, "Yes, and I'll order that fur coat."

"I don't know when we'll get it," said Mamie, looking dully from one to the other.

"Mom, you wired back, didn't you? You answered the telegram? Gee, I was so off my nut last night I never thought to ask you."

"Yes, I answered it."

"Say, you ought've heard Bernie Hatch when I told him. He knows a fella in a fur store and he's going to give me a card to him so I can get it wholesale. Maybe I could get a mink coat wholesale for what I'd have to pay for a seal retail."

"Listen, you should have seen the bunch at Pinkie Riddell's when I spilled it to them. All of 'em began pestering me to take 'em riding. Some picnics we'll have, Gerry!"

"You got to learn to drive, George," Gerry reminded him.

"Ah, that's a cinch. There's a course of lessons at the Y. M. They don't cost much, and I'm good at machinery."

They raced away blithely to their work, their tongues clacking on their intended purchases. Mamie raised her eyes and her hands to heaven. Something must be done, and for the first time in her life she mistrusted her own powers. These children of hers had become changelings all in a moment.

"It's the curse of gold that's on them," Mamie told the coffeepot, with a solemnity that would have been funny to her at any other time. "It's the curse of gold. I'd often heard of it, but I never saw it work before. Ah, Elly, it's still my mean little cousin you are, and there was no good will in your gift, that's sure. Wherever you are at this moment, be it heaven or purgatory—I won't say worse—I'll bet you're sniggering at me all over your flat face the way you used to when you cheated playing pachisi. There, I'll not let you get the laugh on me and mine, that I won't! Wait a bit. They're good children. They'll come to."

But all the same she went about the day's work drearily, and the more she tried to pump up her optimism, the more it refused to flow. Nor was the next day any better, or very many next days—very, very many of them. George and Geraldine were feverish with the excitement of the buying they were going to do, and the bragging to all their friends and acquaintances which they were doing. Daily the story grew about what they would have and how they would splurge. It seemed to their mother, listening to their reckless talk, that the thing was endless, that they had never been her biddable, contented children; that they were changelings indeed. The whole atmosphere of their little home was changed. Nothing was good enough for them. Everything must be replaced by something better, more fancy.

She said very little in answer to their repeated questions as to when the money was coming, and they did not dare press her too far. Mamie had a way of lifting one eyebrow and pursing up her lips that was a well recognized danger sign. George and Geraldine fell silent or changed the subject when they saw their mother thus. And Mamie told herself sorrowfully that it was likely that her eyebrow was going to grow fixed in that stern upraised way and that her mouth was never again going to relax into a curve of content. She communed with Miss Dollens on the subject.

"They're not themselves," she said. "I could wish sometimes, Lil, that Elly had given her money to an orphan asylum or a hospital."

"Then why don't you give it to one?" asked Miss Dollens. "Though I do think that would be going too far. No, Mamie, I really wouldn't urge that. But I do think if you invested it according as that customer of mine says you'd be very wise. Tie it up and the young ones can't get their fingers on it. And then be firm with them. Tell them where they get off with all this spending they're doing in their minds. Why, wasn't Geraldine in here last evening and telling me she wanted me to have her a pink silk corset made to order soon's the money came? Funny stuff, I call it."

"What did you say to her, Lil?" asked Mamie anxiously.

"I just said, 'Oh, that'll be nice,' and let it go at that. But I don't understand you, Mamie. You've been ready enough to take them in hand in any other difficulty; but now you're just letting the whole thing drift by, and it gets worse all the time. You got to do something. You're not going to let 'em fritter it away in truck, are you?"

"Oh, I don't know what I'm going to do. Looks like I can't see anything funny in it at all. Looks like I can't get hold of it. They go talking along, their tongues rattling nineteen to the dozen, and no sense in anything they say, and I look at 'em and listen like a dumb fool. They don't seem like my children, Lil, and there's the truth. They don't seem like my George and Geraldine. They seem more like a couple little John Tuckermans come to life and acting at his worst."

"Well, you know what you did with him."

"You think I should cast out my own children, even if they do take after their father? Why, it's not their fault. It's mine for picking myself a man of as poor stuff as he was. I can't hold them responsible for that."

"All this talk gets you nowhere," declared Miss Dollens shrewdly. "You got to make up your mind to act. When do you get the money?"

"Any day now it'll be coming."

"Then don't tell them when it comes, but hotfoot it right down to my shop and I'll call up Mrs. Cuddert—that's my customer's name—and get her to tell you what to do. Then when you get it all safely tied up where they can't get their fingers on it, give 'em the laugh."

Mamie turned tortured eyes at her friend.

"Lil," she cried from her aching heart, "it'd make a hurt on them they'd never forgive me. I don't want to hurt 'em. I want to keep my children as they was, Lil—as they was. I want 'em to come to their senses and see the right thing."

"You got a swell chance," said Lil. "You better do like I say, Mamie. I tell you, the more I see of people's children, the better I like Jambon. If he gets his milk and his liver and a soft place to sleep, he's contented, and keeps right on catching the mice that dirty janitor lets run in this flat, and he's ready to purr and honey round me when I get home. If there ever was a good, hard-working, sensible, satisfactory creature, it's Jambon."

"I like cats well enough; they're comfortable animals; but I can't turn my George and Gerry into kittens, Lil."

"You better do something with 'em before they turn themselves into nuts," was Miss Dollens' parting word.

Mamie was still thinking of this bit of wisdom when Geraldine and Bernard Hatch returned from their now almost nightly visit to the movies. It was astonishing how the expected increase in their fortunes had increased the dapper young man's attentions to Gerry.

"How's your mother, Bernie?" Mamie asked him as usual. "Is she better now?"

"She's up and down, as you might say, Mrs. Tuckerman—feeling pretty good one day and not so good the next. She'd ought to go to the hospital for an operation, the doctor says now, but she declares she won't."

It was plain that Bernard's attention, though he replied politely, was not fixed on Gerry's mother.

"Poor soul, I'm that sorry for her."

"I'll be going along now, Gerry," said Bernard meaningly. "You let me know about that matter tomorrow sure."

As soon as the door was shut, Mamie asked, "What was he talking about you should let him know, Gerry, the slick little lad?"

Gerry advanced a look of determination.

"Now, mom, I told you he'd asked me to go to the Leap Year Ball, and I said I'd go if I got my new clothes. And I'm not going unless I do get 'em, for a lot of the bunch has been kidding me and saying we didn't have any money left us, and all that kind of thing, and it makes me pretty sore. Isn't it ever coming? Isn't there any way to get these old lawyers to hurry up with the money?"

"You can't hurry lawyers, so far as I know. But about these new clothes—what was it, exactly, you'd got to have?"

"The fur coat and a new evening dress and silver slippers and awful sheer silk stockings. There's a squirrel coat that's simply swell that Bernie's friend in the wholesale business will let me have for two hundred, and I could get a dress that would do for sixty or seventy more, and slippers and stockings and something pretty to put in my hair would make it close to another hundred. Oh, gee, I could just kill those old lawyers! If I don't show up at that ball with my new clothes on I'll never hear the last of it."

Mamie Tuckerman was struggling with thought.

"Could you, maybe, get the coat for ten down and ten a week, Gerry? As for the dress and the slippers, Mr. Goldstein, down at the corner, would let you have them the same way, or else not such heavy payments."

"But, mom, you never let us buy anything that way—you've always been so against it," Gerry's blue eyes were round with surprise. "And anyway I can't. Look, I get eighteen, don't I? And I give you ten of it for the house. And I get my lunches and my car fares and my clothes out of the other eight. Where'd I get anything to pay on a fur coat or a dress? There's no answer. It isn't there."

"I thought you said there was an offer for the girls to do overtime and make two dollars an evening? Five evenings a week would give you ten on the coat—and you spend too much on your lunches. I'd put you up some sandwiches and cake and fruit every day, and you'd only have your car fare and little things. You could easy save five of your eight to pay Mr. Goldstein."

"Mom, would you really—would you let me buy 'em that way? Gee, how I hate to do overtime! And I hate carrying a lunch. The girls will kid me something fierce."

"Tell 'em you're on a special diet and the doctor has forbid you any more marshmallow pie, walnut sundaes and spumoni and chicken salad," suggested Mamie with a wry smile.

Gerry took it seriously.

"Yes, I could do that. Oh, mom, mom, I'll go round and see the fur man tomorrow and ask him—I know he'll do it, I know it. And I'll see Goldstein —— I'd lots rather go to one of the big avenue shops."

"But you couldn't get credit there. I'll see Goldstein myself. He's got some pretty dresses," offered Mamie handsomely. "And he's known me for many years. He'll trust you on my say-so."

"Mom, it'll be wonderful!" Gerry's eyes were stars of joy. "I wouldn't miss that ball for anything in the world. And probably by the time the ball's over the money'll be here, and I can pay off everything and be on Easy Street again."

"Very likely," said Mamie. "Very likely, indeed. I don't want you to miss your pleasure, but I wish you had another beau than Bernie Hatch. Billy O'Brien now——"

"Oh, mom, do let up on that. Bill's all right—if you like cold molasses. But Bernie —— Oh, mom, think of going to the Leap Year Ball in a new swell dress and fur coat and everything!"

"But you got to do a lot of overtime work to pay for it—don't forget that."

"I don't care. I don't want to of course, but I'll do anything to show the bunch that I wasn't four-flushing."

"Did they say that?" Mamie's wrath rose.

"They hinted it. It was Rose Anderson put them up to it she wants Bernie Jealous—trying to make me look cheap."

"Dear knows what she wants of 'im. He's no prize package. Don't you forget, miss, that he can't afford to get married with his mother nearly bedrid and his father's work'n' by fits and starts only."

"I don't want to get married, mom," said Gerry simply. "I only want to have a good time. And say, in that fur coat—won't I have it just!"

"John Tuckerman all over again," mused her mother silently. "I wonder will she have the nerve to stick to that overtime work now. He never would."

At least Gerry started in with enthusiasm, and the willingness of the furrier to accept her offer of ten down and ten a week for the coat was an encouragement. Mamie

(Continued on Page 104)

Guarantee

We, 70,000 associated Farmers, guarantee that every can of DAIRYLEA contains a *richer* and *creamier* evaporated milk - we have purposely gone above the Nation's milk standards to give you a better milk - We assure you that DAIRYLEA is our own product, From our own cows, sealed in our own cans, and sent From our own plants direct to you.

DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE
CO-OPERATIVE ASS'N INC.

Ask your Grocer for DAIRYLEA *and* Convince yourself!

P.B.

A GUARANTEE backed by 70,000 farmers — owning a million cows and nine million acres of farm lands

GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR BALLOON
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

??which??balloon tires

To the timely question at the head of this advertisement, Goodyear has furnished a decisive answer.

It has done so by developing in its own mills a new and revolutionary cord fabric, to meet the special needs of balloon tire construction.

This new cord fabric, SUPERTWIST, used by Goodyear and Goodyear only, gives Goodyear balloon tires an exclusive merit.

It insures in these modern low-pressure flexible-sidewall tires that additional elasticity and endurance which are indispensable to economical service.

SUPERTWIST owes its superiority as a material to the fact that it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

A tire carcass made of it yields in greater degree to a blow or shock, calling into play more cords to take the strain.

This wider distribution of impact means greater freedom from stone bruise, carcass breaking and similar injuries.

These advantages of SUPERTWIST are in no sense theoretical; all tests so far made show that ply for ply it renders a tire carcass incomparably serviceable.

If *you* are wondering "which balloon tires?" SUPERTWIST supplies a most powerful reason why you should choose Goodyears.

It supplies also the final assurance that in Goodyears you will find not only immense comfort and riding-ease, but sound and satisfactory economy.

You can have Goodyear balloons to fit your present wheels, or to fit new small-diameter wheels.

You can have them, depending upon the size and type of tire you need, with the world-familiar All-Weather Tread or the popular new grooved All-Weather Tread.

Whichever type you buy, you will get genuine Goodyear quality and service.

And Goodyears cost you no more.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

(Continued from Page 100)

advanced the ten down with the comment that it was lucky she'd got the pay for the Eggleston christening robe so prompt, and they'd have to eat stew for a while—but who cares? Then there was the visit to Goldstein, and the selection of a pink taffeta evening dress calculated to settle all the doubts of the bunch as to Gerry's truthfulness. Pink taffeta with a girdle of silver flowers! Silver slippers with rosettes! And pink stockings, cobweb fine! And a bandeau, for Gerry's dark bobbed hair, of pink and silver!

"I don't care how hard I have to work, mom," declared Gerry when these various objects of art and luxury were assembled upon herself for the trying on. "I look like a million dollars, and nobody can't say I don't."

"I ought to tell you handsome is as handsome does," said Mamie. "But it'd be no use. Yes, the things look fine on you, and I'm glad you've got 'em and I hope you put every girl at the ball in the shade, I do; which is a mean, unchristian wish, perhaps, but just like any other mother'd be wishing. Don't you go loadin' on the paint and powder neither, for you don't need it. A little touch, maybe, but none of these greasy-looking red lips and smudgy cheeks on my Gerry."

"How'd I look, old George?" demanded Gerry of her brother, who had been sitting by silently watching his sister preen.

"Slick. Yeah, you do, for all you're my sister and stuck on yourself plenty already. I'll tell the world you look slicky-slicky, and then some."

"I guess Rose Anderson'll be sick when she sees me."

"Don't be hard on Rose—ugly feelings don't go pretty with that dress," warned Mamie.

"Oh, mom!" giggled Gerry happily. "I'm so crazy happy I couldn't think a mean thought, a real mean thought, about anybody in the world, honest."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do, children," said Mamie. "I'm going to get some extra work myself and buy you that davenport. The old couch is shabby. I saw one at Goldstein's when I was there to talk to him about the dress. Shiny mahogany, it is, with blue-and-brown tapestry. It unfolds to make a nice wide bed, with good springs too." She watched Geraldine as she made this announcement.

"Mom, will you really? Now that will dry up the talk! The way they've been kidding me ——"

Mamie forbore to tell her that it was her own fault for bragging. It wouldn't be any use. Besides, Bernie was ringing the bell.

After Gerry had changed back into her everyday clothes and gone as usual to the movies with Bernie, George remained, apparently wrestling heavily with the unaccustomed process of thought.

"Say, mom," he began at last. Mamie was busy darning stockings, but she put her work down. "Mom, you know, I was thinking ——"

"Did it hurt you much, boy?" asked Mamie, twinkling.

"You quit picking on your only son. . . . You know, mom, there's a car down at the garage that was traded in for a new one about a month ago. It's a bird, and Halloran'd let it go awful cheap."

Mamie waited. There was much more on George's mind.

"Well, I was thinking that if I made him an offer to work three evenings a week on repairs, and let my wages go on the price, maybe he'd do it, and as soon as the money comes—the money from Cousin Elly, I mean—why, we could pay it up and everything would be hunky. I'm afraid somebody'll get that car if I don't do something quick. They're awful short-handed at the garage; they'd be glad to get extra help."

"I don't see any reason why you shouldn't put it up to Halloran," said Mamie. "But see here, George, say you get this car and it's all paid for, won't there be garage charges all the time for keeping it, and new tires now and then, and gasoline all the time to be bought? What about all that? The money from Elly won't last forever, remember, no matter how hard we'd wish it to. Seems to me a car's an awful big expense for you to be shoulderin'."

"Yeah, it sure is." George looked serious. "But, mom, there's no reason why, if Halloran didn't mind, I shouldn't keep on working down there evenings and pay the garage charges that way, and I could do my own repairs, and maybe he'd let me have a rate on tires and such."

"You're countin' on a lot o' maybes, seemingly. Did you speak to Halloran at all—d'you know what he'd do?"

George shook his head.

"I'm such a boob I never thought of it till this evening when I saw sis splurging round in her fur coat and swell dress, and heard you talk about the davenport. I'll go right down there and see what he'll do. Where's my hat? Where's my coat?"

"Right where you always put them when you come in—on the back of the kitchen door. Stop being a jumpin' jack, George that car'll stay till you get down there."

George was already tumbling into his coat.

"It mightn't," he said as he rushed down the stairs. "It's a bird, I tell you. Dozens of people ——" His voice died away in the distance.

Something like the old-time peace fell on Mamie Tuckerman's face; peace and a certain wonderment. Again her children were surprising her. Again she had misjudged them. They were not all John Tuckerman's—not yet. Now if she could but make them stick to their various purposes, make them see that what they wanted might be had if they showed real up-and-at-it-ism! She began to lay out her work for the next day, a bundle of old lace, yellow and crumpled and mussed, all to be made beautifully fresh again; but her mind was on something else. Meditatively she hummed what George and Gerry called her national anthem—There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. Slowly she realized, as many parents have done before her, that she could not tell with any assurance of what stuff her children were made, nor what they might do, nor what they might become. But she felt amazingly hopeful.

Presently she went over and tapped at Miss Dollens' door.

"Say, Lil," she said, "I got the check today." She pulled up her skirt and from her cotton stocking took an envelope and from the envelope a piece of blue paper, crossed with waving lines. "I'm really scared to have it on me," she said. "Don't seem like it was real neither—five thousand dollars on a little scrap of paper like that."

Miss Dollens eyed the check with equal awe.

"No, it don't, not by a lot. What did the children say?"

"I ain't told 'em I've got it. I thought it'd better be put away somewhere safe first. I don't want 'em to go off their heads more'n they have been."

"That's sense. You get it where they can't get their greedy little paws on it, Mamie. Get it working and making more for you—that's the ticket. The children's got their lives before 'em, years of health and stren'th. Maybe you've not got so much."

"G'wan, you and your glooms. I feel chipper as a lark tonight."

"No wonder, with that in your hand. You look chipper too. And say, Mamie, I got that name and address Mrs. Cuddert gave me written down for you. And what he says to buy too—some kind of Chemical. There it all is. She says he's a grand man and willing to do business for anybody. Some brokers, she says, are that stuck up and funny they won't take ladies' accounts. As if female money wasn't as good as male money any day. Now you go down and see him tomorrow and get your fortune made."

Mamie stowed away the slip of paper with the check.

"I'm a thousand times obliged, Lil," she said blithely. "I declare I hardly know myself these days; Gerry buying pink dresses like a princess and George buying cars like a millionaire, and me with five thousand dollars stuck in my stocking like it was a dollar bill, and all. I tell you, it's the life!" She laughed and winked. "The only person looks natural is Jambon here. I'll have a grand chicken neck for him Sunday, sure as the world."

It was on this joyous note that she departed. But it was a very different Mamie—a Mamie in the depths, a Mamie anguished and weeping—who waited, some two weeks later, for the return of her children from their late evening employments. Geraldine came first.

"Hello, mom," she said. "How's everything? Gee, I'm hungry. Bill O'Brien came home with me again and I asked him to come in to supper, but he wouldn't. He's coming back to take me to the movies though. He says he's going to work late every night I do, and come home with me, because he thinks it's not safe. I had to laugh! Thinks I'm a clinging vine or something. It makes Bernie awful sore, but I don't care. He'd never be putting in any overtime unless it was dancing or going to the movies. Bill's not so bad now I've got to know him better. Say, what's the matter? You look all in."

"I've bad news for you. Wait till George comes home and I'll tell you both."

"Why, mom, you're not sick, are you? Sit down; I'll get the supper. You look terrible." Gerry hugged her mother solicitously.

"I got a right to look terrible, even if I'm not sick. Oh, Gerry ——"

"I'm going to send for George right away—I'm going after him. Wait a couple minutes, mom—lay down there till I come back." She pressed her mother down on the new davenport and dashed out of the door.

In five minutes she was back with George, covered with garage grime, but as anxious as Gerry.

"What's a matter, mom?" he begged. "Lemme go after the doctor. Where d'you feel it worst?"

Mamie turned her face to the wall and covered her head with her capacious apron.

"Children," she confessed, "I've cheated you. The money from your Cousin Elly come, and your Aunt Lil give me the address of a broker to invest it and make us lots more, and he said he'd put it in Slickery Chemical, or some such name—and—look at the paper tonight. It's there on the table behind you. It's all gone to smash and the broker man's arrested for a crook."

"Oh, for goodness' sake," exclaimed Gerry, not even turning round for the paper, "is that all? And we thought you was sick! Why, mom, look here—mom—why, what does it matter? We got everything we want anyway—haven't we?—my coat and dress and the car and the new davenport; why, we don't need the money. Speak to her, George; tell her to stop crying, for it don't make the least bit of difference ——"

"I should say it don't," broke in George. "I should just say it don't. That money—say, I was going to tell you that if it ever did come you should stick it in the bank for a rainy day. Great gosh, we can get everything we want ourselves without having money left to us, but we can't have our mom all upset and worried and miser'ble. Ne-ver! Nothing doing with the sob stuff, Mrs. Fuss. Now you turn round here and look at us, and—and everything's all right, mom! Don't you worry—you hear me? Them's orders, them is!"

They half pulled, half lifted her up, and sat down, one on each side of her, nuzzling their chins into her shoulders like affectionate young colts, laughing at her, coaxing her, loving her, as they had never loved her before. She was smudged with grease from George's unwashed hands and arms, but she did not mind. They were her children, her own again. As gayly and as completely as they had leaped at the thought of extravagance and spending, just as gayly and as completely did they leap at the thought of earning themselves the luxuries they had craved. She had been all wrong again, thought Mamie, in ever trying to deny them these luxuries. They were what their young ignorance needed as a spur to work and steadiness. If John Tuckerman had given them their desire for such foolishness, at least she, their mother, had given them the power to earn them. She had called them featherheads, her two! Well, so they were—dear featherheads dear loving featherheads who would always go skimming through life snatching at fine things they didn't need; but getting them too.

Oh, there was the bliss of it! George had summed it up when he had said, "We can get everything we want ourselves without having money left to us." They'd found that out, both of them.

Mamie wiped her eyes.

"Now you're all right again," said George, "I got to go back. Say, mom, look where I smeared you. I'm sorry."

"I'm not," said Mamie. "I'll get that off in a jiffy. Run on now, and bless you for a good boy. As for you, Gerry, you'd better get your supper eaten if you're going to the movies with Bill. You're both of you darling children, and I don't deserve you."

"You stick to that, mom," laughed George. "Don't let me have to remind you of it next week. Now nix on the weeps. See you later."

After Gerry had departed with Billy O'Brien, Mamie, as was her custom, stepped over to Lil Dollens'. That respectable spinster wore a look as downcast as her friend's.

"Nobody can ever regret more'n me that I told you to go to that man. I could just about die of grief that I told you about him, Mamie."

Mamie settled herself comfortably and held out a cajoling hand to Jambon.

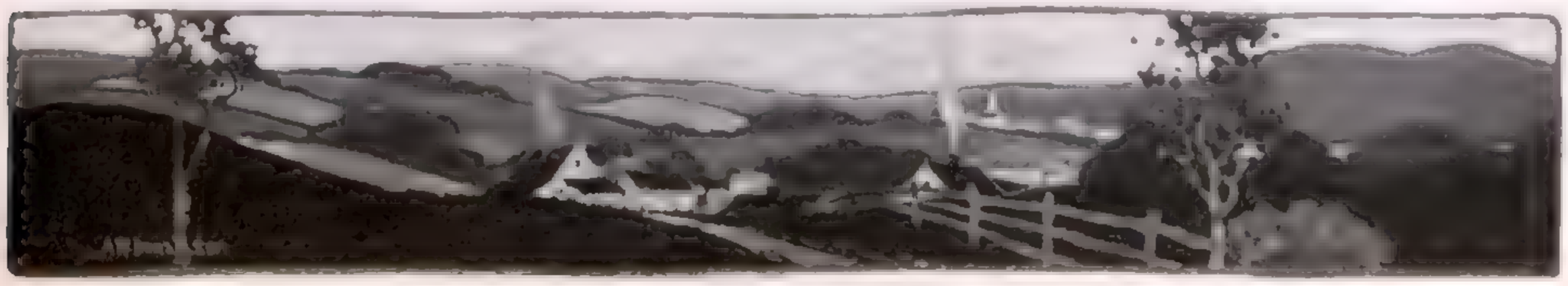
"I brought you a piece of liver, kit," she said. "You eat it up and then tell your Aunt Lil she needn't worry about me. I never went near the man and his office. I put the money in the savings bank. I didn't even tell a lie to the children. I was awful careful what I said. I just mentioned that you'd give me the address and advised me to put it in Slickery Chemical, and that it had all gone to smash and the man was arrested. But I never said I did it."

"Why, Mamie—Mamie!" choked Miss Dollens. "Thank the good Lord! You old smartie, you! Oh, what a weight off my mind! Oh, my mercy me! I could holler for joy!"

"Go ahead, holler! So could I. The money's in the savings bank, and there it'll stay, barring we get sick or need it very bad, Lil. And Gerry's going with Bill O'Brien—and she's got her swell clothes, and George has got his car, and they did it themselves, and they're just as happy as if they'd blown the five thousand. That's what I could holler about—holler till the angels above heard me and smiled down at me."

She waited a moment, and her invincible self peered out.

"Yes, and it was featherheads I called them. But let me tell you, Lil, they've got something in their heads under the feathers—and it's not all bone neither."



PULL A GOOD ONE—WHEN YOU WRITE OR LEND

Which Point Will You Have?

1—Extra fine—like this
2—Fine—like this
3—Medium—like this
4—Broad—like this
5—Stub—like this

You can get all five degrees in the classic Duofold Pens

And All Points Guaranteed for 25-Years' Wear

FOR what kind of writing do you use a pen? How do you hold it? And what style of writing is entirely natural to your hand?

These things make a big difference in the kind of point that will make your writing a joy to do and a pride to behold.

Close figure work or fine memoranda, for example, call for a fine or an extra-fine point. But the medium point, the broad, or the stub—these give one's penmanship a personality and character that make mighty valuable impressions in a letter or a signature.

These are reasons why, in the classic Duofold Pens, Geo. S. Parker gives the world the whole five degrees of points that the five degrees of writing require. And we've placed these just around the corner where you can step in and try them all today.

These are the points you can lend without a tremor, for no style of writing can distort them. Points that are tipped with super-smooth Iridium, for which we pay a premium of 200%. Points that we guarantee, if not mistreated, for 25 years' WEAR.

And every point set in a shapely, hand-balanced barrel that feels so inspiring you hate to lay it down.

You can buy cheaper pens, but is the saving worth it? For you can't compete with the world on even terms if your pen can't keep pace with the Duofold.

Any good pen counter will sell you this beauty on 30 days' approval. Flashing black, or black-tipped lacquer-red, the color that's handsomer than gold and makes this a hard pen to mislay.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50; Over-size, $4* ·

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN. · THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 3 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENG.

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE **With The** OVER-SIZE **$7**

The New CHEVROLET

The Coach

A Complete Line of New Cars

New value—new quality—a new line of Chevrolet models far better than ever before. The public has recognized that Chevrolet represents a high standard of quality at low cost. As a result Chevrolet has become the world's largest producer of automobiles with modern three-speed transmission. Now this Chevrolet quality has been greatly increased. The new Chevrolet embodies quality features such as you would expect to find only on cars of much higher price.

New chassis—with a larger, stronger frame; new semi-elliptic chrome vanadium steel springs; new and stronger front axle; completely new rear axle of finest construction—banjo type with one piece pressed steel housing and greatly strengthened gears; improved fully enclosed, dry plate disc clutch which requires no lubrication; extra heavy brake bands on big 11-inch brake drums; a new and easier steering mechanism and many improvements on the famous Chevrolet motor.

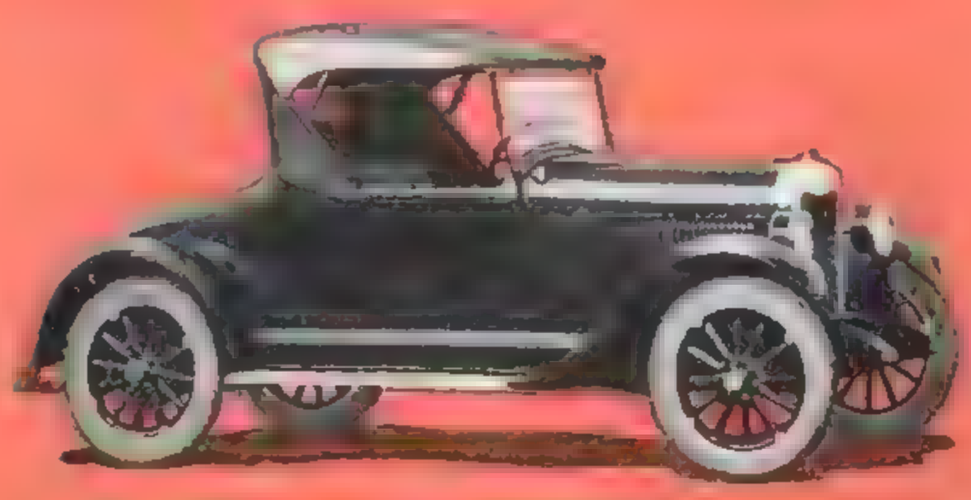
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET

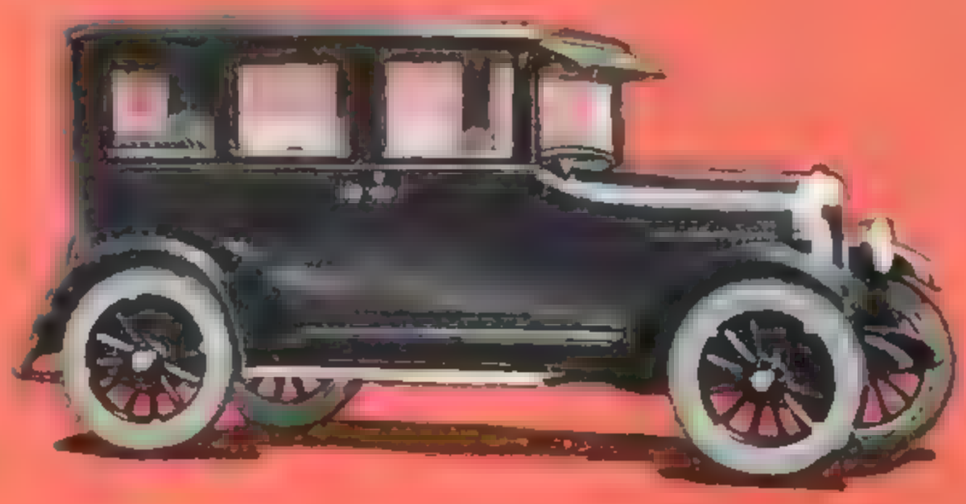
for Economical Transportation

ROLET

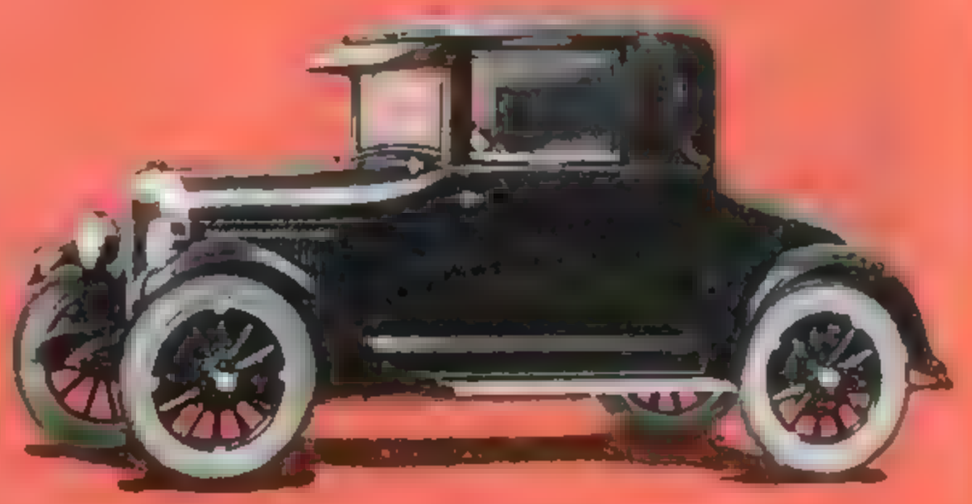


The Roadster

The Touring Car



The Sedan



The Coupe

Even Greater Quality at Low Cost

New bodies—of even greater beauty and comfort. Open bodies are longer and have new windshield with very low bottom panel, rubber weather stripped. All models have cowl lights and new instrument board refined and cut away for more leg room. The new radiator is of more beautiful design, made of non-rusting airplane metal. All closed models have new and exceptionally beautiful Fisher bodies with the new VV type closed body one piece windshield and automatic windshield wiper.

New finish—all models are now finished in Duco, the new finish that retains its color and lustre almost indefinitely and withstands very much harder usage. Here, again, is a quality feature hitherto not found in other low-priced cars. Open models and coach are finished in rich dark blue—on the sedan is used a beautiful aquamarine blue for lower panels and hood, upper panels in black—coupe with lower panels and hood in sage green, upper panels in black.

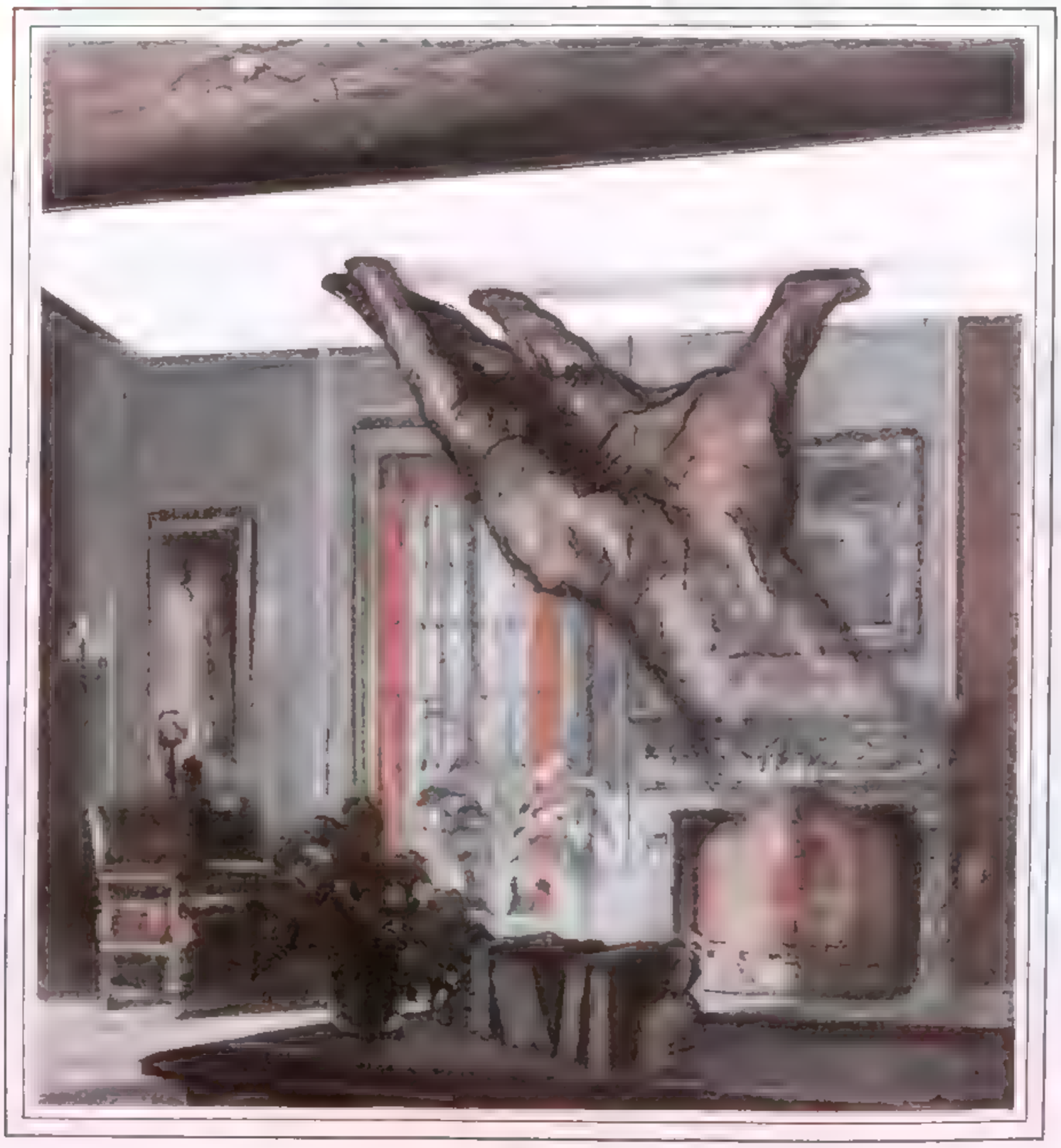
Disc wheels and balloon tires optional at small additional cost.

See Your Nearest Chevrolet Dealer

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

for WALLS



Old Rooms *need not be old-fashioned*

There's still a world of comfort, a lifetime of economy and much to be proud of in thousands of good old homes—homes of sturdier basic construction, perhaps, than you would build today.

Their interior beauty can easily be restored—walls, ceilings or arrangement of rooms completely transformed. Just nail new, smooth panels of Beaver Fibre Wall Board over the old walls or to new partitions.

This economical, durable and artistic wall-maker is made of new spruce fibre. It is light and strong, easy to handle, easy to apply, easy to decorate and, best of all, easy to buy. No other type of material can be used on old rooms with so little muss, fuss, litter or expense.

Bury the blemishes of time—blot out all signs of age—*forever,* with this miracle wall board. Write for a free sample and a copy of the Beaver Plan Book which shows the beautiful modern effects to be obtained with it, the economy and convenience it offers for 101 various uses and *why* it is important that you look for the Red Beaver Border when you buy. Check the coupon now.

BEAVER PRODUCTS

Insist on Genuine

Beaver Fibre Wall Board

Made of spruce fibre compressed into big clean panels. Its surface is sealed and sized by the exclusive Beaver Sealtite process to resist moisture and reduce painting costs. Its superior Art Mat Surface makes fine decoration easy. Kiln dried and seasoned at the factory. No other type of wall material can be applied so economically and conveniently over cracked paper and plaster. It will not crack or fall. You can distinguish this superior wall board by the Red Beaver Border.

for WALLS

Beaver Fibre Wall Board
Beaver Tile Board
Beaver Plaster Wall Board
Beaver Gypsum Lath
Beaver American Plaster
Beaver Partition Block
Beaver Architectural and Industrial Varnishes and Enamels

for ROOFS

Slate-surfaced Shingles and Slabs to meet every requirement of color and design
Special Re-roofing Shingles
Slate- and Smooth-surfaced Roll Roofing—in weights and finishes for every use
Built-to-order Roofs
Roof Paints and Cement

Mail this for

FREE

samples and descriptions

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y., Dept. A-1
(or) Thorold, Canada
(or) London, England

Gentlemen: Please send me a sample and description of Beaver Fibre Wall Board I am also interested in other Beaver Products listed below:

Name

Address

City

State

ANDREW BRIDE, OF PARIS

(Continued from Page 23)

"I'm sorry. I hope —— But where do you go when you leave Paris?"

She looked at him fixedly across the table, and he saw a change pass over her face. Her serenity warmed, as from an inner glow, and she said in a voice that faintly thrilled:

"I'm going home."

He stared, then started.

"Home? You mean to America?"

"But of course!"

"I—why—but you don't mean to *stay!*"

"But naturally, my friend." She went on after a moment. "You see, there is nothing to keep me now. No loyalty, for example. My mother understood. She always said that I was hopelessly American. It is what she expected of me, what she would wish for me, I think."

He stammered, with an effort, "I—but when do you go? Not soon, I hope. I ——"

"An-drew, I am sailing tomorrow."

"No! no!"

"Yes, yes," said Mary Jackson, with pretty soft mockery.

He rose abruptly and took a turn down the tiny garden, while the waiter, momentarily reappearing in the doorway, contemplated him with mild interest. To the celebrated young critic, it was as if a light had been put out in the heavens. The flickering sunshine had turned dark.

He came back to her and said bluntly, "Don't go tomorrow, please. Stay over a week at least. I've so much that I want to say to you."

She shook her head; and he saw, with a strange sinking of the heart, that the signs of his agitation moved her not at all.

"Oh, no, thanks! I couldn't. I just learned this afternoon, not an hour ago, that I could get off tomorrow, and you cannot conceive how happy it made me. No, I have stayed on this continent too long."

"But a few days—after eighteen years!"

She shook her head again slightly, but with finality. Regarding him, smiling a little, the girl continued:

"It is strange our meeting again so, isn't it? Do you know, just now when I saw you so unexpectedly on the Place, I thought that perhaps such a coincidence had not occurred for nothing. Into my mind came the thought—I confess it—Perhaps I shall say to him, 'There is plenty of room on the ship. Why not go home tomorrow?' As soon as you began to talk, I saw of course that such an idea was not *à propos* as yet. Now I perfectly realize that the idea of going home may never appeal to you. Fifty years, didn't you say? While as for me, I count the minutes now. Indeed I can hardly wait to breathe the air of home again—at last to belong to it and it to me! Mine henceforward!"

No doubt it was a childish obsession; but the sincerity, the passionate reality, of that speech struck him deep none the less. He began in the air, rather lamely:

"You seem to think that my choosing to live here is just a—a sort of self-indulgence. Well, it isn't. In the first place, in leaving the country as I did, I've advertised an idea—the very important idea that existing conditions in America are not suited to art and artists. I've made a great many people stop and think of that who had never thought or imagined any such thing before. I've ——"

"Well, let us hope that such thinking will have its salutary effects. As for ——"

"It will, I am sure of it! But that, of course, has been secondary with me. My chief purpose—why, if I have any obligation in this world, it seems to me that it is to my work, to fulfil myself in my work as—as richly as I can. Well, I'm doing that here as I never could dream of doing it in America, and I think that this last year has fully proved it. If I were to turn my back on this—this prime obligation now, just for reasons of—of patriotic ——"

"But who asks you to do that, Andrew? Undoubtedly you know your own needs best. I say only that as for me, that self-fulfilment you speak of is to be found perfectly in a few words which I cannot speak without emotion—I'm going home tomorrow!"

"You don't know what you're saying," said André huskily. "You don't know what America's like—not just to visit, not just as a romantic conception, but to live in, day after day and year after year. You, with your civilized tastes and upbringing, you won't be able to stand it. You'll ——"

"You think that?"

Looking at her face, which shone with a faint radiance, he knew, with an astonishing pang, that he did not think that.

"You mean then that you never expect to come here again?"

"Oh, no, I don't mean that. I have many friends on this side, some affairs, many close associations. Of course, I don't intend to give them up."

"When shall you come back?"

"Oh, I've thought that perhaps I shall make a little visit next spring or summer—it is uncertain. If I do," said she, smiling at him rather singularly—"well, I shall hope for another coincidence as pleasant as this one."

As if that speech were not enough, to his utter dismay she pushed back her chair and began to draw on her gloves.

"I think I'd prefer not to trust to coincidence. Why—you'll write to me, won't you—let me write to you?"

"Oh, no, no! Let's not write. Why, what earthly point would there be in that?"

Deeply bewildered and hurt, André replied, "Apparently I'm one of your foreign associations that you're quite ready to give up."

"But Andrew, really, we cannot be said to have had any associations. And with the ocean more or less permanently between us, none seems like to develop."

"Will you stay over a day or two and give them a chance to?"

"Do you say that again, *mon ami*, after what I have just confided to you—that I am so on fire to be at home that I have measured each hour?"

"Will you give me the time that's left then? Will you dine with me tonight—let me go with you to the boat tomorrow?"

She seemed faintly surprised by this insistence, so much like a pleading.

"I'm engaged for dinner, I'm sorry," she said lightly; "while as for tomorrow, with its complications—no, we shall do well to make our little adieux now."

Mary Jackson came to her feet. André sat heavily in his chair.

"Tell me," he said abruptly, "do you treat me in this way just to show your disapproval of me; in fact, just to hurt me?"

"But do not look so glum!" she exclaimed, almost gayly. "It is nothing. You make your choices, I mine, that is all. Of course I do not wish to hurt you. My thought is only that since there is so fundamental a conflict in our points of view, it is folly to pretend that there is a harmony."

Well, wasn't it? He brooded darkly for a moment, then yielded to the weakness of saying, "I thought at least you viewed me as a case—in which you've taken an unfavorable interest for a long time, long before we met. Doesn't it occur to you that your influence might be ——"

"But I don't want to influence you, you see. You must express yourself; that is necessary. I do not think I could admire a man who wanted to be influenced in such a matter—by a woman."

A kind of despair possessed him. Here was, indeed, a conflict of purposes hardly likely to be reconciled.

"You don't understand. What's worse, you don't want to."

"Yes, I think I understand quite well."

Standing before him in her black dress, looking down at her gloves as she smoothed them over her wrists, she continued gravely:

"I own, it has seemed to me that since America stands so much in need of artists, it is a pity when her men of talent leave her. I have also held the theory that first-rate talents usually fulfil themselves wherever they appear, and only talents of the second order complain that all the surroundings are not just right. Of course, I may be quite wrong in my theories. In any case, they should not disturb you. But I do really hope that you won't let yourself get altogether out of touch with home; that you'll try to hold to something at least of the—the American quality in you—for your own sake, of course, I mean. For I do feel sure that as art develops and grows in America, that art isn't going to be French or European or imitative at all. No, I'm sure it's going to be original and spontaneous, and racial—and native—and American."

How argue with a monomania? Regarding her sombrely, thinking that this might actually be the last time he would look at this face, these eyes, André made a gesture indicative of his hopelessness.

At once the obsessed girl said sharply, with a curious freedom, almost like one with a right, "Don't do that!"

"Don't do what?"

"Make that expressive shrug," she cried; "throw out those expressive hands! It's zo frightfully French! Don't you see that's just what I was saying? Yes, I said in the beginning that you had changed somehow, and of course that's it! You've gotten decidedly Frenchy. That sums it up perfectly. You've hardly been here a year, and you've Frenchified yourself already."

She laughed suddenly and mockingly, and he came to his feet at once, feeling rather white.

"I don't consider the word 'French' as precisely an epithet—of contempt."

"I'm sure you don't. And that's fortunate, since it belongs to you evidently. . . . Yes, I see the changes now. You've gotten much more sentimental in this year, haven't you, Andrew? You've gotten a little—a little soft, isn't it so, *mon ami?*"

In the still garden the two expatriates gazed at each other, and now the girl, too, losing something of her poise, began to betray a certain feeling.

"I? Soft?"

"What more natural? One doesn't coddle one's valuable ego for nothing, does one? One can't sacrifice everything for æsthetics, for the sweet life of beauty, without sacrificing something, can one? . . . I suppose you've had to do with women, too, incidentally, though you didn't mention that. Haven't you?"

He flushed darkly at that willful impertinence, but gazed at her in silence. Suddenly she clapped her hands and crowed with audacious laughter.

"Oh, I've just had such a jolly thought! Do you know what I'm going to call you—think of you as—after this? André! *André!*"

"I beg you not to—in just that tone."

She laughed up into his face with a high-spirited assurance that surpassed effrontery and thrust out her small gloved hand.

"*Au 'voir, monsieur*, if it is to be *au 'voir*—if not, *adieu!* I feel a little sorry for you now, and I wish I didn't; but I also, of course, wish you nothing but good. *Bonne chance, mon cher petit André!*"

"That goes too far," said André, in a sudden quiet voice.

He put his arms about her swiftly, irresistibly drew her to him. With startled incredulity, astounded and outraged, she struggled against that affronting embrace; her strength was unequal to her will. He set a kiss upon lips which quivered, in utter revolt, under his.

Released, she backed away from him white with shame and helpless anger. Standing with heaving breast, she drew her handkerchief again and again across her lips. For the instant, it seemed, she could not trust herself to speak; but her look seemed to say that she would have struck him if she could.

"Say again if you can," said André in a shaken voice, and yet lifelessly too, "that you have no associations with me."

He turned away, picked up his hat and gloves and stick. And then he stood in silence, looking down, twisting his hat between his hands—that "so abominable French headwear."

She spoke, with a voice now fairly controlled, yet sounding a little strangled:

"It is an association I shall not recall without indignation and a sense of intolerable humiliation. How have you ventured to feel free with me?"

"I didn't think of it that way," said André colorlessly. "I didn't want to—to humiliate you. I just imagine something in me demanded—something—to offset the pain—the misfortune that has befallen me."

"Misfortune! It is not the moment for riddles, I think."

"The great misfortune I experience in—in finding myself ——"

He stopped, beyond will or intention. His voice had broken a little; his legs trembled under him. Mary Jackson regarded him from long-lashed eyes that held no mercy.

"Come, sir, you were finding yourself! It is 'igh time!"

"In discovering—in that moment," continued André, with a face of stone, "that I love you most terribly. . . . Good-by"

Once again he turned, without another word, and went away.

VI

THAT discovery he spoke of went hard with him none the less. Was it possible that he had deteriorated, turned soft? He was convinced that he had not. Had she said those things deliberately, then, to shock him into dissatisfaction with himself and his life? That was conceivable, perhaps. However, speeches and the motives of speeches scarcely mattered now. There was the fact to contend with; the stark and staggering fact that a girl whom he had seen but three times in his life, who lived on another hemisphere and who felt for him, it seemed, an invincible antagonism, had mysteriously become necessary to his happiness. Something fine and strong in her, something tender yet inflexible, had drawn him to her, and he was hers. And now it was likely enough that in this world he would see her no more. Or even if the ocean were not to be forever between them, was it not finally true, as she had said, that there could be no hope of harmony here?

He was restless, nervous, out of tune altogether. He couldn't work. Worse yet, he found himself unsettled as to what work he wanted to do. He had planned to follow the American Aesthetic with a series of classical studies in modern French literature, done in the pure French style, for the cultured few in America. Now the long-projected opus seemed baldly and dully academic, devoid of all life. He plodded through the notes he had been gathering since April; they were cold, gone dead. He himself seemed to have gone dead. He wasn't interested in anything.

In November, abandoning fruitless effort, he left Paris and went traveling again. The impulse was a sound one. Dijon, Nimes, Avignon and the deserted village of Villeneuve; Florence and the old hill towns of Italy; through the Tyrol to Budapest, to Vienna, to Munich—for two months he kept steadily moving, seeking, and in the end finding fresh food for thought, a new inspiration. Gradually his equilibrium returned to him and he began to orient himself anew.

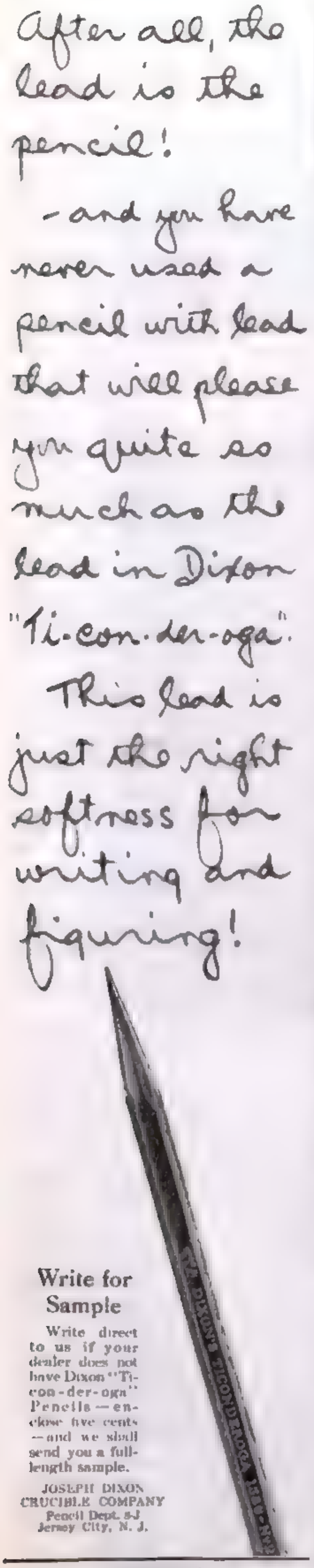
In Munich, on a dismal January evening, as he sat in Klein's Garten drinking superb beer with Herr Pflug, the somewhat notorious radical editor whom Leopold Magnes had insisted on his meeting, the process of finding himself seemed to come suddenly to a sort of head. Regarding Herr Pflug's red jowls, ceasing to listen to Herr Pflug's tireless hoarse jabber, André all at once found himself reflecting intently:

"I am, and necessarily always will be, an American. Therefore my best subjects, my true, warm, interesting subjects, will always have a connection with America." Five minutes later, again ceasing to listen to Herr Pflug, he found the idea presenting itself more concretely: "Is that why I've been feeling so empty then—that I've too much cut myself off from my source?"

No doubt he had been working toward this not very recondite thought for weeks—months even; but it seemed to him now to have been directly inspired by the physiognomy and utterances of this chance acquaintance, an exasperating German nationalist who not only hated America with an insensate, childish hatred, but liked nothing, it seemed, except German communism. Not till he was going to bed that night did André suddenly recall those more or less suggestive words of another: "I hope you won't get entirely out of touch with America—for your own sake, I mean." Was it imaginable that that gratuitous advice had stayed in him, germinating? He was scarcely willing to concede that, naturally; still, it might be admitted now that the observation had been a shrewd one in its way, not without merit.

The first thing André did on returning to Paris was to go to the great bookshop on the Avenue de l'Opéra, and buy an armful of American books and reviews. He shut himself up with them for four days together.

The experiment provided him with a considerable surprise. He got, indeed a stimulus from the connection with home; but it wasn't at all the sort of stimulus he had looked for. He found the American stuff, in one word, curiously flat and disappointing. Perhaps it was his own growth, perhaps it was the lucid perspective of time and distance, but it seemed to him after


After all, the lead is the pencil!
- and you have never used a pencil with lead that will please you quite as much as the lead in Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga".
This lead is just the right softness for writing and figuring!
Write for Sample
Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils — enclose five cents — and we shall send you a full-length sample.
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J
Jersey City, N. J.
DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
The Business Pencil

the first day, that the writers at home had been standing still all this time; and to stand still here, he was convinced, was to go back.

The odd, simple engrossment in the social attack, to the exclusion of any real interest in art, struck him instantly and disagreeably. The critics were still engaged in being rebellious on lines no longer venturesome or novel; literally, they were saying over what he, André, had first said half a dozen years earlier, and essentially what Ludenburg and others had said years before him. The novelists—still setting up as critics, too—seemed even more stale and unprofitable; they were still eagerly rewriting Confessions of a Young Man, Spoon River Anthology, and the like. Of six leading young novelists that he read that week, one fearlessly exposed family life in rural Alabama; two "told the whole truth"—as it said on the jacket—about the small town in the Middle West; another, a very young girl in Montpelier, Vermont, was dreadfully bitter on the subject of outworn conventions and hypocritical monogamy; the fifth dealt gloomily with the married life of a Detroit filling-station helper, and with gloom in general; while the sixth proved unanswerably that the church in X was a whited sepulchre of corruption, jackassism and snobbery. All this juvenile muckraking and complaining was in itself very tiresome, of course; much more discouraging, he thought, was the fact that the writers, in their naïve zeal as social prophets, usually forgot all about being artists. Three of the fearless cross sections showed little or no trace of the narrative gift, and two of the three were full of slovenly cheap writing besides; four were depressingly weak in characterization. (Imagine a "superb novel"—jacket again—being weak in characterization—just imagine!)

All were elementary in their thinking, and only one even approached the inexplicable fresh shapeliness and grace of a work of art.

"If these are novels, then anybody can write a novel!" thought André, not without bitterness, for his own young novel, years earlier, had been his only failure. "They've reduced it to a formula. No, no, my dears! Art is not quite so simple as that."

A few days afterward, leaning over the coping of the Pont Neuf, staring down at the gray Seine, he thought, "Perhaps the era of destructionism in America has run its course?"

Half an hour later, still standing there in the biting winter wind of which he remained unconscious, he thought, with a sense of discovery, "We move in cycles. What if the time has now come for a romantic revival?"

The thought, once it had grown into his mind, stuck fast there. Within a week he had written for Cosmos a signed leading article, ostensibly a review of recent books and trends, in which he clearly suggested—as no one, I believe, had ever suggested at that time—that the epoch of national self-criticism, on the part of the intelligentsia, must soon yield to another and richer period.

Art, not a new order of society, was the business of artists, wrote André. Come then, he said in sum, let art be produced.

And that winter he wrote three more articles which, under one guise or another, invited the young Americans of talent to forgo their amateur sociology and seek afresh, through form and word and meaning, their ageless, fleet, sweet mistress, Beauty, whom each must track alone and recapture for himself.

André's letters from America soon made it clear that he had struck a lively theme; unfortunately, that was about all that could be said. Some of his colleagues, to his disappointment, literally did not understand what he was driving at; others, like Ludenburg, apparently understood well enough, but vigorously dissented, all seemed puzzled by what they called the changed note in him. "It doesn't sound like you at all," wrote Gilbert Dart from the Dawn office; and so, in effect, annoyingly enough, said many others.

André, of course, didn't mind being in advance of his time. He knew that the true rebel was one who did not hesitate to revolt from revolt. But the truth was that he himself was by no means clear in his thought. What was he driving at, exactly, and how did he expect to arrive there?

In distinction from the American writers, Marcel Villiers, though contending that no movement could be brought on by fiat or pronunciamiento, was entirely sympathetic to his underlying point of view. Social rebellion, Marcel declared, was never the mood of art. And he went on, by easy transitions:

"The continual self-depreciation, the self-consciousness, the uneasy eye on Europe, the perpetual concern about vulgarity—certainly there is something seriously wrong here. Is there not even something a little vulgar? It is, rather, in the pride of the national genius that the arts flourish."

"Bah!" said André, gulping his Picon Citron. "How all roads lead to Rome with you, my friend!"

But the old fellow, who could never be prevented from embroidering his favorite thesis, said that he would demonstrate the point by illustration.

"Let us consider first, very simply, the case of the individual. Let us take, for example, myself," said Marcel, not without complacence, for his newest novel was then reaping an immense success, both popular and of esteem. "I compose, my dear Breed, not merely as an artist, but as a Frenchman always! My artistic conceptions, all my creative impulses, draw, even though unconsciously, from this mothering soil of France. Transplant me, cut through these thousand imperceptible roots, and even now, when I may be said to have found myself, my inspiration would infallibly perish. No longer having ——"

Cotteret and De l'Isle turned in at the café, interrupting the little homily. The two editors hesitated over the *terrasse*, for the April airs were chilly; but Marcel called for brandy and soda quite in the English style, and they sighed and turned up their coat collars and sat down.

"Well, what's the state of the arts in America, André?" listlessly inquired little De l'Isle, with his hard bright eyes and his face like that of an undernourished fox.

"It is precisely what we are discussing," beamed Marcel; and hurriedly lighting a bad government cigarette, he abandoned for the moment the interesting personal instance and invited the attention of all to the history of art in relation to nationality.

"Let us consider Athens," said Marcel—in part. "Surely it was by no chance that the golden age of Pericles coincided with the Athenians' greatest pride in the glory, national and political, of their city-state. For note, my friends, that when Sparta defeated Athens, straightway that magnificent art became decadent; soon it languished and died. In Florence, in the great age of the Renaissance, the case, through our imperfect information, may not at first sight seem so clear. Yet who can conceive Angelo and Leonardo perpetually lamenting—as our André so often laments of his own country—'Alas, but this Florence is a vulgar spot!' Or take, again, among the English, the glorious age of Elizabeth. That was a moment when great discoveries of new lands and wealth, great wars and victories, were vastly expanding that national consciousness, filling each man's heart with the sense of the dignity and splendor of being an Englishman. Out of the vivified consciousness, I ever maintain, sprang the impulse to art. The great Shakspere, realizing it or not, wrote as an Englishman with an aroused sense of nationality. Who of us can conceive of the great Shakspere's expostulating, 'To the devil with this so-called Merrie England! For myself, I emigrate to Paris!'"

André smiled at the quaintness of the thought. But as he began to riddle Marcel's theory from the history of France herself, De l'Isle interrupted:

"Yes, indeed; but what's the drift of the discussion—in a word, the point of so many words?"

"I actually believe the point is," said André boredly, "that Marcel believes that my place, like that of a Victorian virgin, is at home."

"But no!" protested Marcel. "Recall, we were speaking of pure art only, while your function, dear Breed ——"

"Enough of the learned talk!" said De l'Isle. "It makes the eardrums ache! Have you heard the tale of your compatriot Bertholet and the little *couturiere* of the Rue Royale?"

"No! What's that?" demanded Marcel, pricking up his ears at once.

De l'Isle told it, with sly glances and sophisticated *moues*, to the tune of much knowing chuckling among his listeners. Cotteret, incessantly fingering his waxed mustache, capped the anecdote with another, satisfyingly full of *mots* and *coqs*. Then old Marcel took his innings, rolling his eyes roguishly, uttering frequent là-las, and more than once kissing his finger tips ecstatically to the young divinity whose charming frailties he recounted.

It was six o'clock. André rose.

"*A demain, mes vieux!* I must fly."

"To the arms of the fair ——"

"No, I've an article to get off by tomorrow's post."

And he strode away, wondering anew at the indefatigable interest these gifted people had in what was once called a certain subject. *L'amour, la femme!* The thing was simple, and not always interesting. Why this constant preoccupation with it, half unwholesome, half tiresomely sentimental, but in any case quite childish? Pullman washroom talk, it was really, only more subtly sniggering, and therefore worse! He recalled Voltaire's saying that the English had seventy religions and only one sauce, and the retort of the modern Englishman, E. V. Lucas, that the French, though they had seventy sauces, had only one joke. This urchin's love of mentioning the unmentionable, of impropriety for its own sake! Curious, brilliant, grown-up men to whom, just as Lucas had said, even the mishaps of the nursery afforded unfailing amusement!

In his rooms, André found another American mail in. He pounced on it, forgetting all else.

His correspondence made poor reading these days. He read first a short letter from his mother—to whom he wrote regularly twice a month; then in succession, five or six communications from fellow intellectuals or admirers; and all these, without exception, took him to task for his "desertion of the movement," as Carl Weinstock and a strange lady in California both sharply phrased it. When he opened the fat envelope from the clipping bureau the case was no better; apart from the conservative press, whose praises naturally chagrined him, nobody at all, it seemed, approved of his tentative revolt against destructionism. Among sundry paragraphic digs and thrusts, he found an elaborate reply by Eustace B. Titcomb, his ancient enemy, from the Index, which especially exasperated him by its malicious distortions and adroit implications. This more or less damaging piece was entitled, What's Happened to Bride in Paris?

Of course, nothing had happened to Bride in Paris; he hadn't "changed"—that was precisely his point. All that he had done was to go forward, because there was life in him, while others stagnated and went back.

He slit another envelope, feeling at once angry and considerably alone in the world, while his mind automatically composed sentences for an answering article which should put Eustace and his like in their place. Absently his eyes took in:

"*My dear Andrew:* I have read with so much interest and pleasure your articles in Dawn and Cosmos this ——"

Then his mind clicked on that word "Andrew" and abruptly he turned over the letter, and then looked inside, for the signature. There it was, in the small upright hand—Mary Jackson. She was in New York, at a Park Avenue hotel.

He laid down the letter, feeling all at once terribly gone within, and took a turn or two about the room. Coming back to his desk, standing there rigid, he read with fixed eyes:

"—— in Dawn and Cosmos this winter, and I become quite furious when I see what Ludenburg and the rest write in reply to you. How can clever men be so unimaginative, do you think? In the last few weeks I have heard not a few people say that you see farther and truer than any of the others; and in the long run, you will have the best of it, I am certain, in the controversy you have so valiantly started alone.

"Do you not mean to gather up the articles and make a book of them later on? I hope so much that you do, for what you are saying seems too necessary to our good to be left scattered through the back files of reviews. And besides, a book makes a rallying point, does it not? And that will be helpful some day, so that they may all flock to you the more easily!"

If Mary Jackson thought, too, that he was "changing," and wished to encourage him in it, if she didn't after all mind trying to influence him a little, no thought of the sort crossed André's mind in this moment. He read the generous words, indeed, with a stir of deep emotion. Strange that the only warm support he had found in his venture should come from this girl who had for years

(Continued on Page 113)

Hoping Against Hope

THE horror of that moment can never be forgotten. With brakes set and wheels locked, the car drives relentlessly forward—nothing—absolutely nothing to retard its progress.

WEED CHAINS on the tires would have given the driver complete control of his car when the emergency arose.

There is no substitute for WEED CHAINS. They have been the Standard of Safety for over twenty years. *Make driving safe*—put on your WEED CHAINS when rain, snow or ice make road conditions treacherous or uncertain.

WEED CHAINS are made in all sizes to fit all types of tires—Balloons, Cords and Fabrics.

Sold by Garages, Auto Accessory and Hardware Dealers Everywhere.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY *Inc.*

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

IN CANADA
Dominion Chain Co., Limited, *Niagara Falls, Ont*

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES
Boston-New York-San Francisco-Philadelphia-Chicago-Pittsburgh

WEED CHAINS

SAFETY - DEPENDABILITY - SERVICE

For all-day energy—*this hot breakfast*

QUICK QUAKER—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

That's as quick as toast!

"TO feel better all day long, start with hot oats and milk"—scores of doctors, food editors of magazines and dieticians now are urging for children and grown-ups.

Note, then, how easy now to have this most delicious of hot breakfasts.

Quick Quaker, a new kind of Quaker Oats, cooks in less time than coffee—you can prepare it while the fruit is being served. From the time you start till the time you serve—3 minutes; 5 minutes at the most!

All that rich flavor that won the world to Quaker you'll find here, all that smooth deliciousness. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Try Quick Quaker—you will like it.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

A Gift to Wives and Mothers

—ask for it

The New Quaker Cook Book is Ready

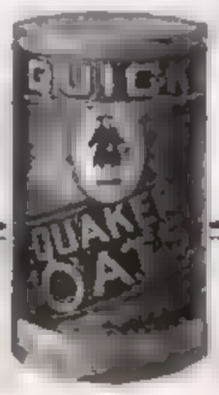
75 new and delightfully unusual cereal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to altogether the most attractive of cookies and desserts . . . oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley. Beautifully illustrated in color. Send your name for a copy postpaid.

The Quaker Oats Company
80 East Jackson St., Chicago

Two kinds now at grocers'

Quaker Oats

The kind you have always known



Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds;
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quick Quaker

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

(Continued from Page 110)

disliked and distrusted him, whose last word to him had been spoken in unforgiveness and anger. And this sweet message was not conceivably intellectual; it was, and must be, personal—supremely so. What else could it be saying than that time, again, had brought a healing; that she thought of him, and wanted to see him again, and to be friends without regard to views; and that one day in the future—the very near future, it might be—they were to meet and . . . She was in New York to sail?—perhaps she had already . . .

His eyes raced forward. At once the eager light in them faded and died:

"I am here for a few days on business, and tomorrow return to my dear West. In my happiness at being at home again, and with the many novel and exciting things I find to do, my plans have changed much, and I shall not go to Europe this summer, and perhaps not next. But some day I shall certainly find myself in Paris again, and if I am to see you then, by chance or our wish, I expect to have many more fine things to thank and congratulate you for. In the meantime, with every wish for your success in work and happiness in life, believe me, "Sincerely yours,

"MARY JACKSON."

André laid down the friendly missive, and the thought of its friendliness was gone from his mind. His excitement, dead, had turned to ashes; his heart lay like an immense weight in his breast. It was all very well to have told himself a thousand times that he was never to see the writer of this letter again. He knew now that the deepest part of him had counted all along, unreasonably no doubt, yet powerfully, on seeing her this summer. And now he was to wait two years to see her, and there was no certainty that he would see her then. *In the meantime* ——

Two years more—like this!

He began to stride about his little sitting room, very much unsteadied, once more terribly unhappy and alone.

If in that hour André recalled how the prophet Mahomet had once met a crisis not unlike his own, he did not find it difficult to repel the thought. In fact everything in him resisted the idea of a visit home under these circumstances. And gradually he saw that the only real question presented to him by the unexpected sound of the disturbing voice came to just this: Should he answer the letter, and if so, what sort of answer should he make?

For some days, rather bad ones in their way, he leaned steadily to an answer, an earnest exposition of all his æsthetical processes from a youth up. But her letter, with its two so different *motifs*, the one warm and near, the other reminiscently and woundingly remote, wasn't easy to answer; moreover, she had expected no answer, apparently; and probably enough, once her patriotic impulse was spent, she preferred to have none. "Oh, let's not write!" she had said that day. And then he remembered that it was at just about that point in their painful conversation, when he was all but begging for association with her, that she had suddenly seemed to lose interest in him, and then had mocked him for being sentimental—"a little soft."

At the end of a week, André put Mary Jackson's letter away in the bottom of a trunk down in Madame Dunoyer's cellar. He came to wish that it had never been written.

That summer he had various contacts with home, some of them very interesting by the nature of his new work. Through his fixed environment, which had steadily widened, the American visitors came and went. Carl Weinstock and Frederika Bone arrived together for a week in July; Gilbert Dart turned up a fortnight later; Harold Derek spent half of September at the Hotel Racine; old Ludenburg wrote that he was coming soon. Despite æsthetic differences, these were all his friends; necessarily he had a background with them, an inherited community of interest and point of view, such as couldn't exist with men of another blood; and the long discussions, often lasting to the small hours, proved decidedly stimulating and clarifying.

It didn't escape his notice, either, that what he had written—and what he said now over the café tables—was having its effects. Horse-faced Frederika loudly denounced him as a "damned" pro-American; but before she left she suddenly and privately conceded that there might be something in what he said. Harold Derek, with his strange, elusive, half-humorous aloofness, rather like a stray from another planet, said once, oddly, "Oh, the old game's up, that's long been clear." Faithful Gilbert Dart cried, "Well, if you think the time's come for a romantic movement, why don't you come home and head the blooming thing? You can't possibly pull it off from here, you know." At that, André smiled and changed the subject; the thought was not a new one, and it had no suasive power for him. To initiate a movement over an ocean was, indeed, difficult, to say the least of it; that, however, was his inevitable handicap, in offset to his innumerable advantages. He was working steadily now. Many rich years, he was convinced, lay ahead of him here.

One morning in October, as he sat at his desk running through a pile of books from Dawn—for he was doing some American reviewing now—there came a gentle tap upon his door; and at his word, a tall, handsome youth stepped into the room, his manner an engaging mixture of diffidence and eagerness. André looked once and looked twice; and all at once he remembered the very young critic—Ewell, that was his name—who had crossed with him two and a half years earlier.

The lad, who had grown a foot at least, apologized profusely for running in like this; he had just learned Mr. Bride's address and he couldn't resist coming—just to pay his respects—just for a minute or two, of course. However, André was glad to see him, and cordially removed books from his visitor's chair.

Nothing, indeed, could have been nicer than the very young critic's good manners, nothing pleasanter than his earnest, shy inquiries about Mr. Bride and Mr. Bride's work. Learning that Mr. Bride had a new book almost finished—a sort of long essay, a monograph—he showed the keenest interest; when he discovered that the book would be, in effect, an expansion of two articles Mr. Bride had published in Cosmos earlier in the year, he became quite excited in his enthusiasm. He had read both those articles not long before he left home, and he'd thought of them so often since, over here! They'd struck such an absolutely new note! And so important, it seemed to him—"like something—well, you know—that marks the passing of an era, sort of!"

The appreciation pleased the older critic; yes, and gave him a reassurance too. He turned the talk to his visitor. Ewell had been in Europe since May, it seemed, and had been pretty nearly everywhere. Oh, yes, he had liked it all; profited by it, of course—immensely!

"And your friend, who was with you on the boat—he's traveling with you, I suppose?"

"Oh, Harby? No, we came over together, but we separated—oh, three months ago. That's made a difference, of course. I've missed him a lot."

"He went back home?"

"No; he's settled down here—says he's going to become a French citizen, and I expect he will. You see, he married."

"Married! Here?"

The boy nodded, glancing away out the window. It was seen that he had changed somehow in these years in other ways than an added stature. Some of his charming childlikeness had passed from him.

"You see, in the first place, he fell in love with France and the French at sight; everything just suited him—it was perfect. And then—well, to be frank, old Dick got rather carried away by the light women-and-wines end of it, if you'll forgive the college joke, and began to take less and less interest in our studies. I didn't mind very much, thinking it was just a phase. But then, in July, when we were in Tours, he went out one afternoon, and when he came back next morning he brought a girl along, and he was married. It was Mimi, the daughter of the *épicier* where we had been buying our supplies—of course very bourgeoise, but her father has made a lot of money, and she had a very good *dot*. Dick had fallen hard for her from the first. Of course, his people have made quite a row, but it may turn out all right—you never can tell."

"And where is he now?"

"Oh, in Tours. They've moved in with the old man, the grocer, you see. He's going to enjoy himself for the present, he says, and live; but later on he thinks he can get some sort of tutorship with the university. Well, maybe he can."

Interested by this brief biography, André asked the boy what his own plans were. After boggling and coloring a little, Ewell said that he had just decided to go back home. He was sailing at the end of the week.

"It's been a wonderful experience," he said, all but apologetically. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It's just meant everything to me. But—well, I'm by myself, you see, and really without any special objective; and somehow I don't seem able to feel settled here, Mr. Bride, like you, or even like Dick, in his very different way. I sort of feel that I'm just drifting—more and more."

"Perhaps you don't altogether like France and the French?" prompted André curiously.

"Oh, yes! Oh, I like and admire them tremendously! Who could help it? They're wonderful. Only ——"

He hesitated, and then said with some embarrassment, yet at the same time with the definite air of one who has laid hold of a truth, of some importance to him at least:

"Only it seems to me they're different from us, necessarily, so I don't think I could ever feel quite at home with them—really at *home*, I mean. I don't think I could ever put down roots here. No criticism on them, of course! But if a fellow can't put down roots, he just seems to sort of drift all the time somehow—and drifting isn't any fun, do you think so, Mr. Bride? But I'm keeping you ——"

Rising to go, insisting that he mustn't interrupt Mr. Bride longer at his work, the lad expressed his pleasure in this meeting, spoke charmingly of the time when they had met before.

"I've often thought of you, on the boat that time. Do you remember that horrible Mr. Miskow? And oh, by the way," he exclaimed, suddenly striking a more interesting reminiscence, "Mr. Bride, do you remember a girl who crossed with us then—a Miss Marie Jackson, who'd lived all her life over here in—well, you can only say, in the most fashionable cosmopolitan society?"

Mr. Bride, knocking the ashes from his cigarette, did remember the girl, it seemed. He had heard, moreover, that she had gone back to America to live—yes, remarkable! She'd settled in Michigan then?

"Yes, and do you know what she's done, Mr. Bride?" said Ewell, a shine in his fine young eye. "She's bought back the old family place that her mother'd sold, they say; and she's bought back the timberlands and the mills; and she's bought back the lake and the river—and a mountain out there that her father had. Just think, after her life here! Well, and she's farming the place, and she's building a big camp for working girls on the lake, and she's mining the mountain for copper! Yes, and she said she was going to run the mills, too, just as soon as she knew enough! I happened to see her one day last spring in Chicago, at the Blackstone Hotel. My, she was full of life!"

"Oh, she was?"

"I'm boring you with my chatter. I—I only mentioned it," said Ewell, blushing shyly, as he put out his hand, "because it seemed so—so American somehow! I mean, of course, American in the best and finest sense—really just the sort of thing you're appealing to in this new message you're giving us! . . . Good-by, Mr. Bride. You were so nice to let me come in."

He went, leaving the older critic with several things to think about. However, odd though it may appear, the lad and his talk were destined to be soon forgotten. Within the week, Ludenburg arrived in Paris—"the noblest anti-American of them all," so Carl Weinstock had lovingly said—and there happened the incident which was to affect André's life to its farthest reaches.

No doubt you, reader, have figured to yourself the rise and fall of Andrew Bride, of Paris. You have possibly pictured the day when a strange nostalgia will suddenly overwhelm him; when his heart leaps at the sight of a faded flag, tears start at the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner, and he returns, chastened, to his native strand—and to "a typical American girl," so you of course would figure it—to consort admiringly thenceforward with responsible business men, who really make a country great, and cite America at banquets as the finest of God's many countries.

Alas, that truth must be stranger than fiction! Nothing of this sort happened or could conceivably happen. André could no more change in those terms than a leopard can change his spots. As the ridiculous thing that did happen has been so widely and even willfully misunderstood, let us pause here and try to get his feelings and positions quite clear.

When Mary Jackson had called him Frenchified that day, André, as we know, had been deeply offended. Now that foolish taunt roused in him, at most, a mild wonder. The better he knew and understood the French, the clearer it had become to him that, though he lived a century here, he would never, and could never, be a Frenchman, or even at all like one. True, he didn't at all mind this; art knew no frontier, and that was enough for him. Still, he had long recognized that blood and history follow a less liberal law, and the invisible and indissoluble bonds were forever lacking here. Even to his devoted friends, André was still known as *l'Américain;* and so it would be to the end of the chapter.

It was also true that André no longer idealized the French. Familiarity with the modern Athenians was as far as possible from breeding contempt; but the first fresh, unquestioning delight could not be expected to last forever.

Categories are beside the point. Little things, to be sure, may mark great differences. The matter of La Femme has already been referred to. (It was rather a shock, by the way, on the reverse side, when Cotteret's admirable novel, La Vieille Pucelle, was summarily suppressed for indecency. In view of the frank national preoccupations, this Puritanic hypocrisy—thitherto supposed to be a purely American trait—seemed a bit thick for "a nation of artists.") The Gallic exuberance, the excitableness, the volatility and volubility—these, it may be admitted, were not always attractive to him. The frequent physical weakliness, and one must say the frequent physical ugliness, were not engaging; in all such matters as exercise, bathrooms and bathing, he definitely preferred the customs of the Anglo-Saxon. And then that famous thrift, too, so often difficult to distinguish from mere niggardliness —— He never, of course, forgot France's recent sufferings and present prostration; beyond that, he had come to realize, what none of his fellow intellectuals ever thought of perhaps, that France was economically a finished country, that the boundless opportunities which made America the Old World's romantic land of promise didn't and couldn't exist here; in short, that new money was always scarce. All the same, the prevailing pecuniary engrossment certainly had no relation to beauty. . . . Why, he wondered, were the reckless Americans called money-grubbing, exactly?

It was quite true, too, that André grew tired of the bitter things said about America's failure to do more for France in the war, and afterward; true, just as Titcomb and Ludenburg later declared, that he had sometimes argued these things controversially. However, to be just, what vexed this noncombatant was, literally, nothing to do with his own country, but just the artistic attitude of the French themselves. To hear some of the simpler sorts talking, in their perpetually peevish, more than a little spoiled-darling tone, you could only conclude, he had often thought, that the world in general, and rich America in particular, must be continuously and lavishly grateful that so noble a country as France consented to exist. "Won't we ever be considered to have paid off that darned old debt to Lafayette?" he had cried once, in exasperation, to Marcel. And this, in turn, was recognized as but a facet of that larger complacence, that exclusive love of France and complete, all but parochial, satisfaction with all things French, which had from the first struck him rather disagreeably.

"Henry James was right," he had reflected, a year earlier at least, happening to think of his older compatriot, who also had come to live out his days in France. "These people aren't interested in anything except themselves." And he had recalled, with amusement, how Henry James, after a few years' residence, had removed himself permanently to England and had died a British subject.

But when things like this are said, all has been said. If André criticized the French at times, he nevertheless greatly loved and admired them; and he felt himself immensely the gainer in living among them. Except in relation to one girl, he was well contented with his life here; except in relation to his mother—possibly—he never felt a trace of nostalgia; and the harsh commercial airs of America had exactly as little

(Continued on Page 117)

The "trouble-shooter" and his car

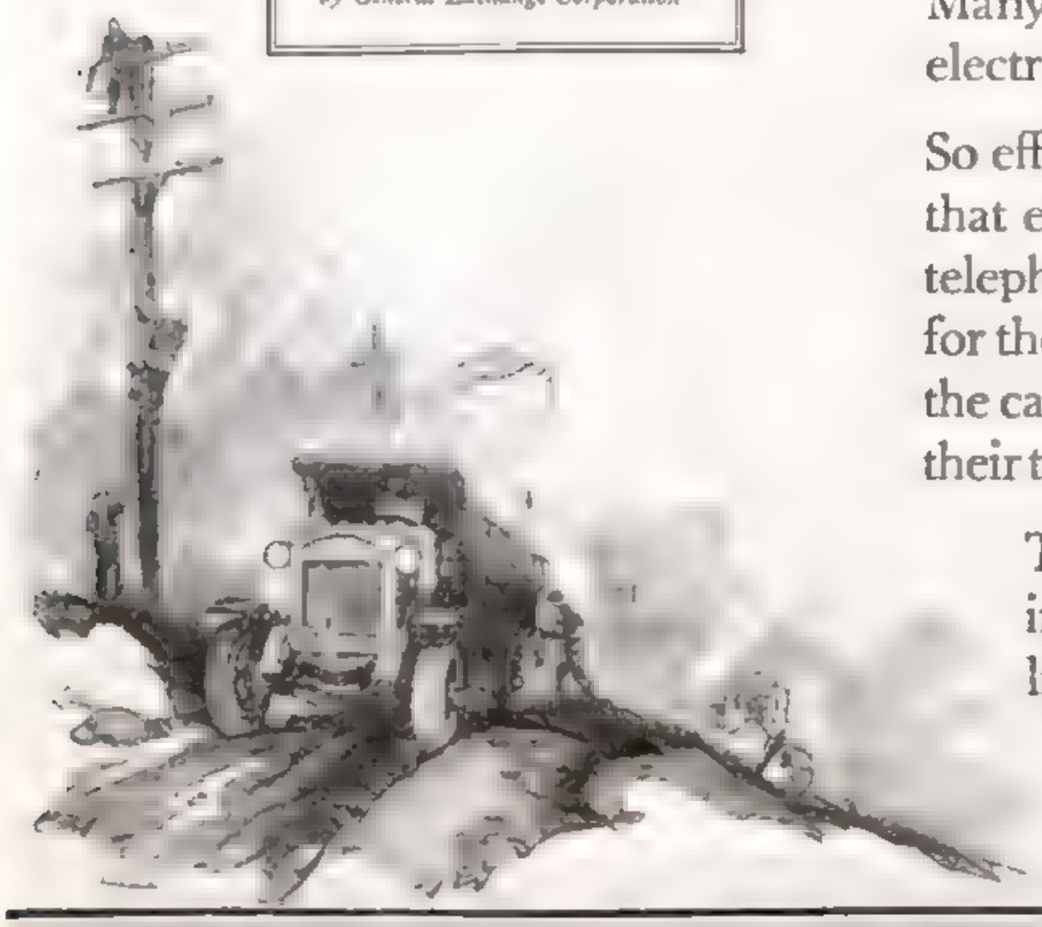
PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

A car for every purse and purpose

BUICK
CADILLAC
CHEVROLET
OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE
GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Fisher Bodies • Harrison Radiators • Jaxon Steering Gears AC Spark Plugs • AC Speedometers • New Departure Ball Bearings Delco-Light Electric Plants • Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators • Jaxon Rims • Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials and Bevel Drive Gears • Lancaster Steel Products Hyatt Roller Bearings • Inland Steering Wheels • Klaxon Horns

General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation



On November 11, 1921, a miracle occurred. The President of the United States stood beside the grave of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, and his fellow citizens from coast to coast heard every word he spoke.

THE "trouble-shooters" of the telephone lines helped to make that miracle possible. Along 27,000 miles of wire that carried the President's voice to the broadcasting stations, a "trouble shooter" with his car was stationed every eighteen miles. "They would have died, if necessary," said an official, "to keep the wires working."

You seldom see a "trouble-shooter." You hear the roar of the gale at night or you watch from your warm room the falling sleet. "This will mean trouble with the wires," you say.

But in the morning you touch the button and your electric lights flash on; you lift the receiver and Central answers. There has been trouble enough, but all night long the "trouble-shooters" have fought it.

It is in their code that no price is too high—not even life itself—to "keep the wires working."

Many necessities of life cost more than they formerly did. But electricity, and communication, and the automobile cost less.

So efficient have the electric light and power companies become that electric light is actually cheaper than before the war; while telephoning costs so little that one may speak across the continent for the price of a pair of shoes. In achieving these great economies the car has been a vital factor; and electricity and the telephone in their turn have contributed to the larger value and lower cost of cars.

Thus all industry is inter-dependent; and every worker is in a sense a "trouble-shooter"—doing his part to free human life from its limitations, and give it security and power.

For a proof of this advertisement, suitable for framing, write Advertising Dept., General Motors Corporation, Detroit

© G.M.C. 1925

GENERAL

MOTORS

The NEW KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

The easier-riding, longer-wearing tire made possible by the KELLY *Integral Bead construction*

After many months of experiment and testing, Kelly-Springfield has perfected and is now building a new cord tire which it honestly believes is the best tire that has ever borne the Kelly name.

The new Kelly Cord is more flexible than any previous cord tire. The Integral Bead construction not only makes the carcass of the tire more flexible but makes it possible to use a flexible *tread*.

Because both carcass and tread are flexible, the tire is easier-riding.

Because the tread is tough and rugged and the construction of the tire such that it absorbs road shocks instead of resisting them, it is longer lived.

It is economical, not alone because of its wearing qualities but also because the tread is so scientifically designed that it affords a maximum of traction and non-skid protection with a minimum loss of engine horsepower.

The Kelly Flexible Cord is a real step forward in tire design and construction. It offers to the car-owner a combination of comfort and mileage that it has hitherto been impossible for him to obtain.

For sale wherever there is a Kelly dealer.

The new KELLY *way*

By the use of an entirely new and radically different process of manufacture, used only by Kelly, the bead is formed by enclosing strips of insulated braided wire in the loops formed by the cords, which, instead of extending merely from bead to bead as in the ordinary construction, are continuous, from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer. Thus the bead is actually a *part* of the tire from the first, instead of being set into it later and held in by adhesion.

The cords are not cut off at the beads, but are continuous and are built in at an absolutely uniform tension, so that the tire naturally has more "give" and flexibility. The bead *cannot* break out or separate, and since there is no stiffening of that part of the sidewall nearest the rim, a source of possible trouble is removed.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that this new construction is not a mere "selling point," but is a real advance in tire building that means a definite and tangible value to the tire user.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. 250 WEST 57th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 113)

appeal for him as ever. No, André, you may take my word for it, would never weep at the sound of that anthem. He could as easily grow red hair, as the vulgar saying puts it, as ever to become "patriotic."

Well, then, here was Ludenburg bursting upon the scene—burly and bustling and loud and coarse. Arriving in Paris, he hunted up André the first thing; and André, anticipating some rousing arguments, was at first awfully glad to see him. After a few days' constant association—for Ludenburg expected to spend most of his time with him, it seemed—he found himself irritated and more than a little bored.

This isn't the place for a portrait of that celebrated old Thinker, whose imported "pessimism," skillfully adulterated to suit the American scene, had dealt such severe buffets to the simple native optimism previously prevailing. Ludenburg was the true father of the new, or young, school of criticism in America. Once he had been a strange voice yelling in the wilderness; but opportunity and a tremendous flair for the picturesque had greatly favored him. He was in essence, not an æsthete at all, but a lampoonist, an entertaining pamphleteer, and his bad taste had gradually endeared him to the man in the street. He was fat now, and wore a fur coat.

In his adolescence, André had learned much from Ludenburg, as he had often testified; but adolescence, it seemed, was a long time ago. Meeting his former master now, in these more civilized surroundings, he soon found himself reflecting, with wonder, that Ludenburg, like others at home, had absolutely stood still all these years. "Tub-thumping professors," "purient parsons," "Puritan smuthounds"—why, here was the very same bombast that had seemed—odd to remember—so new and interesting a dozen years ago. By the second day, his antagonistic thought had gone further. Eying the old Thinker's loose satisfied countenance, listening to acres of his overemphatic conversation, devoid of all nuances, glaring as hot sun on hot sand, and not untouched with the consciousness of putting it over, knocking 'em cold and the like—André thought, with surprise:

"Why, this fellow's just a typical American! He's a go-getter—a drummer, selling a line. Funny I never saw that before. He's the Billy Sunday of our new gospel, that got old such a long time ago."

Inevitably, a certain sense of friction grew up between the two men—a little heightened on André's side by the fact that Ludenburg still assumed to be his leader and his teacher. This thick fat German—imagine! However, everything remained friendly enough.

On the fifth afternoon they sat idly on the *terrasse* of the Café Napolitain, on the great Boulevard des Italiens. The café was Ludenburg's choice; he loved crowds and noise. Marcel and De l'Isle and Paul Tourneur were nominally with them; but the three Frenchmen conversed together at an adjoining table. That was another thing that gave André such unlimited doses of Ludenburg's society. Curiously enough, he had barely a phrase-book French; beyond that—for the barriers of language are, of course, nothing to brothers in spirit—André's confrères, for some reason, did not find Ludenburg congenial. They were civil to him, but with a definite reserve.

André was drinking Picon Citron, that insidious dark mixture which has succeeded absinth as the serious beverage of France, which some say is even more serious than absinth. Possibly that may help to account for what followed, it being agreed that for monstrous occurrences some accounting is necessary. At any rate, André, by habit a self-contained young man, found himself becoming increasingly exasperated. For the twentieth time, Ludenburg was lecturing him about his reactionary articles and his weak optimistic hope that anything good in art could come out of the Nazareth over the sea. For the tenth time, André had reëxpounded his positions, not very patiently. Then for a space, sitting moodily, he had ceased to trouble himself to reply at all. At last, rubbed the wrong way to the limit of endurance, he was impelled to express his meanings more pointedly.

"I don't think I can have gone forward as much as all this, Wilbert," he spoke up with what he meant to be an urbane air, but perhaps wasn't exactly. "So, it must be that you've deteriorated horribly, with your great popular success—in America. Do you know, if I'd never seen you before, you'd strike me as rather a garrulous old bore."

At ordinary times such a thrust might have been easily passed over as mere spirited argument among friends; but Ludenburg had already been annoyed by André's superior indifference to his advice, and stung by the tenor of previous remarks. Staring straight ahead of him, gripping a dead cigar stub between his strong teeth, he promptly came back:

"Well, if the moment for sweet candor has arrived, I'd say it's you who've deteriorated, Bride—quite painfully so. I'll point out that I have seen you before, and you strike me now as a decadent, Frenchified Ohio fop."

The retort was a good one, evidently. Bride started and flinched, and even paled a little. But he managed a laugh, and a nasty one it was too. The strange animosity of his next remarks—indicating Ludenburg as a peppy salesman of pessimism, in the vulgarest American style—actually took the old Thinker a little aback; but he met them with the damaging readiness of a born controversialist. Another exchange or so and the latent antipathy between the two had flared into a blaze.

Mark well how the absurd quarrel had begun. Note especially—for it is the crux of the whole matter—that in referring to Ludenburg as an American, André had clearly intended to be as insulting as he could. However, one thing led to another with surprising rapidity.

It was a charming afternoon, sunny and brisk. The café was full, the sidewalks overflowed with people. But the two American critics, all at once, seemed to themselves practically alone in the world. In strengthening voices, their accomplished faces unconsciously approaching each other, Wilbert and André spoke of art and vulgarity, of commercialized pessimism and sickening Frenchification. Villiers and De l'Isle and Tourneur were listening now, nudging one another with secret delight; strangers at near-by tables were listening; passers loitered and looked backward. And of all this some remote part of André was perfectly aware. A corner of his mind, colder than the rest, remained completely conscious that café brawls were impossible to civilized men; that a public difficulty between himself and a distinguished fellow citizen and critic was literally unthinkable; that, in short, he was rapidly moving toward a crisis at once discreditable and ridiculous.

Unfortunately, the rest of André, faintly Piconized as it was perhaps, appeared indifferent to the sage and gentlemanly reminders. Looking at Ludenburg's flushed Teuton countenance, listening to Ludenburg's ingeniously offensive observations, the human André, for once, cared nothing for his dignity.

Thus quickly, sad to relate and hardly possible to believe, two brilliant and sophisticated men cast off "the last veneer of civilization."

It is well that a veil should descend, obscuring unworthy details. Our concern is for morals and meanings—in one word, for the melancholy and memorable *dénouement*. In the circumstances, that of course came quickly—with the arrival of an indignant gendarme.

In that populous place, the disagreement of friends had received a lamentable publicity. At the first signs of trouble, the patrons of the Napolitain had sprung and risen, while the stream upon the sidewalk stopped and coagulated. The knot grew in a second to a crowd; the crowd swelled to a mob. *Les deux Americains!* But really, this is droll!

The agreeable news flew from lip to lip. The throng, expanding, began to pack the wide boulevard. Traffic was halted. Bus conductors clambered to their roofs. Amused voices shouted from upstairs windows. Yes, indeed, my friends, that was the day when the criticism of literature came into its own!

But the advent of the gendarme necessarily stopped all that. Shouldering his way impetuously through the concourse, preceding himself with excited cries of warning, the custodian of the law pounced upon the self-engrossed combatants and separated them without ceremony. Thereon, sternly grasping an arm of each, he demanded in incensed tones the origin, premises and significance of this little affair.

Well, you, reader, know the origin of the affair as well as I do; André had called Ludenburg a bore, a vulgar American, etc. That, of course, was the explanation that should have been given to the gendarme and fines decently paid to the magistrate as required. Instead, what happened? While the two American critics stood spent and gasping, for the instant unable to speak, little De l'Isle of the humorous fox face, with a lightning wink at Marcel and Tourneur, stepped forward and laid his hand upon the officer's arm.

"Monsieur," he said, in a grave manner, responsible and a little sad, "I am Monsieur de l'Isle, of Le Jour, and the friend of the two American gentlemen. As I witnessed the regrettable affair from the commencement, I must, in simple justice to all, give you the impartial explanation."

"Speak!" said the gendarme, after a moment of hesitation, while beginning to scratch his whiskers.

The listeners pricked up their ears, the inner circle edged nearer, and at once De l'Isle, whose dramatic sense was almost as strong as his immeasurable self-confidence, perceived the larger possibilities of the moment. Picking up an overturned chair, the little joker sprang upon it, raising both arms for silence. One eyelid fluttered toward André, whom, in the last analysis, he had never quite liked. Then his bold eyes swept over the throng, oratorically picking them up; and lifting his voice, no longer even pretending to be addressing the gendarme, he loudly gave the impartial explanation:

"My friends, the affair is in essence simple, and of a sort, on the one side, which must ever strike the chord of response in the hearts of Frenchmen.

"That gentleman there," shouted De l'Isle, indicating Ludenburg with a regretful gesture—"that gentleman, though a native American of distinction, permitted himself to indulge in remarks derogatory to the honor and glory of his *patrie*. This gentleman here," cried the wag with an air of triumph, "who is also an American very distinguished, who is in brief Monsieur André Breed, renowned scarcely more for his artistic sensibilities than for the ardor of his patriotic sentiments, endured for a space with commendable self-restraint. But at length, my friends, finding himself unable to tolerate the insupportable reflections upon his beloved *patrie*, he did what every Frenchman, in similar circumstances ——"

Uncontrollable bursts of laughter from Villiers and Tourneur interrupted the orator. However, they were quickly shushed down. Amusement at the plight of the two Americans was, indeed, widely prevalent. Nevertheless, Monsieur De l'Isle's evident emotion was communicating itself to the more sensitive of these volatile French, and now there began to be heard more serious murmurs—of something like sympathy perhaps, with the distinguished patriot, Monsieur Breed, of a certain distaste for that gentleman there, so dead to the finer things that he derogated his own *patrie*.

"So there remain Americans who will fight for their country's honor!" cried an old *cocotte* suddenly, in shrill sarcastic tones.

"Quelle blague!" gasped André furiously, unaware of the blood which trickled down his chin. And getting his breath a little, clutching the officer hurriedly by the arm, he cried. *"Écoutez! Monsieur de l'Isle se moque de vous!* This gentleman did not insult my *patrie*—that is false! It was I who insulted monsieur, and his tedious remarks concerning ——"

"You perceive?" roared De l'Isle, with signs of deep feeling, while his foxy eyes twinkled toward the angry American. "Monsieur possesses not alone the modesty of the true patriot, but the magnanimity of the hero veritable! Having silenced the tongue which befouled his fatherland, he would now brush aside the affair, generously forgiving and forgetting all. But, citizens, it is the inflexible custom of Frenchmen to pay honor to ——"

The murmurs grew; it was the custom. Pleasurable though it might be to see two Americans pummeling each other, for whatever reason, nevertheless the sensibilities must respond to patriotic sentiments so fiery that they would not suffer even the criticism of an intimate. Suddenly there was an outburst of cheering, only half facetious, for this Monsieur Breed, mingled with boos and catcalls for poor Ludenburg, who, unable to understand a word of what was being said, stood there helpless in the gendarme's clutch, scowling about him.

"Curse you, De l'Isle!" cried André madly, for he saw now that this ridiculous joke might carry far. "Stop! . . . My friends, it is not an affair of the patriotism at all—on my honor! Our argument concerned the function of art. Monsieur's vulgarity —— Listen! I will be frank with you, gentlemen—a purely personal affair, you understand. Our discussion, to conceal nothing, concerned a lady ——"

But even that desperate appeal to the hearts of Frenchmen went unheeded. The affair, indeed, had passed even from De l'Isle's hands now. The story stood, finished and perfect. More gendarmes shouldered in, imperiously scattering the throng. The clang of a patrol was heard; some said that the reserves had been summoned. And the first gendarme, having courteously requested our hero to cease speaking, was even now coming to attention before him, bringing his heels together with a smart click and saluting with splendid dignity.

"Monsieur Breed! My compliments and at the same time regrets! I deplore that the discharge of my duty compelled me to interrupt the functions you were so admirably discharging."

And wheeling, grasping the bewildered Ludenburg roughly by the shoulder, he cried in very different tones:

"As for you, my brave, you will come with me and explain to the magistrate why you shatter the peace of the boulevards by hurling insults at the ancient friend and ally of France, the States United! *Marchons!*"

So Ludenburg marched, amid jeers; the mob dispersed, peace flowed back to the boulevards, the trivial episode was over. But by night the delicious tale about André Bride—henceforward to be known as *le patriot* throughout his acquaintance—had skipped half over Paris. Unfortunately, it proved to be one of those anecdotes so swift and apt that the facts can never overtake them.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Lincoln Beach, Puget Sound, Washington

"It Clamps Everywhere"

Positively protects your eyes. The lamp for convenience and comfort.

Read by it—

Clamp it on bed or chair—or anywhere.

Write by it—

Clamp or stand it on desk or typewriter table.

Sew by it—

Clamp it anywhere on sewing machine, table or chair.

Shave by it—

Clamp it on the mirror or hang it anywhere.

Adjusto-Lite

A FARRAMWARE PRODUCT

now $3.95

Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. Guaranteed for five years. In U. S. A. and Canada, solid brass, $3.95, Bronze, Nickel and White Enamel Finish, $4.45. West of Mississippi River Cities and Maritime Provinces 25¢ additional.

S. W. FARBER, 141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ALSO

Our new invention Adjusto-Lite, Jr. —Clamps everywhere on your car.

Perfect for camping, touring; for working on the car. Plugs in dashboards. Both hands free to work. West of the Mississippi, $3.25.

Adjusto-Lite Jr.

$3.00

OVERBALANCE OF POWER

(Continued from Page 5)

opinions of the members shade from royalism to communism—from lily-white to blood-red. The parties now represented in the French Chamber, listing them from right to left, are first the Royalists—Léon Daudet, Royalist chieftain until his recent defeat, occupied the last seat of the last right-hand bench; then the Conservatives—almost but not quite Royalist; then the Republican-Democrat entente. Next the Democrats, followed by the Republicans of the Left, the Republican-Democrats of the Left and the Radicals of the Left.

In the present Chamber none of the parties, so-called, of the classic Left actually sits left of the center. They are not "Left" enough in spirit for the present Left government, so they are all over with the Right minority. In the center itself are placed the Radicals and Radical-Socialists of Briand and Herriot. To their left are the Republican-Socialists, the French Socialists and then the real Socialists, who take orders from the Second Internationale. On the farthest left bank sit twenty-six Communists of the Third Internationale who managed to keep their seats at the last election. Thirteen parties in all, sharing 566 seats.

The usual Continental party, in whatever country, is a group formed around one powerful politician or leader. The party names they give themselves mean little or nothing. Many of them appear or disappear with every election. For the most part they are merely handy instruments with which the leader can jimmy his way into a cabinet position.

Naturally, with the Parliament comprising so many parties, necessitating the bloc, or cartel, of two or more parties to get a majority that can accomplish anything, the cabinet, or governing body, is bound to represent several shades of party opinion. Quite often European cabinets include representatives of three to six parties.

Cabinet Combinations

Only one political group on the European Continent constitutes in our American sense a real party—the Socialists of the Second Internationale. Here the party always dominates the individual instead of the individual dominating the party. Consequently the Socialists present a strongly organized and well disciplined party both inside and outside of parliaments. For this reason the so-called bloc cabinets, harassed by the nightmare of Socialism, often change overnight into what are then called coalition cabinets or concentration cabinets. Whenever possible, cabinet combinations are made up from parties closest allied in their tenets. A cabinet may thus represent several small parties of the Right—Conservatives—or several of the Left—Liberals—or of the Center, with its nearest neighbor either to the Left or Right, or both. These are frankly bloc cabinets. If the cabinet includes both the Right and Left, excepting the pure Socialists, who nearly always refuse to participate in cabinets, it is then called a coalition cabinet. If, as is sometimes the case, it includes every group except the Socialists, it becomes a concentration cabinet.

Since the war there has been a split in the Socialist organization, the Communists having broken away and set up a party of their own. Nevertheless the Socialist methods have been copied in several nations by groups that represent a distinct class or interest. Thus the Catholic Party has become a force in Austria, Germany and Italy. It does not have the same platform in each country, but it is strongly organized and represents a popular force outside Parliament. Likewise the Fascist Party was an organized popular force in Italy long before it got into Parliament. In fact it carried party discipline to military extremes. In less degree, this is true of the German Nationalists, who are the Fascisti of that country. Since the war, too, a Peasants' Party has grown up on organization lines in many countries, reaching its highest point in Bulgaria under the late Stamboulski.

The first bloc to be called by that name was formed in France by Waldeck-Rousseau in 1899 for the purpose of separating the church from the state. A moderate Republican himself, he brought all the Republican and anti-clerical groups into his cabinet. His extreme Right was General Gallifet, hated by the Socialists as one of the suppressors of the Commune; and as his extreme Left, Alexandre Millerand, afterward President of France, and the first Socialist to desert his party by accepting a cabinet position.

This combination was known as the Bloc of United Republicans. With the exception of the Poincaré cabinet of 1912, the Radical and Radical-Socialist elements of this combination controlled France until the outbreak of war. The two great leaders were Caillaux and Clemenceau, hating each other venomously, but almost always on the same side of the political fence, and relentlessly fighting the federation of the Left under Briand, Barthou, Poincaré and Millerand. Some of these leaders have switched positions, but the groups today are practically the same, confronting each other in the cartel of the Left and the Bloc National.

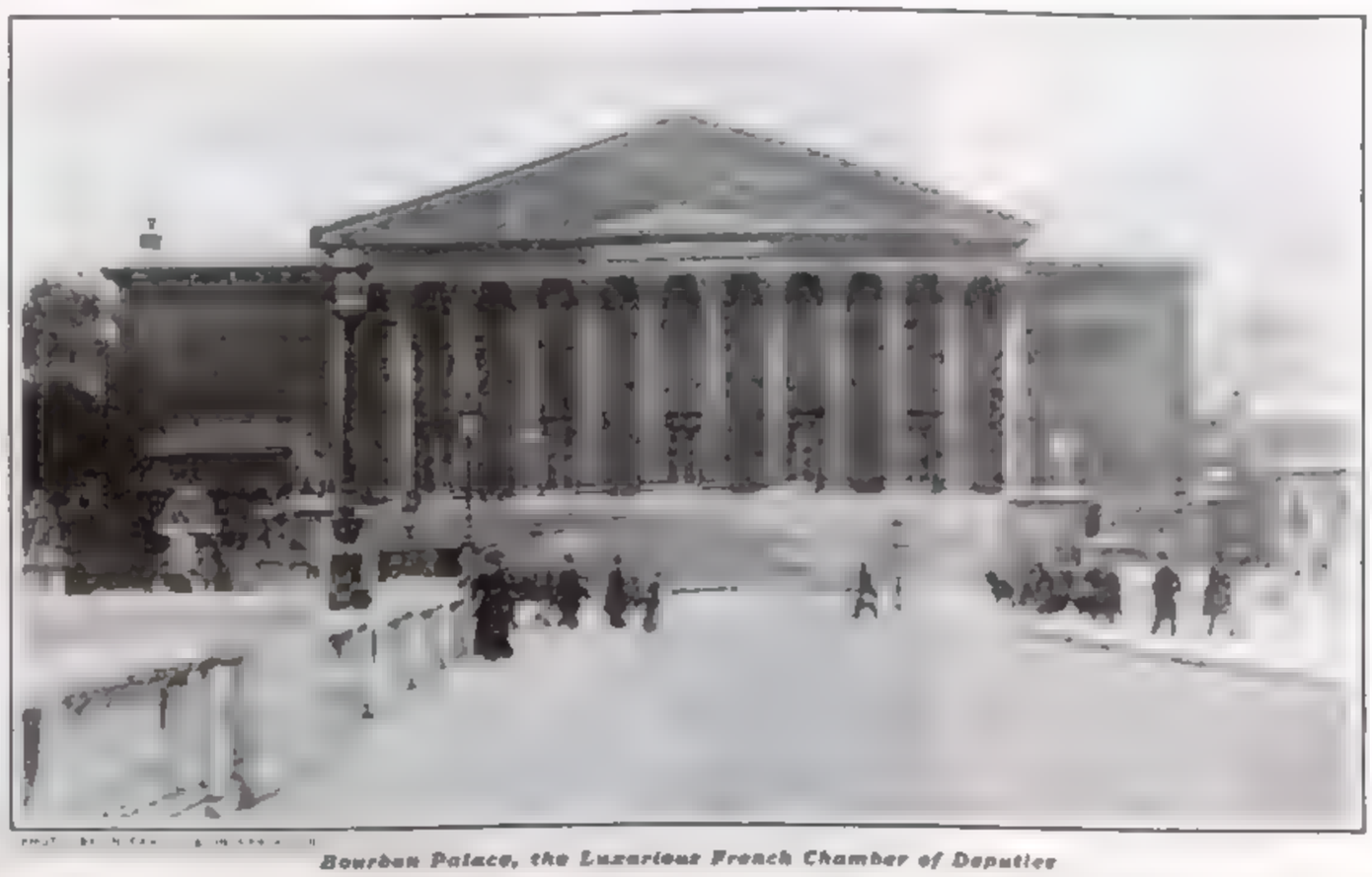
Millerand is chiefly responsible for the great electoral trust that appeared in France during the war, carried the elections of 1919 and became known as the Bloc National. Using the same strategy as Waldeck-Rousseau in bringing together the parties of the Left, Millerand, now a member of the Right, brought all the parties of similar tendency into a united front against the Socialists, and in lesser degree against the Radicals. The bloc achieved such a victory at the polls as to give it a majority of over 200 in Parliament.

In the last election, May, 1924, the parties of the Left profited from the example of the Bloc National to form their own cartel, and thus presented a united front to Poincaré. The Radical-Socialists, Radicals, Republican-Socialists, French Socialists and real Socialists all entered the combination, each agreeing, for election purposes, upon the Radical platform as the lowest common denominator of their respective policies. Each party gave the other a clear field in the districts where each predominated, while in the districts where they were weak they presented one combined list of candidates. By these tactics they completely surprised the cocksure Bloc National and elected a total of 286 deputies, thus distributed: Radicals and Radical-Socialists, 139; Republican-Socialists and French Socialists, 43; simon-pure Socialists, 104.

The Ousting of Millerand

The Left Bloc was engineered by Herriot, leader of the Radical-Socialists, Léon Blum of the Socialists, and Painlevé of the Republican-Socialists, with the benevolent approval of Briand, who nursed a grudge against Millerand, whom he accused of knifing him in the back during the famous conference of the Allied Supreme Council at Cannes.

It is doubtful whether this new Left Bloc will prove an enduring unit. The various leaders still consult one another on matters of policy; but only on rare occasions, such as on the question of ousting President Millerand from office, do the parties actually get together in common caucus. The Left Bloc is distinctly weaker than the old Bloc National, because it is so largely dependent upon the Socialist Party, which by tradition is opposed to working with any so-called bourgeois party. The Socialist policy is to get power itself or remain in opposition, and its ritual is to vote against each and every budget. Immediately after the last election the Socialists passed a resolution not to support a cabinet that received power at the hands of President Millerand, whom they have always hated as a renegade from their party. This resolution meant that the Radicals, in order to reap the fruits of victory, had to support the Socialists in ousting the President. Many Radicals were willing enough to do this, because Millerand's electioneering for the Bloc National after he became President raised the charge that he had exceeded his constitutional powers. Herriot was against going to extremes, but he finally knuckled under to his bloc and forced Millerand to resign. (Continued on Page 121)



Bourbon Palace, the Luxurious French Chamber of Deputies

The Pacific Northwest

He came in a covered wagon — and has lived to see skyscrapers!

The Grand Old Man of the Pacific Northwest is Ezra Meeker of Seattle, Washington.

In the spring of 1852 he left Iowa in a covered wagon. On a bright October night of the same year he carried his young wife up the banks of the Willamette into the huddled group of tents which has since become the city of Portland.

The Pacific Northwest was then an almost unbroken wilderness. He has seen it transformed into a land of large and flourishing cities, world ports, great industries and a populous, prosperous countryside.

What single lifetime has witnessed greater change!

What will another lifetime bring?

Yet, the swift upbuilding observed by Ezra Meeker is but a beginning. The Pacific Northwest *continues* to grow with ever increasing vigor.

Consider the progress of twenty years: population has more than doubled; ocean commerce has increased more than 500 per cent; the number of farms has more than doubled; the value of manufactured products has increased 800 per cent.

And yet, the tremendous natural wealth underlying this development is as yet hardly scratched. Today the Pacific Northwest still has more than half of the nation's water power resources, the largest reserve of standing timber in the United States, millions of acres of the world's richest farm lands, an almost limitless mineral wealth.

The greater opportunity

These two facts—swift growth and vast resources—spell *Opportunity* in the Pacific Northwest.

Here is a future with a brighter promise—here is a larger chance to get ahead. The road to prosperity is not easy. Here, as elsewhere, the words of Charles M. Schwab hold true: "Real success is won only by hard, honest, persistent toil." But it is certain that in the Pacific Northwest the rewards of working, planning and saving come more surely, more quickly and more richly.

No better proof of this can be given than the prosperity of the people themselves. As compared with the rest of the country, 24 per cent more of them are home owners, 15 per cent more own automobiles, their per capita income is notably higher. In the years their savings deposits have trebled.

For you to share

The prosperity and better life that others have found in the Pacific Northwest are yours to share. In the five states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming there is room for millions—room and boundless opportunity.

You owe it to yourself to investigate the Pacific Northwest. Send now for the free book, "The Land of Opportunity Now." And for any special information, write the Development Bureau.

P. S. Eustis, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad

A. B. Smith, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Northern Pacific Railway

A. J. Dickinson, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Great Northern Railway

Mail this coupon for free book

Development Bureau, Dept. 20-I
Burlington Railroad Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me the free booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now."

Name

Address

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

Burlington Route — Northern Pacific — Great Northern

Pitman's
Sampler
& Confections

(Continued from Page 118)

Once Millerand was out, the bloc hit another rock in the choice of his successor The Socialists would support no one but Painlevé, who thus became the bloc's official candidate. But Doumergue, the Radical president of the Senate, arose as the dark horse. Most of the Radicals in the Senate either preferred him to Painlevé or wanted to put the brakes on the Socialists. The defeated remnants of the Bloc National profited by this split to support Doumergue solidly. As one of them piteously said, "We had to choose between cholera and the plague, so we chose the cholera."

The French President is elected by the combined votes of the senators and deputies, sitting as the National Assembly at Versailles, and the balloting is secret. The result proved that the moderate Radicals had knifed their own candidate of the Left Bloc. Doumergue was elected, while Painlevé became president of the Chamber of Deputies, a position corresponding to speaker of the House of Representatives.

The Socialists having gained their ends in the ousting of Millerand, made the concession, enormous for them, of promising to vote for the budget. Whether they will do so remains to be seen. The Socialists can overthrow Herriot at any time they wish. Moreover, if he goes too far in conciliating them, he will alienate votes from the Right wing of his Radicals and thus be overthrown. Verily a bloc government is not calculated to provide peace of mind for its Premier.

Should Herriot fall, and should the Radicals keep their promise of not supporting any cabinet containing elements from the Right, the next government would have to be formed by some new arrangement within the same Left Bloc, probably engineered by Briand—or by Caillaux, if he is by then far enough back in power—who would then try out his luck in keeping the Socialists pacified. Since the fall of MacDonald in England, the possibility would seem remote of the Socialists trading places with the Radicals, now the silent partners in the combination, and forming the cabinet of France.

Across the Rhine in Germany the present Reichstag is made up of only eight parties, four small parties having gone out of business in the election of May, 1924. Glancing over this assemblage, from Right to Left, the names of the parties are: The Volkische, or diehards; the Nationalists, the Land Union, Populists, Center, or Catholic Party; Democrats; Socialists, or Socialist-Democrats as they there prefer to be known; and the Communists. The Socialist-Democrats have the largest number of seats, 171, but the government is known as government of the Center, there being practically the same combination now as before the last election. Chancellor Marx belongs to the Center Party. His allies are the Populists and Democrats, ranged alongside the Socialists to give him his balance of power. The Nationalists, who were the second party prior to last May, and are even now but one seat short of the Centrists, are making a strenuous attempt at a rearrangement that may result in an overbalance.

Party Power in Italy

The strangest case of all parliamentary overbalances was presented by Italy at the period just following her elections of 1921, when the representatives of thirteen regular parties were returned to the Chamber of Deputies. In addition there were a dozen members of other parties that had no regular organization. These were the good old days when the Fascisti had but thirty-five votes against the 374 that they have today, and the government fell on an average every four months. At one moment a coalition of eight parties was necessary to give the new Premier time to take the oath and get his desk unlocked before an adverse vote could retire him.

Since the war, Fascism in Italy has always represented the extreme Right. In this weird assemblage of 1921, next to the Fascisti were seated the Liberal-Democrats, of which Giolitti was the chief. Next came the Social-Democrats; then, verging toward the left were the Agrarians, the Liberal-Conservatives—no one ever quite understood what that title meant—the Nationalists, the Constitutionalists, of which Nitti was the leader; the Reformers, the Popular Party, or Catholics; the Slav-Germans, who managed to get eight seats in 1921; and finally the Republicans, Socialists and Communists.

Today, under Mussolini, the number of parties is reduced to four. Aside from the Fascisti, only the Liberals, the Social-Democrats and the Socialists—now combined with the Communists—manage to keep a small show of parliamentary opposition. The seats of these parties have been reduced two-thirds in number, while all other parties have ceased to exist, as the result of the new electoral system introduced by Mussolini in 1924. Instead of separate constituencies, all Italy is now regarded as one big constituency, to which each party must submit a complete list of its candidates. The voting primarily is not for the individuals, but for the party lists, thus eliminating local jobbing.

By this law any party which obtains more votes than any other single party—not necessarily a clear majority—is automatically entitled to two-thirds of the seats in Parliament. The remaining third is divided among the other parties, proportionately to the votes they received. Italy thereby, alone in Continental Europe, has eliminated the possibility of the bloc system. Of course, several parties can still combine to present one ticket, but to do this they must amalgamate into a single party instead of acting as a federation. Under the bloc system Italy had more crises than any other nation. Nowadays there is no question either of balance or overbalance of power. There is just the simple proposition of power.

Racial and Religious Groups

In many of the smaller states, especially those of Southeastern Europe, the already complicated party systems have become chaotic by the addition of national and religious minority groups. The division of parties in Jugo-Slavia, for instance, is more along national and religious lines than political. The Serbs themselves are divided into the Radical and Democratic parties, both of which are Greek Orthodox in religion. The Slovenes are Catholics; the Bosnian deputies, Slav by race, are Moslem by religion. The Turkish deputies from Macedonia also are Moslem, while the deputies from Croatia are all Croatian home-rulers, thus starting the new state off with a regular Irish situation. The Serbs have so far held the upper hand, with the Moslem parties threatening an overbalance.

Back in the tight little island, from which the cabinet system of government spread to the Continent, they never wanted to meddle with parliamentary blocs or overbalances or anything else than the straight two-party system that is similar to our own. Such doings were not regular, or Anglo-Saxon, or even decent. Just the same, the bloc idea penetrated and for a time held sway, while the high silk hats of political respectability were sadly laid away on top shelves. The trouble was caused by the Labor Party and the way it grew. The Labor Party finally came into power; but no party, Conservative, Labor or Liberal, had a parliamentary majority.

Labor and Liberal joined together against Prime Minister Baldwin and threw out the Conservative cabinet. Labor, being second in strength, then formed a cabinet. For a time it held a majority, sometimes being supported by Liberals against Conservatives and sometimes by Conservatives against Liberals. It didn't last long. A temporary electoral bloc was formed between Conservatives and Liberals and in the recent election only one candidate against Labor was presented in certain districts, instead of having a three-cornered fight. Excellent election strategy was shown and the right districts were chosen.

Labor's present complaint is that the party gained more than a million votes, but lost forty-one seats in the House of Commons. On the other hand, the Liberals lost well over a million votes, all of which, with many more, went to the Conservatives, who are now solidly in power, with a real parliamentary majority. The tragedy of the election was not of Labor—that party is now quite grown up and has come to stay—it was the tragedy of Liberalism, as evidenced by the entrance of the once all-powerful Mr. Lloyd George into the new House of Commons, with only thirty-nine members of the party at his back. But anyhow, England again has her high silk of regular two-party decency.

The very latest European political bloc was born only a few days ago, and no health reports have yet been issued. Only this time it is known as a league, rather than bloc or cartel. According to announcements appearing in the Paris newspapers, France now adds to her list of party combinations the League of National Republicans. The founder president is none other than that expert old bloc maker, Monsieur Millerand himself. The program of the new league, according to its written word, is all that is lofty. It claims to desire peace as passionately as anyone, but only a "just peace, a solid peace, that does not make sacrifices or repose on hopes or illusions." On this point the league promises eternal vigilance.

The written program also maintains that "the high authority of the state shall remain above particular interests," and that "this high authority shall not be given to individuals without mandate or responsibility." The league's door shall always be open to all social ameliorations, but "an insurmountable barrier shall be raised against agents of revolution."

The new league insists that there shall be internal as well as external peace, and firmly believes that this can be easily accomplished, once the necessary powers are given into its willing, open hands. And quite naturally the league shrinks in horror at the idea of the republic becoming a little chapel reserved for certain privileges. "The government of France shall be a government of justice, showing the same great heart to all its loyal citizens!"

The Bloc National

There is much more of the word, and it seems to be about the same perfect platform as of all blocs—at least, all that I have read. In fact it is almost identical with that of the other famous Millerand effort, the Bloc National. Also, so far as one can judge from the list of founding members and both social and political bodies making up its ranks, the League of National Republicans seems only a new name for the somewhat worn and battered Bloc National. At any rate, judging from its initial announcements and activities, it seems to be preparing a dispute with the cartel of the Left for either a balance or overbalance of power.

The word bloc now appears in the political dictionary of the United States, but our federations or fusions or combinations have not yet taken on the same complexion as these European blocs that cause so much real overbalance and subsequent trouble. Our Farm Bloc or our Farmer-Labor Bloc is not exactly on the same plan. American blocs to date have never been formed by whole parties as in Europe, but by a few individual senators or congressmen belonging to the two big parties, who swing their votes against the party in power in order to hold up or put through special legislation. At times they have created a temporary balance of power, but with the result of being a nuisance to everybody rather than a menace to our political system. Our congressional and general election laws still give us a security that European nations, where governments may fall overnight, often upon pretext or whim, cannot possess. For us, fortunately, there still remains the set date of reckoning.

Snowshoe Trail, Superior Forest, Minnesota

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

"EDUCATIONAL PICTURES"

have made it possible for you to enjoy the present-day moving picture program of variety and highest quality.

Nine years ago we saw that the public wanted the same fine quality in the comedies and other pictures of short length that it found in the longer features.

To meet this public demand we began to gather together under one trade-mark the highest grade pictures of this type that could be produced.

During this time we have so influenced the high grade complete diversified program that today you can go to any of the better theatres and count on Quality Entertainment *throughout the whole show.*

From time to time in these columns we will tell you more about how we have influenced motion pictures. In the meantime watch for the *Educational Pictures* trade-mark in theatre lobbies as your guarantee of a Whole Show of Quality.

E. W. Hammons
President

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES
INCORPORATED
Executive Offices
370 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Sauerkraut for Health

"PERHAPS the typical American diet • • • • is not one of your sins but if it is, beware—your health will suffer," says Dr. E. V. McCollum, Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. McCollum then defined the "protective diet" which forms "the most effective single weapon against a long list of ills." Among the foods he urges for daily use "because they generously supply both calcium and vitamin A—both essential to life and health"—is cabbage.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director of the Bureau of Foods, *Good Housekeeping*, and a national authority on diet and health, says, "There is no form in which cabbage can be used to such an advantage as in sauerkraut."

These eminent scientists alone, in their public statements, offer sufficient reasons for the liberal use of sauerkraut in the diet of all who value health. But these two are not all. Dozens of other noted physicians, dietists, and other health experts—famed here and abroad—also highly praise and recommend this delicious food.

All the remarkable truths concerning sauerkraut as a conditioner and regulator of the system, and as a provider of the elements required by the body, are told in detail in the free book of facts—"Sauerkraut as a Health Food." This interesting and instructive book also contains many new tested recipes for appetizing, wholesome dishes made of Sauerkraut. Send the coupon now for your copy.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send For This Interesting Booklet—FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association P-37
Clyde, Ohio

Please send me your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with forty-five new tested recipes.

Name

Street and Number

City and State

Please send me also ___ copies to hand to my patrons.

KOOT HOOMI

(Continued from Page 11)

thing only on Lord Percy's mind at this time, the same being tiger. Within three days a hunt was being arranged. Among the matters presently discussed in the club's inner office was the list of invitations. There were present Mr. Estay Howkins, secretary of the I. C. I.; Captain Lemp, of the Sarampur polo four; and Lord Mylne's secretary. The name of Mr. Townsend Seasions came up.

"I don't see how we can leave him out," said Captain Lemp in his modest but irresistible way. "He's a guest of the club, you see, and his Tri-State is well known in England. As for his game, it's a shocking wise hand he plays for a man on another man's horse, and damme if he didn't whistle to Canister and draw the beast right out of my arms, so to say!"

Canister was the star of Captain Lemp's pony string.

At this very moment young Mr. Seasions, in nowise aware that he was the cause of any discussion whatsoever, was down at the great stockade, standing in fact within five feet of the mature tusker, Koot Hoomi, and by his side was Gobind Jha, the master of the mahouts of all Sarampur.

"He is making puja for you, sahib."

"Ah, and what am I to do, Mr. Gobind?"

"It is for the sahib to smile and be pleased."

Koot Hoomi was lowering his vast head at leisurely intervals and lifting it again, swaying slightly sideways at the same time. It was like some grim foundation moving off, to see his great hips recede the distance of eight or nine inches, then return. The little black eye nearest Tod had a twinkle in it as if to say, "I am biding my time." Sideways and up and down. Evidently this was making puja.

"And I must smile and be pleased," Tod thought, as he did so.

"The making of obeisance, you might say, sahib," Gobind explained. "By all seeming, My Lord Koot Hoomi holds the American in high favor."

Though the present moment was inexplicably satisfying, Tod disliked being played like a tourist. Without showing the slightest elation, he inquired, "Does he understand English as well as you, Gobind?"

A gentle smile flowed along the fine network of wrinkles around the master mahout's eyes.

"Even as I, sahib, though he has not crossed the dividing sea."

"You've been to Europe?"

"Yes, sahib. Five years at Cambridge; also Rao Jha, my son. But it is not words that My Lord Koot Hoomi understands."

"You mean he gets what's going on by—by ——"

"—— by a kind of feeling, sahib; even so."

"Can you tell what he is thinking about right now, Gobind?"

"Yes, sahib; he is thinking that the jungles are green again, that the sap is rising in the plants, and that there are deep pools of water to roll over in and squirt to the tree tops—of the young greens and sweet canes running with honey."

"All that?" Tod laughed.

"And much more."

The narrow, delicate hand of Gobind came forth from under his white sleeve and rested upon Koot Hoomi's bulging brow.

"But how do you know?"

"One lives with the elephant people, sahib, that is all. One's father lives with the elephant people, and one's father's father." Without removing his right hand, Gobind placed his left upon his own heart. "It may be, my friend, that there is a feeling from Koot Hoomi which I understand from long practice. As a boy, I was placed by my father's hand in this ——"

The tip of the sire's great trunk swept the turf and curled upward to the mahout's breast, trailing across with curious affection, and Tod knew enough to know there was a deeper meaning to the gesture than apparent.

"How long ago was that?"

"More than forty years of your computing."

"How old was Koot Hoomi then?"

"In the tower of his youth—five and twenty summers only; but now he has become—more than man"

Tod wondered whimsically if Gobind and his tall son Rao had crossed the dividing sea to study at Cambridge to become better mahouts; and did this master of the elephant cult actually sense what was going on now behind Koot Hoomi's great gray-black dome? Wouldn't it be most natural, with the monsoon just over, for Gobind to say that the great beast was thinking delectable thoughts of the jungle glooms? But Gobind Jha was a silent man, and his grown son Rao was a silent man, moreover. Mainly they conferred with their own charges, the elephant people. Also it was said that the older and more famous the mahout, the more he respected the elephants. Some sense to that, Tod thought.

"What is he thinking now, Gobind?"

"He is thinking that there is to be a tiger hunt, sahib; that the tiger hunt will soon carry him into the jungle, where it will be good to be, though not so good as higher in the hills from whence he came. He is thinking that the many elephants will be a burden, that there will be great and foolish noise; but that it will be very good to get into the deep wet shade again."

Tod reflected that if he could sit on the neck of Koot Hoomi, or even on one of the great mattress-like pads behind, with Gobind or his son Rao, a tiger hunt would be the one best bet anywhere.

Koot Hoomi's head had slowed down. Now it was that Tod saw the eye nearest, as if it were suddenly taking him in, as if for the fraction of a second a curtain was lifted in that small black eye and then pulled down again.

He turned abruptly, to find the face of Gobind straining up to him, haggard and gray-flecked; but in the eyes was a fervent seeking. Now Gobind was bowing especially low.

With a muttered order to Koot Hoomi in his own tongue, Gobind hurried away to his quarters. Tod was surprised that the master mahout should leave him alone with the unchained king; but never in his life had he felt more at ease, except for an unaccustomed feeling one might know at an impressive ceremony of some kind.

Gobind was coming back, with his tall, silent son walking beside him. They took their places on Tod's either side, silently watching Koot Hoomi, who had resumed his making of puja.

It had been the same when he was learning polo; Tod had spent more time in the stables than in the club buildings. Here in Sarampur, where it was nine parts ballroom to one part ball and mallet, the strain began to wear. Dancing half the night—not so bad in itself with the New Zealand girl, Calista Burbank, to dance with at intervals—but he couldn't bear to miss any of the smoky, interminable twilights with the mahouts. Once, instead of dancing, he actually led Calista down the dusty road past the sentries at the cantonments and on in the early evening to the town's edge and the gate of the great stockade.

"Don't you like that smell?" he asked.

"It smells like slate," she said—"like a slate roof in the first rain."

"Smells like dust to me," said Tod.

"Oh, I wish I could go!" She was thinking of the tiger hunt

Tod had decided to accept his invitation.

"Wish you could," he said, but with reservation. This of Lord Mylne's was to be a ten days' party, not a mere week-end affair. Tod hoped for a lot of chance to be alone with the elephants.

"I may be gone when you get back," Calista offered

He had heard mention of this point before; only now it had to be met and answered.

"Have you fixed the exact date?"

"No; but my aunt says we'll start for Calcutta in about ten days—then on to Auckland."

That's where she lived. The very name was that of another and windier planet.

They had stopped to talk, and faced each other in the dusk. Though his experience was far deeper with horses and machinery, he decided that Calista had the cleanest mouth he ever saw. Also, it couldn't be just a coincidence, for it had happened several times. There was a certain waltz from a certain overture that made Calista's lips part in the dreamiest sort of way. It was so a moment or two later when they were in the stockade—the way she looked up toward the blank brow of the stately Koot Hoomi, breath suspended for several seconds, before he heard her swallow. Gobind called him aside.

"It is that we have known grief, sahib—Koot Hoomi and I who speak for him—that the English lord will shoot the tiger from our howdah. But Rao Jha, my son, will take the American sahib on Arjunayan—a common elephant, but trustworthy."

"Why, I couldn't expect to ride Koot Hoomi, Gobind! What puzzles me is why you look out for me at all."

An incredulous smile on the master mahout's face.

"The sahib pretends"

Tod wasn't, but he didn't care to lose his mysterious stand-in, if keeping still would preserve it.

"The sahib pretends," Gobind repeated. "Also My Lord Koot Hoomi pretends—that he is pleased to carry the English nobleman on his back."

Tod was struck with silence. "He can't mean that Koot Hoomi would rather carry me to the tiger," he thought. Did this have something to do with the momentary look he had seen in Koot Hoomi's eyes just before Gobind left him so suddenly that day?

The low voice was in his ears:

"When the eyes of Gobind Jha are so dim as to miss the salutation of one prince to another, then, sahib, shall my son Rao be sitting upon Koot Hoomi's neck and my seat shall be in the place of the women-folk."

Calista was still standing before the great wall of dusk which was Koot Hoomi.

"I think I could keep on looking and never stop!" she whispered, adding breathlessly, "He's so—so kind!"

Her lips were positively dewy.

It appeared that a man might become a master of architecture or watchmaking or portrait painting in a double decade, but twenty years with the elephants was but a preparation to prepare for a master's degree. Tod Sessions studied this point well during the three days' ride to the jungle, sitting just behind Rao Jha, the London-trained son of Gobind, who was nearly thirty, yet considered merely an apprentice in the cult of his fathers. As for Arjunayan, the elephant they rode, Tod couldn't see where he was so inexpressibly inferior to the quality of his elder cousin, Koot Hoomi; but for the trained eyes of the mahouts there seemed to exist a distinction like that between king and clerk.

"There must be something silky about the old sire that I can't quite see," Tod thought.

Camp was made at the end of the third day at the edge of the grassy sea, and that night the elephants had much to say to one another, caring less than usual for food and sleep. Under the muttering and rumbling of the great creatures, Tod heard the pleading of the mahouts, promising heavenly jungle joys if their charges would only wait peaceably until tomorrow. The night passed without runaway or rogue doings of any kind.

There was a little daybreak transaction that the American had seen three times already, but he watched with deeper thrill than ever that fourth morning out—Gobind, the master mahout, standing at the head of Koot Hoomi, holding forth his hands like a mystic in salutation to the dawn. The curled tip of Koot Hoomi's trunk was placed at the soft-shod feet of his master, the thick of the trunk between Gobind's two hands; then it was like a transfiguration—the old man lifted with spiral movement and placed very gently upon Koot Hoomi's head. Tod Sessions could ask no more of life, but there was more. With his master in place, Koot Hoomi now crooked his hind legs, sank to the ground, and Lord Mylne was permitted to take his place in the howdah by the rear stairs

That fourth day they entered a bamboo sweat room, the elephants often sloshing through pools too deep for a man to ford. Twenty-eight elephants, a hundred and fifty beaters, at least, the big male tiger located beforehand —— "By telegraph," Tod chuckled.

Aloud, he asked, "When does the kill take place?" his eyes resting on the fleckless folds of Rao Jha's turban cloth in front.

"Not today," said Gobind's son. "Not before tomorrow's midday will the tiger be brought to basket."

"Some technic," thought the American.

(Continued on Page 124)

Where to Have Your Brakes Correctly Relined

SAFETY DEPENDS UPON ADEQUATE BRAKES. THE CAR OWNER must decide between dependable brakes, lined with Raybestos by Raybestos brake experts or . . . . . trust to luck with antiquated repair methods and unknown brake lining.

THE RAYBESTOS MAN WILL INSPECT AND TEST YOUR brakes. Often a slight adjustment is all that is necessary. If new lining is needed, he will apply genuine Silver Edge Raybestos by an electrically-driven machine which drills and *countersinks* the lining in one operation and permits the rivet heads to be sunk *below* the surface of the lining.

RIVETS WILL NOT COME IN CONTACT WITH BRAKE DRUMS, but hold the lining securely even when worn to a fraction of original thickness. This practice removes one of the causes of squeaking brakes and eliminates the possibility of scored drums.

HERE IS REAL BRAKE SERVICE. SPECIALISTS WHO STUDY, test, repair and reline brakes. Dependable Raybestos. Modern methods and machines. Quick work from start to finish and moderate flat rate charges. On this page we illustrate representative Raybestos Brake Service Stations.

WHY RISK LIFE WITH DOUBTFUL LINING AND QUESTIONABLE methods when it is so easy to obtain Raybestos and Raybestos service? There is a Raybestos Station in your neighborhood. We'll forward name and address if you'll send the coupon.

Illustration shows how Raybestos is solidly applied to the brake band. Rivets countersunk so that all braking surface is in contact with brake drums and here is the machine that does the work.

REPAIRMEN—YOUR ATTENTION

If you are interested in engaging in brake specialization or wish to incorporate brake work in conjunction with your present business, write us for particulars regarding the Raybestos Brake Service Station franchise.

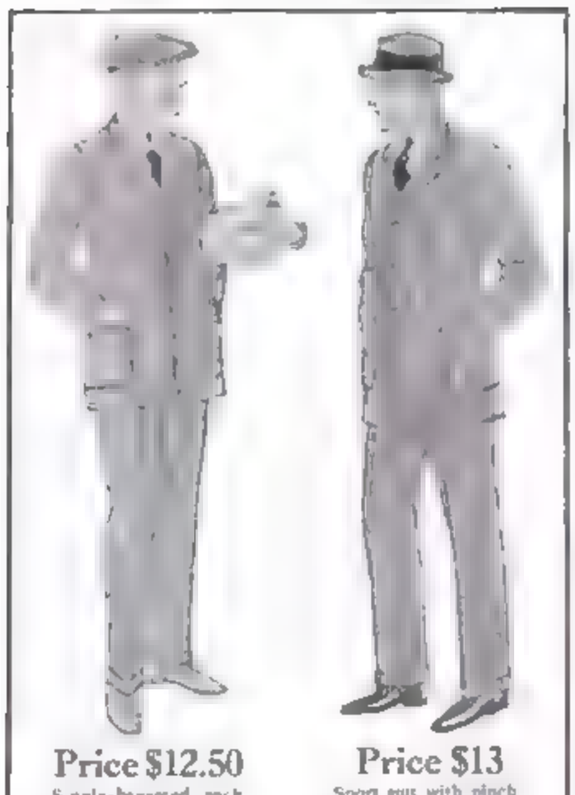
THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Gentlemen: Please send me the name and address of the Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.

My Name _____

Address _____



Price $12.50
Single-breasted sack suit with cuff or straight trousers.

Price $13
Sport suit with pinch back coat and cuff trousers.

Nogar

Extra-Wear Suits and Topcoats

Look at the prices!
Look at the styles!
Then read the amazing facts about wonderful NOGAR Cloth of which these suits are made:

You can drag NOGAR Cloth over a nail and it won't tear. You can shower sparks on it and it won't burn. It's as near waterproof as anything but rubber can be.

There is no other fabric like it in spite of many attempts to imitate it.

NOGAR Suits are the longest-wearing and lowest-priced suits on the market. Unequalled for all men whose work is hard on clothes and neat enough for business wear.

NOGAR Topcoats are made of the same material and are a snappy topcoat and raincoat in one.

Write for booklet showing styles.

Agents make $10 to $30 a day

selling NOGAR Clothes in their spare time or regularly. A wonderful opportunity for high grade men to earn high pay where territory is open. Write at once.

Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.
Dept. S-6, Reading, Pa.

Price $12.50
Slip-on overcoat, sport model, with belt all around.

Price $13.35
Sport suit or chauffeur's uniform, with pinch back coat and riding breeches.

(Continued from Page 122)

The next day, toward noon, a sludgy open appeared in the vast seas of cane—watery pools in the foreground. Here and there in an open space there was a barkless twisty tree that looked like a sycamore, big leaves and all. Presently the drum of the beaters began, and a deep hur-r-r-umph far to the left of the elephant line—a sound that vibrated through the whole herd like a ripple to the outer rim of a lagoon. Then from the great wall of canes to the left, a long, dark figure appeared, crossing the open, tail high, low-cocked pointed ears. Tod was confused by the dark look of the great cat—dark like a panther at first look, instead of golden, because the sunlight was so bright; but nearer, the lithe flowing lines were revealed to him, and one magnificent instant—Tod's heart burned at the grace of it—a twenty-five-foot pool in one sweeping spring.

Now from the opposite wall of the jungle, where the tiger was making for, came a sudden shocking din from the beaters. The doomed one halted in dilemma, then crept into a little covert of canes which stood like an oasis in the center of the open. There he crouched, as it was obviously intended he should. Through the glasses Tod leisurely made out the chunky, baleful head—white pads, glaring eyes, swishing tail—all this in a green-and-golden leafiness, and not a little absorbing, until the watcher's eyes were attracted to the right.

Koot Hoomi was moving quietly forward from the main skirmish line of the elephants, to a point clearly commanding the covert. Lord Mylne arose and stood clear of the howdah on the pads just behind Gobind's seat. His legs looked spindly, the huge cork helmet like a lid far too large.

The whole thing was enacting in perfect profile for Tod's eyes: the raising of the clublike double-barreled Dunstael, its downward slant, the crash that rocked the little man under the big helmet; then an explosive threshing in the covert, and the great cat seemed swimming on his side.

Loud praise in the air for Lord Mylne's shot, except from a certain Mr. Sessions, who was in a chilled and questioning state of mind on the point of one putting in his thumb and pulling out the only plum in the pudding at his own party, everybody yelling how unalterably right it all was. Slow-carrying tones, doubtless like those once spoken in a certain biology class, cut clear from Tod's lips:

"Why, a man ought to be indicted for murder to shoot a hemmed-in tiger like that!"

And just then the speaker turned to find that Mr. Estay Howkins, secretary of the Sarampur Club, had moved up and was eying him icily from the elephant next.

Tod had read of a man falling into a crevasse from the shoulder of one of the Swiss Alps and being found a century afterward, dead but otherwise unchanged, in the core of an iceberg. Toward the end of mess that evening he felt as if he were such a person coming to life. He had just realized that no one had spoken to him for hours.

He left the board and set out for the elephant pickets. The night was humid hot in the jungle camp, the sky marked with pink-and-blue afterglows, the elephants standing ankle-deep in soothing ooze, crunching their own jungle salads. Mr. Estay Howkins passed him and was presently seen in conversation with his particular mahout.

Old Gobind nodded gravely to Tod over his bowl of rice, but without rising—Gobind, who usually hurried forward with outstretched hands. The jungle closed about the American right then in a way he hadn't felt before—queerly suffocating. He knew a sudden passion to escape from this sea of bamboo. He hadn't been really hurt back at mess, but this charge on Gobind's part laid him open. Estay Howkins and Gobind Jiwa were now talking together. Beyond them, like a denser portion of dusk, loomed the vast shoulders of Koot Hoomi, head turned away.

Next day Tod Sessions began afresh his endless examination of the fleckless folds of Rao Jha's turban cloth, the hunting party having turned back for Sarampur. It was long past the midday halt before the untroubled face of the young mahout turned to him, saying:

"My father wishes me to say that he has understanding; also that there will be words for the American sahib on the evening of the arrival at Sarampur."

Just talk, doubtless, this, to let him down easily. Tod milled it over in his mind. He was in a mood to conclude that this was Gobind's manner of telling him to keep away from the elephant lines. Tod smiled. He would do this little thing and make as smooth a get-away as possible when he reached Sarampur; but the hurt went deeper and deeper. Just as he was on the verge of opening something, of being initiated into some of the mysteries of these mammoths of the dust, he was cut off. Moreover, there was Calista in Sarampur—Calista about to leave for Calcutta—for Auckland. In one way, he hoped that she would be gone.

Late afternoon of the third day the party of the hunt was back in quarters at the I. C. I. Tod had made up his mind to take the train south tomorrow. He decided to move from the club to the resthouse, and before the last lingering daylight was out of the sky he sat with his luggage in a room on the ground floor of the old railroad bungalow, desolation stealing into him deeper and deeper under his laugh. He caught himself wondering what his father would say, as if he were back in Juvenile Hall again. For some seconds he had vaguely been hearing voices of servants from outside and low feminine tones of expostulation, conscious how queer all this was, after the frictionless management of the I. C. I.

Now he swung open the hall door in answer to a tap, and before him—Calista Burbank, a frightened sort of laugh around her lips and a glisten in her eyes as she pushed in and shut the door behind her.

"They weren't going to let me come!" she panted. "As if they could stop me! Oh, I have heard about it!"

"But you mustn't be in here with me," Tod said; "not that it isn't all right, you know; but what they will say!"

"What they will say—what won't they say? Even the very lumps of natives in the hall! I told them that I had to see you."

"But you mustn't stay here, Calista."

Now Tod was deeply scared at the sudden dissolving helplessness in himself; it came over him in a suffocating wave—the clean strain of her—Calista letting him know she was standing by. For four days he had coldly grinned, but this sudden melting—he would choke before letting her see ——

"This isn't —— You'll have to ——"

"I told them I didn't care what they thought or what they said," she broke in; "that there was one in Sarampur who wouldn't turn down a friend!"

Her mouth was upturned to him—nothing ever in the world so fresh; altogether unprecedented—the way the sparkling teeth were not crowded together. It was now or never. He had either to get her out or let her see how whipped he was.

"I'm sure much obliged for your coming, but you mustn't be caught here."

He was backing her out as if she'd been a headstrong pony—very firmly to the door.

"I was all to blame out there in the jungle. They treated me great. I shot off my mouth. . . . Oh, yes, you've got to get out. Yes, quite positive!"

But the instant he stopped pushing, Calista stood still. He had to take her to him in one arm as he opened the door with the other. Strangest taking, most startling surrender, an altogether new picture of life crushing into each of them the same instant—an unforgettable second when Tod felt the point of his elbow boring into her waist. Then Calista was out in the hall, the door between them—and he was holding it shut.

Not a sound from her lips, but her lips had touched his throat. A while afterward he released the knob. His hand went to his forehead and drew away wet with sweat. He moved to his bed and dropped crossways upon it, looking out of the window. Lying there, the big minutes of his life appeared, as before a man dying—the look of that dog that couldn't sit down; the first time he had ever felt a polo pony coming to life under him, getting into the game; the day of his coming to Sarampur and the old female elephant's hind foot in the dust; the instant in which the curtain seemed to lift in Koot Hoomi's eye and let him in; and back of all, holding to his mother's hand the parade. That was the first time he really let go his mother's hand. But what had all this to do with pushing Calista out of the room?

Her lips had touched his throat.

He was looking out through the shutters to the little strip of lawn this side of the tracks. A whitish moon was playing about in whitish clouds; the lawn looked gray instead of green—a figure moving there, Calista again. He almost called her name. Then his hand went to his chin and closed hard, as upon the handle of a mallet. She was coming nearer, her eyes queerly fixed upon his shutter. Now he knew she was trying to figure out which was his window from the lawn. She wasn't sure.

"Mr. Sessions," she called doubtfully.

No answer.

He heard her catch her breath and turn away. He lay for a long time in the dark. Later he discovered it was only nine o'clock. He arose and went out. From a distance he saw the light shining through the vined windows of the I. C. I.; strains of music reached him. His left arm moved out before him. He jerked it in and turned back abruptly toward the native city, for fear they would start that waltz. And to think he had been a little bored other nights at the idea of dancing! A hand touched his sleeve. The face of old Gobind was hard to distinguish for a second from the night.

"I have followed to have words with the sahib. Please walk with me."

Tod obeyed.

"Was it plain to my friend that it was not wise for me to anger the party of the hunt?"

The answer was hardly articulate.

Gobind led him toward the stockade, but Tod couldn't keep his mind from picturing the vined windows of the club, light shining through, music coming out. Were they playing that waltz now? Who was dancing ——

They entered the stockade and on through to one of the inner divisions, which Tod had heard referred to as the maternity ward by the English.

"It is that My Lord Koot Hoomi yearns for his own country," Gobind said at last.

"Didn't the tiger hunt help?" Tod asked.

"But a sip, but a breath, sahib. There is to Koot Hoomi's account in the books of government service days of rest accumulated from many years; and for me also, many days. It is that tomorrow we shall apply for leave."

A laugh stirred in Tod's heart. The picture had come to mind of Gobind and Koot Hoomi going together to the house of the deputy sahib to apply. But why had old Gobind drawn him here to tell him about a vacation?

"Already my lord knows!" the old mahout said with deep fervor at last. "Sleepless, he waits for the day. Yes, by noon tomorrow, barring accident, we shall start. In five days, Dalimai; in three days, Alkoram; then five days more of slow climbing and we shall smell the great forests beyond Minlow. Five and three and five days, sahib; but there still is that lacking to fulfill the joy of my lord. At Minlow, on the evening of the thirteenth day, if the sahib will ——"

"You mean, Gobind, I may meet you there?"

"Yes, sahib, we will enter the forests at Minlow together, if you will, on the neck of the favored and beneficent; and who knows, sahib, but that Koot Hoomi may tell us of a tiger?"

And so Gobind had not changed, and he was to open again the great dusty book of the elephants. . . . But back of the low roar of a caretaker's torch just then, Tod seemed to hear again the catch of Calista's breath on the lawn at the resthouse.

"Of course I'll be there; but I have got to know—really got to know, Gobind—why you do this for me."

The other's slow, strange smile warmed his countenance.

"The sahib pretends."

"I'm not pretending. I've got to know in words!"

"For forty years, sahib, I have looked almost daily into the eye of my lord, and but once only besides have I seen that *mudra*—that mystic salutation ——"

"You mean his look on the first day I stood by his head?"

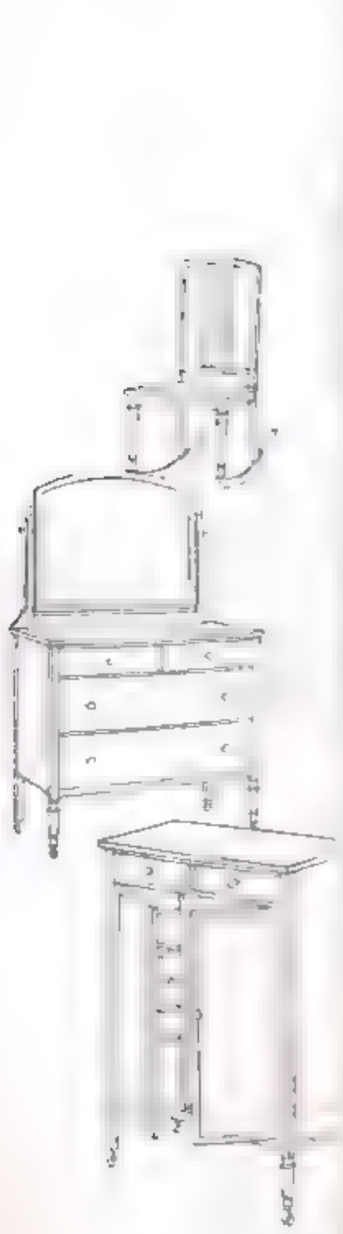
Gobind's smile deepened.

"I was sure my friend did not miss ——"

"And what was the other time?"

"The sahib will forgive mention of my own happiness. It was on the day of my return from England, and I had called his name, and forth from the gate of the stockade of Hurda came he running. It was then I was blessed with his greeting, before he took me to his neck. And after that we wandered in the tree jungle on the banks of the Nerbudda, for a full day and night together."

(Continued on Page 127)



More years of use and enjoyment than any other furniture will give

Your interest is won instantly by the charming design and finish of this wonderful new furniture. How welcome, then, the knowledge that its beauty has eternal youth! For it is wrought entirely of lasting *steel*.

The tragedies in the life of ordinary furniture merely emphasize the striking advantages of Simmons Steel Bedroom Suites.

What if careless movers drop a dresser? Simmons clinched and welded joints cannot be wrenched apart. Even a slender period leg or mirror standard will not split or break. Pull out a chiffonier drawer. How easily it slides! How snugly it closes! The dampest weather cannot make it swell and stick. Steam heat will not shrink it, leaving room for dust and moths to enter. Every individual piece and part of Simmons furniture remains unchanged in all climates and at all seasons.

Spilled perfume, medicine or hot water makes no mark on a Simmons finish. A forgotten cigar or cigarette burns out, leaving no ugly scar.

Baked on (not merely painted) even exquisite color finishes come unblemished through any accident likely to happen in your home. Happy years, free from worry or care, are yours when you own Simmons Steel Bedroom Furniture. Eight complete suites, 110 pieces, give you choice of fine period and modern styles in an unusual range of finishes.

Venetian blue, stippled parchment, jade green, warm ivory, leaf green and putty gray are among the colors. American walnut and brown mahogany, too, are faithfully reproduced.

The range of prices is equally wide. No other furniture costs so little in the end. Ask your favorite merchant to show it to you. If he is not yet displaying it, write The Simmons Company, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

SIMMONS

Steel Bedroom Furniture

and BEDS · MATTRESSES · SPRINGS *Built for Sleep*

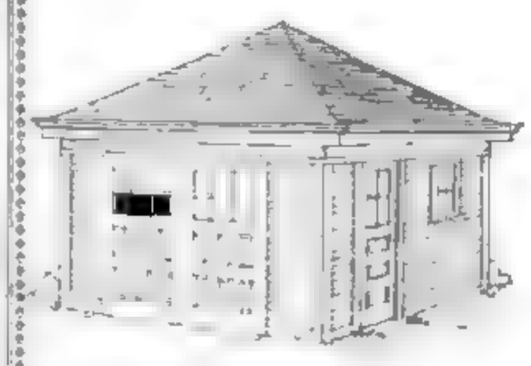
SIMMONS Furniture

Be sure you find this label on the bedroom furniture you buy

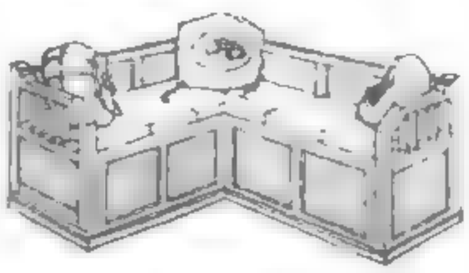
You Can Put Up With Just "Woodwork"—But *Why?*

Morgan Mirror Door M888

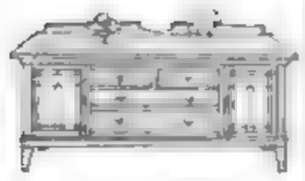
Morgan Plan Suggestion No. 18A



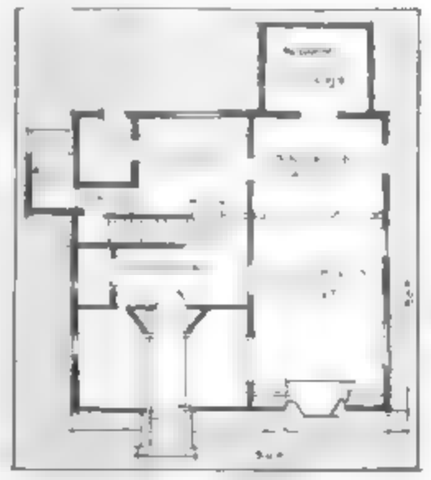
Morgan Garage M2100



Morgan Cozy Corner Seat M512



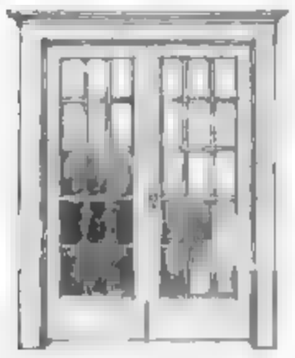
Morgan Buffet M



Main Floor Plan

OF COURSE, the outside is a very important part of your home. It is the part the public sees, and you want it to look just right. But do not forget that you and your friends see the inside, too. Indeed, it is the interior that must withstand the longest and most intimate scrutiny.

You *can* be satisfied with just "woodwork." You *can* pass over this important part of your new home with just that little care. But you may live to regret it. For woodwork—your entrance, stairway, book cases, china closets, cabinets, breakfast nook, to say nothing of the important doors and trim—really MAKES the rooms. And once installed there is no recourse. For you cannot discard woodwork like an old chair.



Morgan French Doors M831

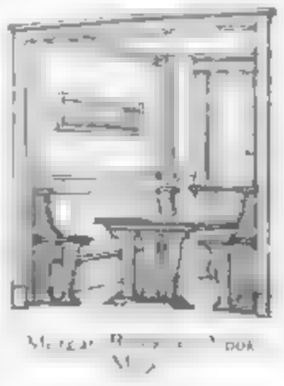
So, if you put up with just "woodwork" in the specifications, you will have to put up with what you get.

BUT—if you want woodwork that is architecturally correct and beautiful; if you want woodwork that is "quality" through and through—the work of master craftsmen; if you want woodwork that will retain its beauty and serviceability for years—it is just as easy and many times less costly to have it.

There is no added cost for Morgan Quality

Just specify "MORGAN-QUALITY." And insist upon the genuine with this well-known quality mark on every piece. M[redacted]

For over 60 years the Morgan Organization has served home owners and builders. Through a complete organization of master craftsmen, great factories, vast tracts of timber and a perfected system of Standardized Manufacture, woodwork of superior quality is produced at minimum cost. You will find in Morgan products the beauty and service you want. You will also find them inexpensive.



Morgan Buffet M

We invite you to consult the Morgan dealer near you. He will gladly help you. We also venture that it will pay you to have a copy of "Building with Assurance"—our book which is today in the hands of thousands of home owners, builders and architects.

Just run through the description at the right. Then send the coupon for the prospectus which tells all about it.

"MORGAN-QUALITY"

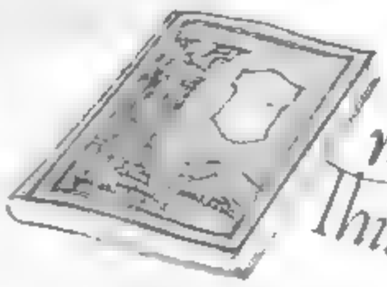
STANDARDIZED WOODWORK

MORGAN WOODWORK ORGANIZATION

MORGAN COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wis., New York City
MORGAN SASH & DOOR COMPANY, Chicago, Ill., Detroit, Mich.; Cleveland, Ohio
MORGAN MILLWORK COMPANY, Baltimore, Md., Jersey City, N. J.; Greensboro, N. C.

MORGAN

Look for this mark on every Morgan Product



Before you build your new home get this 440-page Master Book on Home Building

"Building with Assurance" (Second Edition) contains the information you need to help you cut costs, save time and avoid mistakes

"BUILDING WITH ASSURANCE"
indorsed by over 15,000 authorities

This great book shows page after page of homes of all types in colors—with floor plans. The home illustrated above, for example, with complete floor plans, will be found on page 41. In addition, you get help on room arrangement, interior decoration, floor coverings, lighting, heating, plumbing and landscaping

Mail coupon for prospectus

"Building with Assurance" is not for general distribution. It is for earnest home lovers. Our prospectus tells all about it—shows beautiful homes in color, with floor plans. The prospectus is gladly sent to those who mail the coupon.

210

Address nearest office, Dept. N. 1

MORGAN COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin
MORGAN SASH & DOOR COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois
MORGAN MILLWORK CO., Baltimore, Maryland

Gentlemen: I am a home lover, so please send me at once, copy of your beautiful prospectus which describes "Building with Assurance."

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Business _____

(Continued from Page 124)

Next morning early Tod took the train north instead of south, leaving his main luggage at the resthouse. Four days later, having traveled three by rail and one by camel, he was set down in high and lonely Minlow, where there was a continual harping of wind in the great conifers, and after nightfall this wind was keen-honed from the peaks. For nine days he rambled about the town making ready the supplies for their journey, according to Gobind's instructions, and often peering down into the forest-clad hollows between the great hills.

"Yes," the people told him, "tiger is there. Yes, sahib, and sometimes the great elephants come down this far from the next range."

On a lofty rock above Minlow one could look southward and see several loops of the rocky road stretching away on toward the plains, and there Tod sat on the afternoon of the thirteenth day, staring down through the washed air. A speck, while the sun was yet high above the peaks; two hours later, on a nearer loop, the speck became an elephant; before dusk, a mile below, Tod saw that the elephant was Koot Hoomi and none other, in full dark old Gobind was put down on the threshing floor at Minlow.

The two men stood close together; the smell of dust was in the air—to Tod, like the smell of a world being made; before them stood the monarch, and Gobind salaaming again, took the tip of Koot Hoomi's trunk and placed it in the hollow of the American's hand. A stir of life was in Tod's veins like nothing else. The cold night air of high country had a zest of wine.

"And now we be free men, sahib"—from the old mahout.

It was true that Koot Hoomi seemed fashioned of a myriad shock absorbers to one who had sat camel and common elephant. Also it was like setting out upon life all over again, that dawn of icy purity, when they turned their backs to Minlow. Northward the rim of the world was contoured of flashing glacial cones, and the ancient Gobind sang his song of release, occasionally breaking out into English:

"We will take the sahib to the grove of ten thousand years. Yes, it is literally so—a vast southward slope where only the great trees have survived and Nature has finished her work, growth having fallen to fragrant dust below."

"What a place to dance with Calista!" Tod thought.

"It is the place of my lord's nativity," Gobind went on. "See, he is listening!"

Tod would have thought Koot Hoomi was testing the morning air merely, its flavor and direction. They trundled down into a valley that became hotter and stiller from the rising sun. There were moments when all three sort of brimmed together in silent delight, but Tod felt also a queer back pull—the tug of a string. Was Calista at the other end of the string? She would be at sea now, steaming southward over the line and down, down nearly half the length of the world. Could the string reach that far? Could it stretch four or five hundred miles more each day? Was it not too much to ask of any string—from Auckland to high Himalaya?

Days afterward—it was like a ship stopping in mid-ocean—Koot Hoomi halted abruptly, and before them in the full flash of afternoon was a big black bear standing like a man. In his thick forearm was a bundle of berry branches, rich with fruit. He had been nuzzling into it, feasting on leaves and all; but now the great smeared head was lifted, turned to them. A soft whistling blast sounded as he came down on all four paws and rolled himself out of the way, noiselessly as a shadow, into the berry bushes.

Koot Hoomi graciously advanced. Every little while after that a chuckle came from Tod's lips. At last Gobind turned to him.

"The American sahib did not shoot."

"Never thought of it. Took him for a friend of Koot Hoomi's. Why, they understood each other. And say, Gobind, he sure needed a napkin—that fellow!"

"It is the season of the dottle berries, sahib."

Gobind continued to remark upon a mysterious affinity between Koot Hoomi and the American, but the latter hadn't been startled so far by signs of affection. A most delicate fellowship—no fear; Tod could have lain down to sleep at the edge of Koot Hoomi's even grass pile—under the very tusks; he could come up behind the elephant day or night without word or sound in a way that would scare a pony into throwing a shoe. Was it that Koot Hoomi sensed his coming from afar? Gobind said as much.

"He may think a lot of me," Tod reflected one night as he stood in the windy darkness at Koot Hoomi's head. "But he never takes me up in his trunk. I still have to take the tail holt like Lord Mylne."

The dark was like a frown about them. A little way off Gobind was sitting in a triangle of candlelight under the shelter of bamboo mats. Tod's heart warmed strangely to the old mahout; and just at that instant, up from the ground, like the muzzle of one's dog that understands, came the tip of Koot Hoomi's trunk to the American's hand just a touch, no lingering. Then it swept higher and touched Tod under the chin, softly, quietly, where the collar of his shirt was parted. It might have been an accident, only Tod had seen the trunk play like that with Gobind. He moved away in the dark, his hand to his throat—just where Calista's lips had grazed.

The fragrance of sandal and rose incense reached him as he approached the triangle of light. Nightly like this Gobind fixed their shelter of matting to keep off the dews. When supper was over he would bring out his set of ivory elephants and place them upon a lacquered board in the candlelight, sitting upon his folded legs and making puja before them, as Tod observed to himself. At intervals, upon the glowing charcoals the old man would sift some oily dust of sandalwood. Tonight he must have added some dry rose leaves of Kashmir, an extra fragrance in the icy freshness of the dark—a curious incommunicable beauty that Tod wished Calista could know, but despaired ever of telling even her.

The nights grew colder. One morning a barren gray ridge shut off the eastern horizon, and that day Koot Hoomi traveled for a long time through frosted glooms before Tod saw the first glisten of sunlight on a rock higher up. He decided to bask in that warmth before going farther. Koot Hoomi let him to the ground; but Gobind called his name, making ready to pass down one of the big-bored rifles from the packs.

"My lord and I might fall to thinking of our own affairs, and the sahib unarmed ——"

"I don't need a gun—just going up to thaw out."

The old man didn't persist, but seemed absorbed in the particular look of Koot Hoomi's trunk, slightly lifted and curled inward at the moment.

Now Tod was moving his chilled limbs with more care than usual among the moss-stained rocks. He was close to the area of sunlight above, when there was a scurry of a small creature to his right—just a blur from the corner of his eye—the kind of a dart a baby quail would make running from covert to covert, only this was of gray fur and of some size. He turned back to see Koot Hoomi leisurely following him up the rocks, like a great war tank—utmost, effortless leisure. Already Tod breathed in the warmth; only a few more feet to climb. Another scurry of gravel and this time a clear glimpse—a lumpy, weak-kneed cat cub, dashing clumsily to thicket.

"Little bungler," he muttered. "I'd better get out of here."

Not the remotest resemblance to a mature Bengali, yet he knew this was royal tiger, even before his eye fell to the thin-sanded slope at his feet, where the pugs of a great creature lay clear, an imprint he could not have covered with his own two hands. From that, his eyes were drawn by a sort of magic movement to the foot of a thick tree twenty feet away.

The keenest moment he had ever lived. A flame of exultation, yet a thrall of fear, too—his spine like a rod of ice.

"Tigress"—the exact word formed on his lips.

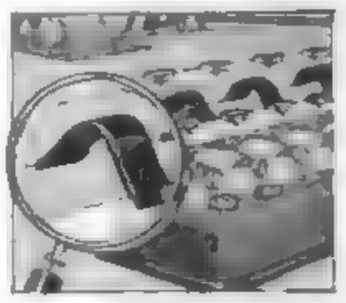
He saw the loose white folds of her nether parts; the face that held his staring eyeballs was utterly baleful in its malignancy. Hardly perceptible her movement, yet the vivid-banded beast was actually drawing out from behind the tree base. Her head slowly lowered, the eyes closer to the ground.

Eyes? They were holes into empty space—glaring emptiness that touched the very core of human fear—the frightfulness of vacuity. At the same time, queerly too, it was as if he heard his own voice scoffing at Lord Mylne's shot. Slowly another black band became visible from behind the tree. She was almost out now. The two

(Continued on Page 129)

The most active feet can't give them harder wear

than these machines which measure the life of "U.S." Rubbers



When will the first tiny crack appear?

Under constant bending and wrinkling, poor rubber soon cracks or breaks. In the machine shown above strips cut from "U.S." Rubbers are bent back and forth like the hinges of a door—thousands upon thousands of times. A magnifying glass is used to detect the first signs of checking or cracking.

Compressing months into days

Mere exposure to ordinary atmosphere causes rubber to deteriorate. In the cabinet shown above strips cut from "U.S." Rubbers are kept day and night under certain temperature conditions which in a few days have the same effect as months of ordinary exposure

LITTLE feet—"on the go" every waking minute—no feet can equal them for wearing out rubbers!

But that's the kind of wear which is *not only duplicated but actually measured* by remarkable machines in our testing laboratories.

It's these machines that explain why "U.S." brand Rubbers and Arctics are today the standard for long-wearing quality. Rigid scientific tests control every step in "U.S." manufacture. They make absolutely certain of the longer wear and better service "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics are built to give.

At the left are shown two of many remarkable machines used in these tests.

The construction of "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics is the result of 75 years of experience—from the making of the first successful rubbers ever turned out, down to the master brand that bears the "U.S." Trade-mark today.

"U.S." Rubbers and Arctics are made over a variety of lasts adapted to current shoe styles—so as to insure smooth, snug fit everywhere from toe to heel.

Whether you want rubbers or arctics—for men, women or children—it will pay you to ask for the "U.S." brand.

Look for the "U.S." Trade-mark. "U.S." Rubbers cost no more and wear longer.

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

Ask for **"U.S." Rubbers**

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

NATIONAL BATTERIES

IN NAME FAME PRICE

TRADE MARK

CAR BOAT AND RADIO 'A' & 'B' BATTERIES

Full Performance Storage Batteries with the Mystery OUT and the Prices DOWN

HERE ARE FACTS based on long-proven electrical engineering practice. If you are one of the rapidly increasing number of more careful buyers of storage batteries who wish to reduce battery costs we urge you to read them.

Mystery Out

There is no mystery in the construction of good storage batteries. Standard design, materials and construction produce batteries equal in performance and life to any batteries in large production today. Price does not always indicate intrinsic value. One battery may have expensive patented features of design and higher manufacturing costs. Another (THE NATIONAL) has no patented or exclusive features which add to cost without adding to service. And the performance of one equals that of the other.

Prices Down

For ten years the National has directed its entire manufacturing policy toward producing standard construction full-performance batteries at reasonable prices. Labor costs have been reduced, overhead lowered, manufacturing methods improved, a nation-wide system of three factories and seven branches provided to save the excessive costs of heavy freight and expensive crating. Volume has increased and prices have been steadily lowered. In 1924 National business increased 138% and average prices came down 10%. In 1925 National is prepared for another increase with logically lowered prices.

Know National Batteries

Buy no storage batteries for your car, boat or radio "A" or "B" installation until you have seen Nationals. Go over them point by point and then compare their "happy medium" prices with the prices of other batteries of the same high standard. Do this and you'll buy Nationals with a feeling of complete assurance in their dependability and a tingle of satisfaction in full value received. Write us direct for the name of our dealer nearest you and find out all about Nationals before your next buy.

DEALERS—No freaks or frills—just sound value in batteries. A profitable reputation-building franchise. Valuable territory open, write for details.

NATIONAL LEAD BATTERY COMPANY

General Offices, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

Factories: ST. PAUL CHICAGO KANSAS CITY

Branches: New York City Dallas Oakland Atlanta Portland (Ore.) Los Angeles

NATIONAL

Ford Special $14.95

Also fits Chevrolet, Star, Overland, etc.

To the Electrical Engineer

All National car batteries have standard ⅛ inch [illegible] individually tested "B" radio batteries have the largest plates for battery size and greatest possible capacity.

To the Battery Dealer

Due to the standard construction of National Batteries we are enabled to back them with the [illegible] guarantee and best service policy. All Nationals are guaranteed [illegible] months except Ford battery 12 months. We [illegible] selling National Batteries [illegible] the soundest merchandising [illegible] values in standard product—with a strong advertising campaign to effective dealerships and the batteries and prices are in line with the public demand for full performance at reasonable prices.

When you sell National Batteries you build your [illegible] values in merchandise.

To the Automotive User

National starting and lighting batteries are built in sizes for Ford, Chevrolet, Overland, etc., at $[illegible] for Buick, Hudson, Studebaker, Nash, etc., at $[illegible] for Dodge at $[illegible]. All are of standard construction backed by an 18 month [illegible] for Ford guarantee. No prorating [illegible] material or part enters into their construction which has not been accepted by long proven engineering practice.

Give Nationals distilled water, and an occasional inspection and you can be sure of a minimum of battery trouble and long battery life.

To the Radio User

All National Batteries both for "A" and "B" installations are storage batteries. The 'A' batteries are of balanced plate construction for long life. The 'B' batteries have the largest plates and greatest capacity that could be expected of any battery of their size. Both deliver a uniform current at all times when kept charged, reduce battery noises to a minimum and enable you to operate your set on the "full performance" zone continuously giving greater distance and clarity. All types and sizes of Nationals are standard in construction and moderate in price.

24 volt 1500 M. A. H. NATIONAL "B" Storage Battery

$5 ONE PRICE anywhere in the U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 127)

eyes he stared into became one—one slightly enlarged hole into emptiness. He took a step back, but she moved with him, like a glide. The movement withered him, making him helpless about the hips. There was nothing like reason or sanity back of her eyes, but she had force. He was in wrong, having stumbled into her own private ground. She had right of way here.

All this time, through a stillness that belonged to the other side of death, he was vaguely conscious of the sound of Koot Hoomi's approach from below; but now from his right hand a distraction also, like the stir of a leaf. It was slight as that. He could not turn his head. An instant's swerve of his look from the tigress and she would spring. Yet it was only a matter of seconds and she would spring anyway.

Now from the right again—the sound of escaping steam—a hissing valve.

Without turning, he knew now that he was being stalked from the side as well. In this cracking strain, the salient moments of life began to reel off again in his brain, as in the resthouse room the last night—pages of a book flying so fast he could see only the chapter heads.

A mighty thud in his ears—shadow and strike—he was torn from the ground—lifted high and flung. He saw Gobind—Gobind holding out his arms! He was whirled about, and before his eyes were the lifted tusks of Koot Hoomi—a stabbing, hissing monster caught on one of the great tines. It slithered off to the ground, like a fish from a spear. Then Tod became aware that the tiger had not struck him; but that he was quite safe on Koot Hoomi's neck, Gobind searching his eyes and holding him to his breast like a lost love. And now he felt Koot Hoomi kneeling beneath.

Before them on the ground lay Stripes himself, the great male, crushed by the mighty knees of Koot Hoomi, yet in no place had the vast golden-banded skin been broken. A ripple shook softly over it now; and softly also Gobind mourned over the two-foot laceration on Koot Hoomi's jaw and the raked shoulder and knees of his beloved.

"But Sarampur shall hear," he said in rising tone, as one speaking a mystic formula. "All men of our kind shall hear the story—not Sarampur alone, but the men of the stockades of Hurda and Emsore—shall hear of My Lord Koot Hoomi's hastening to the rescue of his favored one."

Tod's eyes were still held to the limp white paw, close to his foot. It was thick as a wrestler's shoulder and it had just quivered again curiously.

"But what became of the tigress, Gobind?" he questioned.

"Vanished, sahib—watching from afar off, even now—who can tell?"

Tod glanced around, a shiver under his coat. The sunlit slope near at hand was empty save for low rocks; no place nearer than the big tree for her to hide behind or spring from. He felt like a cigarette, but didn't trust his fingers to open the case.

"S'pose she's got those little tads with her?" he asked.

"Yes, sahib."

"Do you suppose she and Big Boy here were pulling together—that she didn't mean to spring at me at all, but was only holding me with her witch holes of eyes while he stalked from the side?"

"Who can tell, sahib? For a moment only I saw the tigress, being carried on as by a great wind, and then it was as if she were not, and My Lord Koot Hoomi was heaving forward like a landslide uphill, trees and rocks whipping by me, as never mortal was carried before."

"I haven't got it quite straight," Tod muttered a little later. "Koot Hoomi must have plucked me up while the tiger was in his spring."

"It was even so, sahib—so great his love for the Aryan-born of a far country."

Tod continued to stare down at the tiger. A lot of this sort of talk was embarrassing.

"But Sarampur shall hear," Gobind continued. "From Vindhas to High Hills the story shall be told—that not by word of mine, but from exact knowledge of danger, my lord followed the sahib up the mountainside. Indeed, gently would he have questioned word of mine to climb in such a place."

Tod's eyes left the carcass of the tiger and turned upward to the great single eye of Koot Hoomi. It seemed beaming; it seemed to know unheard-of depths of peace. It was as Calista had said, "So—so kind!"

Apparently the grove of ten thousand years was forgotten, since from that sunlit slope of the tigers the return to Sarampur was begun. Gobind undoubtedly was passing through some mysterious climax of his life. It appeared to Tod that all was as yet unfinished; that there was a story still to be told; that the event had to be kept warm in one's mind and be brooded upon unceasingly until it was told.

Nor did days of travel change Gobind's furious concentration. At times he seemed to be making a poem or story of the age. Through long days of southward travel, Tod studied the rising rapture in the eyes of his friend. Out of all that had happened, the heart of the miracle to Gobind was Koot Hoomi's leaving the lower path, suddenly taking it into his head to follow Tod up toward the sunlight.

"By his own initiative quite, and from exact knowledge, sahib—at first keeping from me his secret haste; then carrying me forward as no man or beast or wind was carried before. Even so shall the story be told to my brothers, the mahouts and their sons and their sons' sons."

Tod, who supposed he would have to take the train south once more at Minlow, was not permitted.

"If the sahib wishes, he may remain on the neck of Koot Hoomi to the end of the journey."

And Tod wished. Nor was he warned that any secret must be kept of their meeting at Minlow and of their days in the high hills. Evidently what had happened surmounted all else in Gobind's mind. On the night of their arrival at Sarampur, Tod was not given a chance to go to the resthouse, but after slight delay led to the innermost part of the stockade—the maternity ward again. In the center a great fire burned. Koot Hoomi was already there, his pinkish, freshly healed wounds being examined by all the men and boys of the elephant cult of Sarampur. The inner gate was shut after Gobind and Tod entered, but the latter was conscious of a myriad of eyes outside, peering in through the great posts.

And then the master mahout, with face like an ashen flame, began to tell his story. So intense was the potency of his concentration and the depth of the silence around his words, that Tod, without knowing a sentence of Hindi, actually felt himself living again those moments of matchless horror—facing the tigress, the stir of the leaf, the thud, the intervention. Now he was becoming more astonished still; Koot Hoomi seemed to be aware also of what was being told.

Tod was so absorbed in this point that his nerves jerked at the touch of Rao Jha on his arm. He was led forward, and, after Gobind, was lifted in Koot Hoomi's trunk. Standing together on high, the voice of Gobind carried on through the climax of the tale.

Tod's amazement increased. Unless he was utterly astray, Koot Hoomi turned upward his great tusks at the exact moment when Gobind reached the point of the American sahib being lifted clear of danger. A shuddering tone of awe came from the fire-lit faces as Koot Hoomi knelt—finishing the story.

Now from the folds of his sleeves Gobind drew his string of ivory elephants. The thread snapped in his fingers. The second of the largest of the carved figures was taken from the string and placed in Tod's hand. That was the instant he realized all this was a kind of initiation—that his own name was to be written in the great dusty book of the elephants.

It was the end, he thought, as the gate was opened. The natives outside drew back to let Koot Hoomi and the mahouts emerge, and a gust of loneliness swept over Tod—a night at the resthouse, the train south. Then he saw a white, uplifted arm, but the face that went with it was covered in the crowd. Captain Lemp, of the Sarampur four, running forward, gripped both his hands.

"We had to look through the posts, Sessions, but what was the tamasha? Nothing short of commissioner or viceroy ——"

Tod's eyes were held to the Englishman as they had been held to the tigress—not daring to look to the side, where Calista was murmuring, "You—you ——"

"I say, Sessions, what was the celebration?"

"I didn't get it very clearly myself. You see, there was a tiger—a couple of tigers ——"

"Oh, I'll find out, you know. Don't trouble now. I'm leaving Miss Burbank with you. I'll hear the story. See me before you go, Sessions, by all means, won't you?"

And Tod was saying devoutly, "How did he know I couldn't talk to you and him too?"

In the pressure of the native throng, sentences far apart from Calista:

"I saw you coming into the city. . . . I knew Koot Hoomi too. . . . I couldn't follow alone into the stockade, but ran for someone and met Captain Lemp and made him come with me."

They were in a sort of flight now—away from the town. They smelled dust. Finally, from Tod:

"I thought—I thought it would be Auckland ——"

They had reached the end of the native huts, but still pressed forward swiftly toward the open dark.

"My aunt—didn't go."

Once he saw her smile and wondered where the light came from—that line around her mouth—a shining of its own. It was like a faint question for him to answer away above horses, machinery, even elephants. They were breathless, but far off, alone.

"Calista"—his hands lifted to her face—"I thought it would be Auckland," he kept saying.

He drew her face close, until her lips touched his throat.

"I knew you would come back."

The way she smiled and spoke her words, the way her hand lifted—things never done right before.

They were walking back at last; still their steps lingered.

"But won't they be missing you? Won't your aunt ——"

"She can wait."

They saw the vined windows of the club, light shining through. Faintly the music reached them.

"Please tell me how you knew I'd come back."

He heard her laugh.

"I saw your luggage at the resthouse."

Trailing out through the vined windows—that waltz, that certain strain. They left the pavement as one being. They were dancing in the deep shadow of the lawn. . . . "Calista." . . . "Auckland."

Her words blent with his: "But how—how do you make them feel toward you like that—even Koot Hoomi? Oh, how do you make everyone feel toward you like that?"

"I don't know—it's only the animals." He hastened to say further, "I've got to let you go now, Calista."

"You are always sending me away—always pushing me out of the room."

He knew an irresistible need to give her something—something incomparably dear, to express something that could never be said.

"Not after tonight. And, Calista, tonight you can keep this."

He pressed the ivory elephant into both her hands.

"Go in now. I've got all I can stand tonight. Keep it until I come in the morning."

Hagerman Peak, in Colorado

DOUBLES the Wear

ELASTIC webbing has an important usefulness in everyday things you wear.

It is the very life of Garters, Suspenders, Athletic Supporters, Women's Corsets, Brassieres, Hose Supporters, Sanitary Belts, and Surgical Goods.

We make the best-wearing elastic that can be made—EVERLASTIK

Woven with *Heavy Rubber* strands and sturdy, new yarns, it resists wear, gives lasting elasticity comfort—satisfaction. Because of this deep, ingrained quality manufacturers use Everlastik to safeguard the service of their products.

The trade-mark Everlastik stamped on the back of the elastic is your assurance of quality performance. Always look for it when buying anything made of elastic.

GREEN REELS

Notice Everlastik is displayed on Green Reels in Department Stores. Watch for this color. It stands for freshness

Send for a free sample of Everlastik so that you may look below the surface and see why it wears longer.

Mail the coupon NOW

EVERLASTIK, INC.

The Largest Manufacturers of Elastic Webbing in the World

1107 Broadway, New York

EVERLASTIK, INC
1107 Broadway, New York City

I would like to see what Everlastik looks like. Please send me a free sample, also your booklet, "How to Make it Snappy"

Name

Address

Look for this PLUMB Display
It is the sign of a good hardware store. It shows the Plumb selection of the bull pein hammer, nail hammer, hatchet, and Scout Axe that you should own

You'll want this PLUMB

when you work with metal

IT'S a Ball Pein Hammer of the one correct design, perfected by mechanics who helped Plumb to shape it right.

It has the "feel," the heft, the hang, that you must have in your machinists' hammer.

The off-center eye gives this hammer driving power, for it puts the weight in the striking face, and that is where it should be.

Your blow falls true when you swing your Plumb, because of its better balance.

You have a cone-shaped pein—to spread rivets, not to mash them.

You will know how helpful a hammer can be, when you try a Plumb on the job.

No blow is too hard, no work too tough, for this husky hammer, strengthened by Plumb armor-plate heat treatment.

And the black head stays tight on the red handle!

Plumb Machinists' Ball Pein Hammers range in size from four ounces to four pounds.

You can get the Plumb at good hardware stores where the mechanics buy.

Prices, 1 lb., $1.00; 1½ lb., $1.15; 2 lb., $1.30.
(Slightly more in Far West and in Canada)

Plumb Take-up Wedge keeps handle tight on every Plumb Hammer, Hatchet or Axe. As wedge is turned its cone shape expands wood against all sides of eye, all the way in

And you will realize "They're Worth More" every time you work with a PLUMB.

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

GREAT BRITAIN MUST DECIDE

(Continued from Page 4)

been President of the United States we should have had a President who during the war had been mobbed by soldiers and workingmen for making speeches which we would have labeled with greatest indignation as being not only pacifist but utterly pro-German. We should have as a President the author of treatises frankly advocating socialism. We should have a President who, although he now derides the idea of Bolshevism taking foothold in England, said in an article written about two years ago, "I have been an unswerving hopeful regarding the Moscow government. . . . We can now take the Moscow Soviet Communist Revolutionary Government under our wing."

If we had made Philip Snowden our Secretary of the Treasury we should have had a Secretary who, if press records are correct, wrote before the Leeds Conference, "This next week-end we shall see Britain painted red"; and, "Russia has called Great Britain into the International Democratic fight. . . . We must follow Russia and enthrone Democracy in this country."

If we had found Arthur Ponsonby, second in command, in our State Department, we should have had an Under Secretary of State who had expressed himself about Bolshevism in this way: "Faulty, crude and ill advised as it may be, there must be behind it an imposing ideal, a spiritual force and a noble incentive which should command our respect and admiration."

We should have had in the second place in the Navy Department a Frank Hodges, and he would have been a speaker who said in 1920, "We have ceased to talk revolution and are prepared to act it"; and again, "We are going to create a first-class economic crisis which will reduce the nation to chaos."

We should have had as Secretary of the Interior an Arthur Henderson, who, having been in a former cabinet—and in wartime—had been driven to resign because without consent of his associates or consultation with them he had played the part of a rogue elephant in socialist conferences to end the war and promise, without authority, the terms of peace.

We should have had in our cabinet a Josiah Wedgwood, who instead of going to India to say the same thing might have said in the Philippines, "Comrades and brothers, it is better to be dead than to be slaves."

We should have had in our cabinet a Wheatley, who in 1923 would have announced that his purpose was "to regain for the people the possession of the entire land." He said in substance at the Independent Labor Party Conference in 1923 that he would not recognize the right of the private owner of land to sit on one side of the table and negotiate with the representatives of the people on the other side as to the terms on which they would transfer the land. The land was the people's without regard to terms; that was the burden of his argument.

The Campbell Case

I wish it understood that these examples of radical thought have been carefully combed out by opponents and that many of the men cited would probably in places of responsibility condemn their own former words. I do not attempt to weigh at this time the personalities cited. I do, however, point out that the average American must realize that class war and socialism and even socialism by violent and direct action have gone miles farther in Great Britain than anything which has come to us.

Let us look again to make a comparison between two countries.

Suppose that an open letter were written and addressed by the old New York Call to the soldiers and sailors in the Army and Navy. Suppose it read like this: "Flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, the Communist Party calls upon you to begin the task of not only organizing passive resistance when war is declared or when an industrial dispute involves you but to definitely and categorically let it be known that neither in the class war nor a military war will you turn your guns on your fellow workers but instead will line up with your fellow workers in an attack upon exploiters and capitalists and will use your arms on the side of your own class . . . turn your weapons on your oppressors."

Suppose then that radical publications rejoicing over the circulation of this propaganda, reported: "Governor's Island, Fort Leavenworth, etc, etc., were plastered from one end to the other with this manifesto. The gates of the coast defense and the air-service stations received particular attention. The poster was put on recruiting stations' billboards"; and that they told the truth.

Suppose then that the man who was the author of this had been arrested because Harlan Stone, our Attorney-General, had given his opinion that this propaganda and this was the stuff which actually was put out in the Campbell case in England—was seditious.

Suppose then that Harlan Stone or any other Attorney-General of the United States, a week after arraignment, had suddenly changed his mind and recommended that no evidence should be offered and that the prisoner should be discharged.

Suppose then that an Administration at Washington gave out that representation had been made that there had been "no intention to seduce men in the Army or Navy from their duty" and that, in answer to this, communists in the United States had officially announced as follows: "We intend to summon as witnesses the President of the United States, the Speaker of the House, the Secretary of the Interior, closely associated with the Second Internationale. All of them have been identified with resolutions opposing the use of any armed forces in industrial disputes."

The Zinovieff Letter

Suppose the so-called reds of the United States had said, "Oh, we have collected a lot of this material from speeches by prominent Labor leaders and trade-unionists, including your Speaker of the House and your Secretary of the Interior."

Suppose the so-called reds had in effect said, "Oh, well, the Government is socialist and we are only carrying on socialism to its logical conclusion, and we boast that we can exert such pressure that prosecutions of those who break laws will be stopped."

Suppose a prominent member of our House of Representatives said in Congress, as Mr. G. Buchanan said in Parliament, "The article largely expresses the views and findings of the Labor Party conferences and expresses the view of some of the men who are at present sitting on the front benches"—members of the Administration.

Suppose all the communists in the United States claimed openly that the prosecution had been withdrawn because they had been able to exert effective pressure on an American socialist government.

Well, then—and only then—would we have experienced in radicalism what Great Britain has just dumped out in her elections!

The case I have just described was the Campbell case. The Labor ministry failed on its submission of its position to a vote on this case, and so it fell, and elections following produced a Conservative victory not only because of the Campbell case but even more on the general suspicion that somehow Russia had its finger reaching out to enter the affairs of Great Britain. The shrewdest British politician I have known says that the election was turned on the national feeling that the British would have no foreign interference such as the Zinovieff letter in its internal affairs. The letter was supposed to have been sent by one "friendly" government to stir up sedition against another government.

I passed through the excitements of the Zinovieff-letter incident during the British elections without giving much importance to it or to the Labor ministers' clamor that it was a forgery or to MacDonald's hesitant position about it. Why bother? As ambassador I had seen exactly such letters, letters circulated in the United States; printed material circulated in Germany; in Italy, where bales of it were seized in Genoa; even in Switzerland, where I was attending an international conference. Whenever a nation recognizes Russia diplomatically it gives diplomatic immunity. Under this diplomatic immunity—in one form or another—a certain amount of class warfare and world revolution propaganda will always come in.

And why not? If Russia is primarily interested in a certain social régime, the

(Continued on Page 133

In the "Round-the-World Flight"

which left California March 17th, 1924, "X" Liquid was procured for each aeroplane and extra cans were shipped to the various stations on the route by order of the Flight Engineer.

"X" Liquid was used by the United States Government to Repair Cracked Steel Water Jacket of U. S. NAVY SEAPLANE N.C. 4 when forced down in Portugal on its trans-Atlantic flight May 16-27, 1919, and carried ready for emergency by the U. S. ARMY AEROPLANE T2 on its Ocean-to-Ocean Non-Stop flight May 3, 1923.

For years "X" Liquid has been used in the Automobiles and Trucks of the United States Government, Standard Oil, General Electric, American Tel. & Tel., etc.

"X" Is a Perfect Liquid

which cannot clog.

It can even be poured through a cloth as "X" contains no meal, glue, powder, cement, shellac or solder and is harmless to metals, rubber and leather.

"X" Liquid Repairs Leaky Radiators While the Car is Running

No need to tie up your car for a long drawn out and expensive soldering job. When you find your Radiator leaking—a Cylinder or Water Jacket cracked, stop at any garage, accessory or hardware store and insist upon "X" Liquid. Pour it right into the water of your Radiator and continue on with your trip. In ten minutes the leak or crack will be permanently repaired.

Many car distributors pour "X" into the radiator of every NEW car they deliver. It seals the leaks that often happen even in NEW cars and assists in keeping the customer satisfied with his make of car. That's why wise car owners keep "X" in their radiators at all times. It prevents leaks and keeps the radiators forever new by preventing rust and scale formation.

"Over Three Million Cans Sold Every Year"

For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc., **Use 75c Size**

For Larger Cars **Use $1.25 Size**

"X" IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED ON A MONEY-BACK BASIS

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

"X" LABORATORIES - 25 West 45th St. - New York

Factories: BOSTON AND MONTREAL

"X" LIQUID

REPAIRS LEAKS IN AUTO RADIATORS, CRACKED CYLINDERS WATER JACKETS AND STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING SYSTEMS

Helpful things to know —*when you select a rug*

Sanford's Beauvais Rugs come in matching designs from 12 ft. x 15 ft. down to scatter rugs and hall runners (the 9 ft. x 12 ft. size being the most popular). Every one is seamless. All have the name Beauvais stamped on the back. Look for it.

The difference between a poor rug and a good rug is the difference between five years of shabby wear and long years of good wear

DO you know how to tell these things when you see a rug in a store? Look in the first place at the pile of the rug. Notice whether the tufts are close together—if they are, it's a well woven rug. Look at the depth of the pile—that's another indication of goodness; the stuff's there. Ask if it's pure wool; it should be if your rug's going to stand up. Take up the matter of the back next. Turn the rug over; see whether its back is closely woven. Try how solidly the rug lies on the floor. Ask the salesman about his opinion of the rug. Ask how many of the rugs he sells. Ask him whether the purchasers are satisfied.

Study it carefully

Subject the Sanford Beauvais Rug to any of these tests. Not one will it fail on. Beautiful it is—but words cannot convey an impression of its beauty. The pile is pure wool, and nothing but wool. It is soft and luxurious to the tread when your foot sinks into it. It is closely, honestly woven, and its wear will prove it. It lies flat and firm on the floor without a shadow of a tendency to wrinkle—and you can prove that in the store itself if you try to shuffle it with your foot. It is *seamless;* and that means an absolutely even surface without a weak spot.

Sanford's Beauvais Rug provides the greatest selection of patterns of any single rug. Its colorings are truly beautiful because its pure wool takes its pure dyes so well. As for its wear, it has frequently worn twenty years and longer. It is considered by many experienced rug purchasers to be the greatest rug value on the market. Salesmen will frequently assure you of this also. Consider its seamlessness with all its other qualities. Seams mean weak spots where wear shows up. Consider its thirty years' record of satisfaction. Then ask the price. Its reasonableness will surprise you.

Valuable Booklet FREE
Illustrated in colors

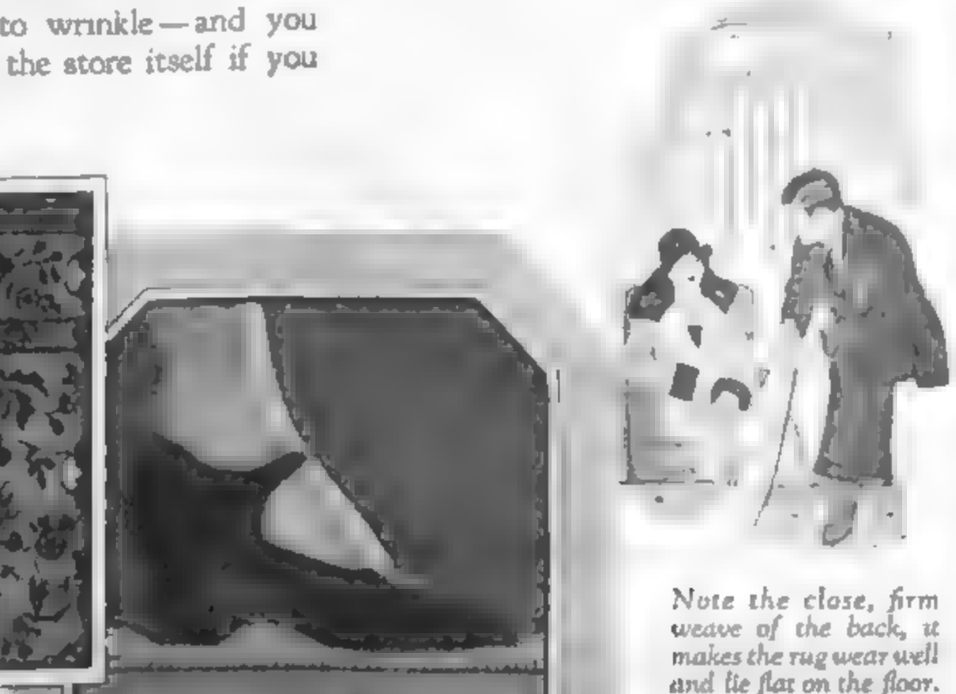
"How to Choose Rugs That Beautify Your Home." A booklet filled from cover to cover with suggestions, how to choose rugs in harmony with your home, how to get the longest wear from rugs, how to determine quality when buying—all helpful information.

It is richly illustrated in full colors, and gives you color-harmony suggestions for various rooms. We will mail you a copy free, upon request. Stephen Sanford & Sons, Inc., 295 Fifth Ave., Dept. I, New York City. *Mills at Amsterdam, N. Y.*

Made since 1838

Stephen Sanford & Sons, Inc., have made rugs and carpets since 1838. They started with the highest possible standards of rug making—they have never lowered them—and that is the reason dealers today have so much confidence in these rugs. Most rug dealers and furniture houses carry Sanford's Beauvais (pronounced Bo-vay) Rugs. If, however, you cannot procure them, write us and we will send you the name of the nearest merchant who carries them.

This is Beauvais Rug No. 3093, one of the 55 beautiful patterns in which you can get this widely sold rug. At the right you can see how the foot sinks into the deep, rich pile The rug shown in the room is Beauvais No. 3997.



Note the close, firm weave of the back, it makes the rug wear well and lie flat on the floor.

SANFORD'S *Beauvais Rugs*

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

(Continued from Page 130)

United States is primarily interested in the open-door policy. After all, both policies affect the domestic affairs of foreign countries. There is no use in being hypocrites about it. In any case, the countries which recognize Russia have only themselves to blame if the Russian influence is spread about. Why not? British influence is spread about. French influence is spread about. And in refusal to recognize Russia there may be only the simple justification that while we like the British face or the French face we do not like the present Russian governmental face. That is one of the inherent rights of international relationships. If that right is not admitted everywhere it ought to be, as I once told Krassin in a most friendly discussion of the rights and duties of one state to recognize another. If the British have had a different thought about it and find Russian influence flowing into Britain and into British laboring classes, they may protest against direct interference in their internal affairs such as the Zinovieff letter appeared to be, but they cannot very well be surprised at the inevitable result. After all, recognition of Russia, which the European nations are undertaking to gain head starts in the exploitation of Russia, carries with it so much suggestion of approval of the present Russian Government that nations giving this recognition cannot attempt, having smiled for favor, to frown for safety. If one invites a burglar to dinner it is difficult to object if the burglar teaches the children a little elementary knowledge of porch climbing.

For several days I have listened to representatives of the Labor Party denying that the Labor Party is in any sense "Bolshic." These men were tinted in various shades—and it must be remembered that the Labor Party has enlisted adherents even from the best families. Stanley Baldwin, the new Conservative Premier, has a son who is signed on with Labor and has just run for Parliament against an opponent to whom Baldwin sent a message of cheer. Lord Curzon has a son-in-law in the Labor Party. Noel Buxton, the Labor Minister of Agriculture, is a graduate of Cambridge, son of a landowner. Charles Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education, is heir to a baronetcy. Sidney Webb, the Fabian, is an old scholar, and creator, with his wife, of vast treatises on socialism. It would be absurd to say that the Labor Party as a whole is at present revolutionary. Even some of the Conservative ministers and members of Parliament who have just taken the helm after a bitter election period when the United States stayed conservative in fortunate comfort while Great Britain went conservative in a tower of wrath, will tell you that real communism has small numbers in England—as yet.

The Saving Sense of Humor

If I have picked out and set forth shocking utterances of certain members of the fallen Labor government, made in moments of inciting followers or preaching a pacificism during wartime whose danger was not lessened by sincerity of sentiment, I have only done so to compare the inroads of redism in America with those in Britain. Most of the Labor Party men I have mentioned talking in the chimney corner consciously endeavor to impress one by their moderation, their caution, and their anxiety to follow evolutionary courses rather than revolutionary courses.

They will point out that when the Communist Party applied for affiliation this year the conference of the Labor Party by card vote refused to receive the Communists, three million negatives to less than two hundred thousand in favor. They will point out that only one member of Parliament has the Communist label. They may or may not tell you that their party, however, nearly voted to allow Communists to enter their ranks as individuals. They will point out that the record of the first trial of a Labor government is not very red. And there is no gainsaying that moderate tone is used by these leaders in private conversation.

There is no denial that these men speak with intelligence and a sense of responsibility. When they remove their hats no horns are evident.

Furthermore the rank and file of the Labor Party today, so far as I can judge, rubbing elbows with it, contains, at the moment, very little communist inclination. There is in the older trade-union organization a rather stiff backbone of conservatism, based on a sense of humor and a sense of proportion and a deep undercurrent of common sense unlike anything I have ever seen in the same groups in Latin, German or Russian territory.

Discussing the elections in Hyde Park a violent soap-box orator was addressing workingmen about the destruction of the capitalistic system, the wage-slave system as he called it. Over and over he repeated the phrase, "An' there you labor with your eye on the clock."

One would have said that he was making a deep impression until a voice from the crowd said, "Beggin' yer pardon, guv'nor, I suppose you're tryin' to tell us to take an eye off the clock and put it on the boss' safe."

There was a whole-hearted shout of laughter and the crowd strolled toward another group around another speaker in the manner of men and women seeking entertainment by passing from cage to cage of a menagerie.

Drawing-Room Theorists

It is true that the Labor Party is made up of a variety of elements. The bulk of it is accounted for by real facts of life in Great Britain—real poverty, real hardship, real unemployment and real class distinctions. The bulk of it is not interested so much at the moment in revolution—or evolution; it is interested in relief. Lloyd George was asking me the other day whether I could not distinguish between conditions in a country where laborers go to their jobs in motor cars and the roofs of tenements are covered with radio aërials, and those in a country where the slums of Sheffield and Glasgow are not widely misrepresentative of general conditions of poverty and general inadequacy of housing. I told him that I could distinguish, that I attributed the greater strength of radicalism in Britain to the realities of the requirements for relief. But such herd instincts, whipped up by suffering, almost always result in driving the sufferers toward that leadership and that cause or movement which promises not the surest and most dependable relief but the most immediate and most radical measure. The average British worker is no propagandist. On the whole, he distrusts programs and theories. At present those who constitute the millions behind the Labor Party are not devotees of a political philosophy or of programs or schemes; they are merely clamoring for betterment in the best way they know how.

Those leaders of the Labor Party—actual workmen leaders or drawing-room theorists, or capitalist and landowners' sons who have been filled with zeal to correct injustice—are mistaken if they believe the bulk of their followers are also political theorists; the fact is that the bulk of their followers are with them not because of the remedies proposed but because of the complaint itself.

But what if all that is so? The facts remain, even after this election, that the movement expressed by the Labor Party is still living and perhaps stronger than ever; that it is essentially a movement of socialism; that it is essentially a movement of class conflict; that, at a time when a long view would indicate that Great Britain and the empire will only prosper both at the top and bottom, through unity, the Labor Party is the trustee of the doctrine of division, dissension and of change without guaranties to anyone, rich or poor, that good result will follow.

As I see it, the Conservative triumph was accomplished by a moment of Bolshevist phobia which drew all the old maids and retired gentlemen out to the polls, which required in substance a tacit if not open agreement of Conservatives and Liberals to arrange their candidacies and their voting so as to whip Labor at any cost, which required a good deal of hysterical fire alarm in the press.

The world can herald that result as a great conservative reaction and an indication of return to safety and sanity and whatever else you call it. I do not.

When I talked with MacDonald I was tempted to ask him whether he might consider that the defeat of the Labor government had immensely strengthened the strategic position of the Labor Party.

First of all, while the Conservatives gained an overwhelming majority of parliamentary seats Labor gained nearly a million and a quarter new votes; compared with the last election and considering the differences as to uncontested seats the gain was something like 25 per cent.

As one Conservative writer on political subjects has pointed out, the combined Conservative and Liberal vote for all practical purposes can be called the anti-socialist vote, and amounted to about eleven million after the battle line had been drawn. Labor polled five and a half million. That means that a third of the voters in Great Britain—in spite of the proposed Russian loan, two-thirds to be spent in England, which Lloyd George describes as "loaning a bankrupt thru'pence so he can use two to buy from you two penny buns and can spend the other on his tram fare home"; in spite of the Campbell case; in spite of the Zinovieff letter; in spite of a general impression that the MacDonald Labor government was suffering from pressure of extremists—went to the polls and voted what amounts to a Socialist ticket.

It means that Britain is facing the fact that it has on hand an organized minority which with a cause good or bad, wise or unwise, is the pleader and champion of a class which, whatever it may argue, is lined up for one group against another, which denies that it is communist but does not hesitate to advocate nationalization of production, distribution and exchange, which allows its orators to rejoice that with a middle party wiped out there are now only two camps and one battle.

Great Britain now sees that "His Majesty's Opposition" in Parliament, as they call now the Labor Party, is no longer a political party as Parliament has known political parties. No longer is the real battle over what the government shall do; the challenge concerns what the government shall be.

It is useless for my friends in the Labor Party to explain to me that they are not representatives of an organized minority engaged in some kind of class conflict. The name tells the truth about that! It is not a Liberal Party, a British Party, a National Party, a Reform Party, a Unity Party. It is the Labor Party, and that name is less descriptive of a political party than it is of an organized minority cutting as it has cut the nation into two antagonistic camps.

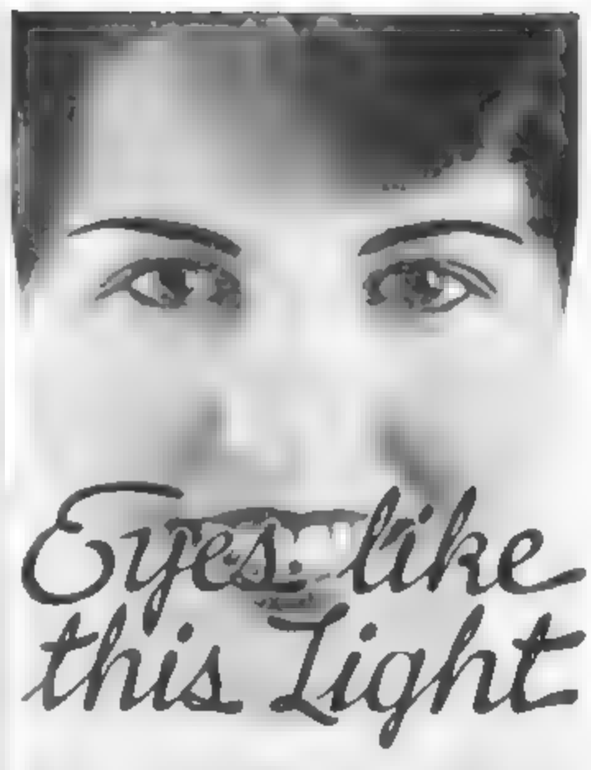
Asquith and Lloyd George

The election means something else. It means that the Liberal Party—the party proposing to be a buffer between two extremes—has been wiped out. The Labor Party chortles about this. The Die-Hards chortle. But it is none the less a great tragedy

Possibly this tragedy is due to the Liberal Party leadership itself. Between Asquith and Lloyd George, men of quite different types in principles and personalities, the Liberal Party's power and place slipped away. It would be difficult to look about the world and find a man more able to lead on principle than Asquith, now seventy-two; it would be difficult to find in the world a man more able to lead through an emergency of war—or of subtlety—than Lloyd George. From the former there flows a stream of cultivated poise and generous wisdom; from the latter an eternal source of subtlety and understanding of human nature which in some years of acquaintance I have never known to be bitter or directed intentionally against the general welfare of mankind. But the leadership of the Liberals under Lloyd George grew to have the odors which the British disliked. Whatever the facts may be, the man—and Lloyd George is one of the big men of the world—who had carried England through the dark stresses of the war, impressed his own people finally as too subtle, too prone to quarrel with Poincaré, too ready to set up alliance with the rich and dictatorial influences of the press, too ready to gain political power in exchange for giving away titles and decorations, too hard pressed to last.

And so today the Liberal Party—the middle-course party, perhaps tainted a little from both extremes, in emergency trying to straddle between conservatism and radicalism without hewing to its own line, opportunist under one leadership, feeble under another—is almost rubbed out. And this is a tragedy because it accentuates the thing which Wheatley chooses to call "the two armed camps and the one battle."

What were the election returns which Labor meetings cheered? Not so much the



Eyes like this Light

MACHINE operation is trying to the eyes, especially with glaring or misplaced lights. When eyes tire, the brain and muscles also slow down, reducing efficiency.

Daylight is the best working light because Nature made it right for eyes. That is why every Emeralite has a special device that changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite.

Emeralites please operators, increase output and promote accuracy. Under their restful glow eyes work contentedly throughout the day.

Model illustrated will fit any desk and is a profitable investment for the office. It saves typists' eyes and employers' dollars.

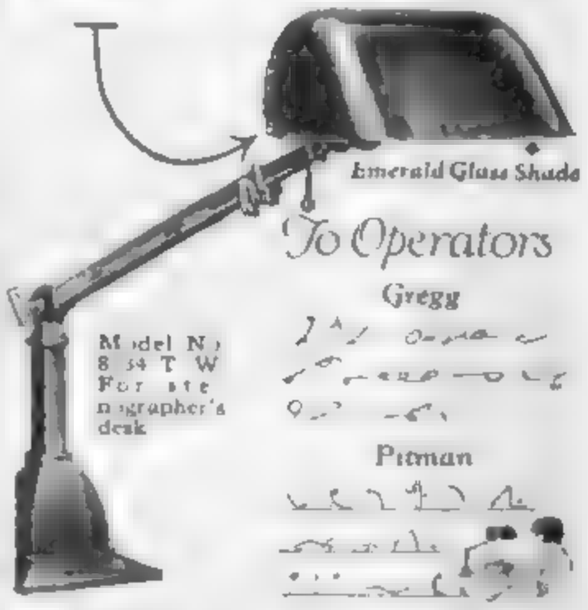
Give your business this inexpensive eye-insurance—promote comfort and efficiency—reduce upkeep by standardizing on these good looking sight-savers—Emeralite your office—protect the eyes that serve you.

Ideal for reading, writing or sewing at home.

Genuine Emeralites are branded and are the only lamps having the Daylite Attachment. Look for trade mark. It is your guarantee of satisfaction. Buy them by name.

Sold by office supply and electrical dealers. Booklet illustrating over 50 patterns in color sent upon receipt of coupon with dealer's name.

This Emeralite Attachment changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite. No glare—better visibility. *Use 50 watt Type B Mazda Lamp.*



Emerald Glass Shade

To Operators

Gregg

Pitman

Model No. 8 54 T W For stenographer's desk

EMERALITE

KIND TO THE EYES

COUPON

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 37 Warren St., N.Y.
Makers of Lighting Devices for 30 Years

Send free Emeralite Booklet. (P-7)

Name

Address City

Dealer's Name

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

"It's a joy to live with Good Hardware"

ESPECIALLY in one's kitchen—where cupboard and cabinet doors are forever on the swing and drawers and closets are opened forty times a day.

You want Good Hardware—Corbin there. Dutiful hinges to swing cabinet and pantry doors with alertness. Cupboard catches and turns that serve without argument. Drawer pulls that cheerfully respond to hurried hands. Good Hardware is indeed a joy to live with.

Did you ever notice how many good buildings are equipped with Good Hardware—Corbin? Thousands upon thousands. Corbin designs and makes hardware to answer the specific requirements of every type of good building—houses, office and public buildings, schools, churches, factories, stores. Their owners rely on Corbin.

Let us send you the interesting story "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware"

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

defeat of Conservatives as the defeat of Liberals. When it was announced that a truly great statesman—Asquith—had been defeated by his constituency they went mad. Why? Because it helped to define the cleavage! Because it tended to divide Britain into two camps and define one battle.

Privately the retiring Labor ministers have failed to conceal their joy that this is so Speaking to their own groups they have gone into ecstasies because of the elimination of everything—the Liberal Party—which prevents the battle between the forces of the system as it is and the system as they conceive it ought to be being clearly drawn. It is not an accurate but a rough comparison to say that if the Democratic Party had been almost completely wiped out in our last election the La Follette group might have rejoiced. In Britain the cleavage is much more distinct—it is socialist bent versus anti-socialist bent.

And now the American who desires to look forward to the future leadership, control and indeed the destiny of Great Britain may weigh the present situation. Even the Conservatives, with a temporary triumph behind them and a probable three or four years of power before them, are in a perplexity.

What are the facts they face? They face these facts: The empire, as an empire, has never had so many problems. The doctrine of self-determination has inflamed peoples incapable perhaps of self-government to demand autonomy. The best of skilled and trained civil servants killed off in the war has left a personnel less skilled and less efficient in colonial administration. India is restive. Egypt has squirmed away. The Mohammedan world is not so supine or so friendly. The East challenges the morals and the guidance of the Occident on general principles. The same Indians, Chinese, Egyptians, Arabs, South Africans who even now in practice would give their all to have the guidance, protection, administration of the British and other Occidental powers, on theory will repudiate so far as possible the idea that they need guidance or will tolerate control or patronage. Bolshevist propaganda is loosened on China, India and the Near East. Imperial administration and imperial experiment have become no longer sources of riches and assets; they have gone toward higher taxes and accounting losses. The Irish unsettlement will not end. The Dominions, still loyal, nevertheless require new consultation and new representation.

British Pluck

England used to be a tight little island, protected by a fleet from invasion. When Balfour was First Lord of the Admiralty during the war, I remember the joy which came into his face when an American said to him, "The British fleet is the haunches of Britain. They cannot throw you farther back than onto your haunches." But now the advance in developments of submarines, airplanes, airships and bombing power has created new conditions. Even before the war was at an end, it was an open secret that plans were formulated to remove a large part of the London population to the north in case German occupation of Channel ports cut off the necessary food supply of the British metropolis. The tight little island is tight no more.

In diplomacy aimed at control or balance of one force against another on the European Continent no statesman in Europe will deny that Great Britain since the war has lost ground. The armed corridor between Russia and Germany, the Little Entente, the decision as to preëminence in the Mediterranean, economic participation in Germany's recovery, authority to prevent dangerous crises in European selfishness—have not been in the hands which would have dealt with them a quarter of a century ago. International conferences inspired by the British have presented a marked record of failure. Attempts to engage the United States in joint endeavors, which some interpret as being for high ends and others as international cat's-paw operations, have not produced a great deal of comfort.

Above all, this tight little island without much whining and with a tremendous sacrifice inspiring in its sportsmanship and courage, even to Britain's enemies and critics, was left by the war in much more difficulty than British silence or the world's careless observation would disclose.

First of all, there is about double the number of living souls in that tight little island that the island will support. It might support twenty million, and there are about twice that number. There is a huge debt. It is so large that in the presence of a Spartan policy taxation is tremendous, not only that which sometimes takes nearly 75 per cent of the income of the very rich but that which reaches down to incomes so small that in the United States the citizen would not dream of making a return.

In such conditions the economic necessity is the necessity of being the workshop of Europe, of being the trader, the middleman and banker, not because of any new condition primarily but because this is the destiny of Britain marked out before the war and made doubly pointed by the pinch of postwar conditions. As one writer has well said, it is not the necessity for redistribution of wealth which molds Britain's future, it is the necessity for her increase in wealth.

If this is true the most dangerous business to the future of Great Britain is an attempt to put new works into an old case—dangerous not only for capital but even more dangerous for labor. The short way to increase employment is to wind the old watch; the short way to throw everyone out of a job is to thrust a heavy finger of theory into the spokes of the balance wheel. It is true that of all countries in the world—as the Moscow crowd which control the junction points of Russia at the expense of the will of the majority know full well—Great Britain is the delicate machinery most easily upset. Great Britain is the lean, nicely balanced canoe, in contrast to the flat-bottomed boats of some Continental self-contained countries, most disastrously overturned.

Britain's Need of Solidarity

I have observed conditions in Great Britain ever since the war ended. I have written about the jar which the war brought to the delicately poised machinery of Great Britain's greatness. Six years after the Armistice she still has, out of a total population of more than forty million men, women and children, a frightful figure of unemployed. Nearly a million and a quarter of normal wage earners are still out of jobs. The housing shortage is a tremendous pain in her national life. And in relief, insurance, education, pensions, it is now no longer a shock to the tight little island to spend at the rate of more than five million dollars a day and yet see no sunrise of real relief. The sting of war is still festering there.

A levy on capital is so certain to kill the hen which lays the golden eggs that the Labor Party practically was silent about it during this election. In the bottom of their hearts leaders of the Labor movement of the stamp and size of MacDonald and Thomas and Clynes know now by intimate experience in a responsible ministry things which they scarcely dare to tell their following.

What is the first thing they know? That the British working classes are to be relieved less by division than by addition, less by distribution of what is available than by the general prosperity of Britain, which will make more available for all—less by policies which divide the British into two camps than by policies which, although liberal, none the less unify in setting the old British watch to ticking once more sixty seconds to the minute. Shilling for shilling, happy day for happy day, reality presents to the British workingman the truth that national solidarity is a much more direct escape from the pain of Great Britain than all the doctrines of divided houses in the world, whether these doctrines are the socialist evolution of George Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb or the direct-action propaganda of the Russians and the extremists. As in the war, the key to winning in a grueling contest is not dissension within, but a program of carrying on with a solid front—national unity, not in the sense of narrow foreign policy but in the sense of united domestic policy which made winning in wartime possible. It will make winning in peacetime possible. It will gain great advantages to industrials and bankers. What of it? Putting aside mere blithering sentiment, it will also bring to British Labor something to share in and something to fight for if a fight is necessary.

(Continued on Page 137)

WEALTH

"Wealth depends not alone upon what we create –but upon what we create and *preserve*"

"Save the surface and you save all" – *Paint & Varnish*

REG U S PAT OFF

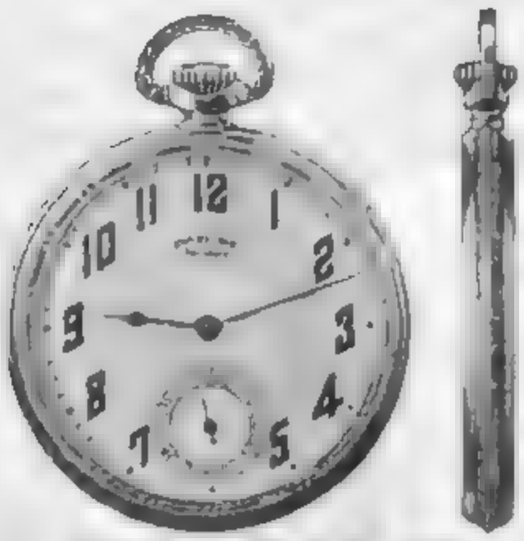
© 600, Save the Surface Campaign, 1925

MAN takes his materials from nature; out of them he creates his wealth. But nature *lends* more often than she gives. Rust and rot, wear and tear, are her agents in taking back what she lends. Man has to *keep* as well as to get. Paint and varnish are his trusted agents in preserving an enormous total of created wealth. Their systematic use saves him billions of dollars annually. Is there any adage more packed with common sense than this —"Save the surface and you save all"?

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

Ask your dealer or painter for a copy of Save the Surface Magazine



No grounds for an argument!

Dad "has the goods on them." There are times when the Keystone Standard is *provokingly* accurate.

But generally its accuracy is considered one of its chief assets. The Keystone Standard is a fine, man's watch, a thin, beautifully designed time piece, cased in the celebrated **Jas. Boss** Gold Filled Case in white or green.

Never before has it been possible to buy a fine Standard watch of this character at such an extremely moderate price.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company [illegible] does not have it, write us direct and give us his name [illegible]

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., *Established 1853* New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

$25

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

(Continued from Page 134)

To fight otherwise, as British Labor and all British sufferers from old class distinctions and snobbish patronage of the ruling and "conscientious" classes who regard their fellows as "my dear man" will realize, may win a victory, but it will win a victory for which the prize is a meatless bone.

The destiny of Great Britain is in the hands of the Conservative Party. Temporarily Liberalism is out of business. It became too straddling, and not straddling to be fair but straddling to seek favor. It fell at its top into the hands of the profiteer, the middleman, the international banker, the seeker of titles and decorations and the intrigues of the press. It still has three-million-odd voters, but its leadership is shopworn. Labor is chortling over its decease.

And therefore, with the buffer of a principled progressive party gone, Great Britain faces in the next few years a decision which every political precedent indicates will be a decision between the claims of extremists.

As Wheatley the Laborite would say—as MacDonald said indirectly it is at the moment two camps and one battle. I cannot find much comfort for the British in that situation, created as it was by a tidal wave of Conservative victory.

Liberalism—a sane policy of British unity which also is fully cognizant of the necessity to meet a changed condition and to take care of emergency of suffering and of class inequality, which is still really a war emergency—may fall into one of three hands.

It may fall into the hands of the Labor Party. MacDonald and Thomas and the others who have almost arrived at readiness to support national unity at the expense of any doctrine of class dissension may capture British liberalism. They may do so on the theory that the test of any government machinery is not the color or sheen of the varnish or the make, but must be decided on the answer as to whether the car can be cranked up and made to run.

Mr. Baldwin's Opportunity

Liberalism may be the adopted child of the Baldwin government. But it will not be much of a comfort to the old age of conservatism unless it proceeds from something more than mere patronage. True liberalism will not accept as its foster father a group of men who are still being advertised principally as graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, as prayerful Christian gentlemen who have neglected their social place and dedicated their lives and their silk hats, aquiline noses, cold baths, titles, intellectual superiority, high and noble brows and ability to consecrate, to the poor and unfortunate and ignorant. That style of British leadership has gone. That leadership has deteriorated in quality just as its old following has improved in intelligence. I have every reason to believe that Baldwin, who is a realist of simple integrity with capacity for greatness, and Austen Chamberlain, the new Foreign Secretary, and Winston Churchill, a former Liberal, realize this. With skill these men of the new Conservative government may overcome the hideous advantages of all overwhelming majorities and may, in spite of their own lunatic fringe—their present gurgling Die-Hard extremists—become the trustees of Britain's liberalism for national unity and world tolerance.

All the signs are against unity and liberalism falling into the hands of Labor, "His Majesty's Opposition," or into the hands of the Conservatives.

And the prospects for resurrection of the old Liberal Party leadership are slim. I have seen both Asquith and Lloyd George. One of them is one of the finest statesmen in heart and head in the world. But Asquith is seventy-two and has just lost his seat. The other is the most dexterous and on the whole the most winning and youthful and achieving figure in world affairs I know. But Lloyd George has seen too many storms, the winds of time have blown him off too many courses. He has been forced into too many compromises

Leadership and Unity

And yet, with a Liberal Party almost wiped out, with a Conservative majority feeling a tremendous sense of responsibility like a personality which has been given its last chance, and a Labor Party probably more than willing to win over liberalism with pretended sacrifice of all direct action, all subversive doctrines, all extreme socialist measures, I cannot see much before the British except—as Wheatley says and as most militant Laborites say—two camps and one battle.

Great Britain must decide.

A powerful and, I regret to say, a partly hysterical victory of Conservatives has stemmed the tide of a costly and partly hysterical clamor for a divided household—a clamor for the very thing Great Britain can least afford.

But Great Britain within five years certainly must decide.

The only escapes from that decision are probably those which in the time to come will be open to all of us who believe that national unity is a greater cause than any organized minority, that a machinery of government which will crank up and run is more important than all the theories and causes in the world which no matter how much we love them and pet them will not work.

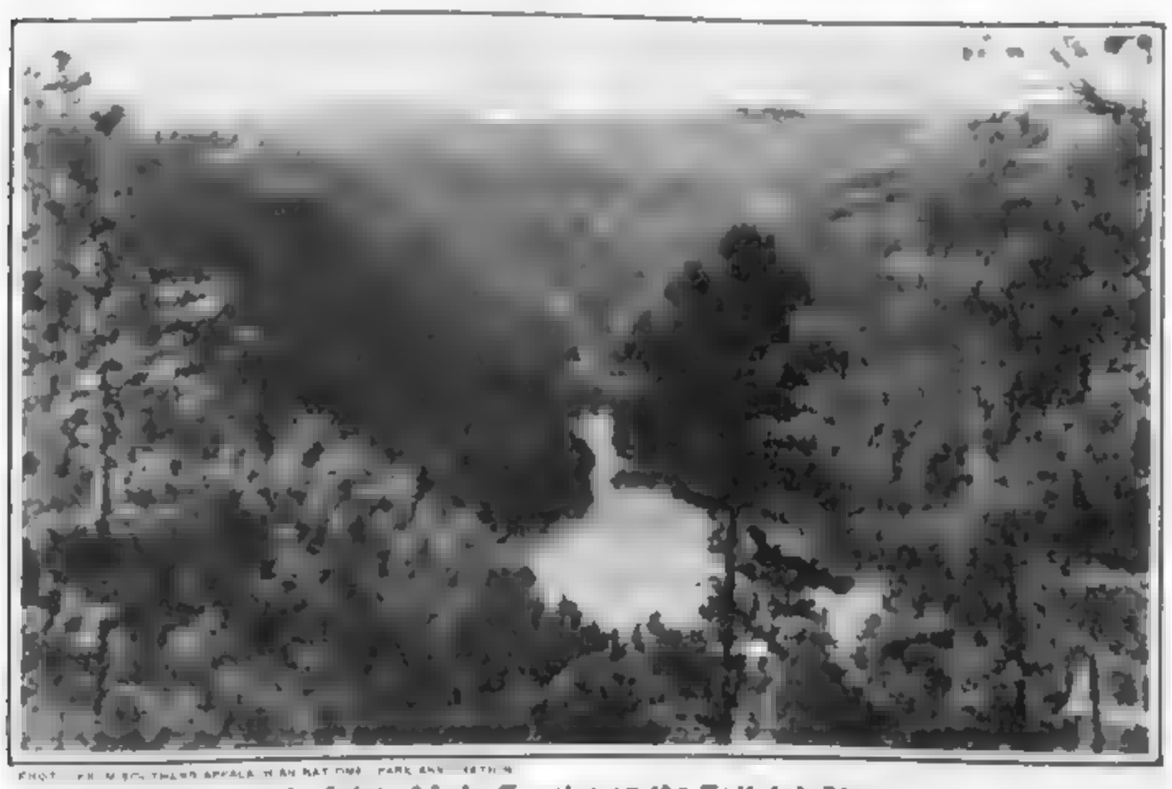
The first escape is a conservative leadership big enough to be liberal. This is just within the reach of Great Britain today—perhaps within our own reach too.

The second is a new strong leadership of a new liberalism founded upon national unity. This leadership is the greatest call to youth which politics in this day can give.

I hope for it because I, for one, knowing all I have been able to learn of Europe and my own country, never wish to decide between Moscow and old-guardism.

That bald choice is so unnecessary! It is so easily averted by the kind of leadership which even conservatives may be trained for. It is so unnecessary if the Coolidges and Baldwins of this world having integrity have also the will and courage and the freedom to turn their backs on the apostles of conservative hysteria, conservative fears, conservative selfishness, conservative intrigue. There are better things for conservatism than these. Otherwise ——

Great Britain must decide.



An Inlet of Lake Tugaloo on the Tallulah River

Use Drāno in lazy drains

—watch them wake up

Here's a drain cleaner that will open up that clogged drain in a hurry—go right to the seat of the trouble—clean out the drain and keep it clean.

Just pour in Drāno—add water according to directions on the can. See how it bubbles and boils—scouring like a scrub-brush as it dissolves the grease, hair, lint, animal and vegetable matter that accumulate in the drain and make it sulk. Then flush out with water—and the drain flows free—the obstruction is gone.

Drāno purifies and sterilizes, too—keeps drains sanitary and free from refuse. It's patented—you've never seen anything like it before.

Keep a can of Drāno *handy*

Thousands of housewives are using Drāno regularly—in kitchen sink, lavatory, bath tub and laundry tubs—keeping the drains active and the pipes clean.

And remember—Drāno *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full sized can. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, O.

Drains Frozen? Drāno will thaw them!

Pour a little Drāno down frozen drains. Drāno's heating, bubbling, boiling action will quickly thaw them out. Try it.

Drāno

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Cleans and Opens Drains

Hotels, restaurants, apartment houses, barber shops and beauty shops also use Drāno regularly to avoid the nuisance and expense of stopped-up drains.

25¢

Room to Grow and Prosper!

ISN'T that what you want? An opportunity to invest your industry and capital where there is room to grow and prosper?

It is here for you in El Paso, not alone better possibilities for business, farming or professional work, but greater enjoyment from living where there are sunshine, blue skies and year 'round, healthful, outdoor life.

Come This Winter

Why not plan to come this winter and see what the West really offers? Here is a city that has doubled its population every ten years for the last forty. It is the Gateway to Old Mexico and commercial center for an area as large as United States east of the Mississippi.

Thousands of acres of rich, irrigated, river-silt lands in the Rio Grande Valley grow money-making crops of cotton, alfalfa, fruit and garden truck.

Visit Old Mexico

From El Paso six cents car fare will take you to interesting Old Mexico No passports required. All railroads grant ten-day stop-overs

Take the first step now. Send the coupon for *"El Paso and the New Southwest"* and get an accurate, impartial story of the Southwest—where there is room to grow and prosper

El Paso Chamber of Commerce Club

★ **TEXAS**

GATEWAY CLUB 35
300 Chamber of Commerce Building
El Paso, Texas

Please send me the free booklet, *"El Paso and the New Southwest."*

Name _____

Address _____

$3 Brings you a Genuine UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL Your $1.00 unconditionally returned if at end of 10 days you are not satisfied with this late model UNDERWOOD typewriter rebuilt by the famous Sh poman Ward process.

GREAT PRICE SAVING Direct to you from the largest typewriter factory of its kind in the world by our money saving methods.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS So small that you will not notice it while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine.

FREE BOOK OF FACTS Explaining Shipman Ward's wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters and also valuable information about the typewriter industry both instructive and entertaining

Act Today! Mail Coupon

5 Year Guarantee

ShipmanWard Mfg. Company
2751 Shipman Building
Address, Chicago

Please send me a copy of your free book of facts explaining bargain offer

Name
Street No.
City State

Dr. SIMM'S Arch and Ankle Supporter
IMMEDIATE RELIEF from FOOT TORTURES

EVERY pair guaranteed to give ACTUAL CAUSE relief in every case of foot trouble, or exchange without a trace of pain. A pair of NEW FEET. Dr. Simm's Arch and Ankle Supporter must be worn in shoes that fit the foot properly. Sold and Guaranteed by AT YOUR DEALERS or sent postpaid $4.50 each $2.25 a pair SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded. State shoe size. FREE booklet on request

CHARLES QUENZER, Inc. *Est. 66 Years*
Suite 201 Quenzer Bldg. 79 Reade St., N. Y. C.

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 30)

little Scotchman, MacNeil. He was highly efficient. If they arrived at some point where a commodious dahabeah should have been waiting, as promised by the tourist office in Cairo, and there was no sign of said craft in sight, before the chronic kicker of the party could express his pained surprise that the tourist office had flunked again, MacNeil just went ahead and got a dahabeah somehow, somewhere. He chartered it or bought it or built one, and the party got off as per schedule, and MacNeil did not talk about it. He never fumed or fussed or fretted. He listened patiently to all sorts of complaints about the food and the fleas and the heat and the sand and the smells and the bazaars' graft and the fakers, and he never said it wasn't in his list of duties. Nobody ever peeved him and nothing ever flustered him. He was always polite, cheerful and close-mouthed. When he spoke, it was always in a pleasant tone of voice.

One day Beverly Tucker, the American taffy king, who began business with thirty-two dollars of his own and what little more he could borrow from optimistic friends and lived to advertise himself into a fortune of millions, found himself alone on the dahabeah with the tourist-office man, who had just untangled another difficulty.

"I say, Mac," asked Beverly Tucker amicably, "how much are you making on this job?"

"D'ye mean my wages?"

"Yes."

"Five hundred pounds a year," announced MacNeil. It was plainly to be seen that the little Scotchman thought it no end of a good berth.

Tucker's Sure-Thing Bet

"How would you like a job with me at $10,000 a year?" asked Tucker blandly.

Now MacNeil was young and, being Scotch, was ambitious and did not look with disfavor on siller. But certain forms of jocularity might indicate certain forms of dementia or they might spring from an overdeveloped or Americanized sense of humor.

Playing safe, MacNeil watched Tucker's face intently and asked innocently: "What was that, Mr. Tucker?"

"I asked you how you would like to work for me for $10,000 a year?"

MacNeil showed that he was Scotch by cautiously answering Tucker's question with one of his own: "Doing what?"

"I don't know," answered Tucker.

"Then I'll have to think it over, Mr. Tucker."

"Very well," said Tucker. "Tell me tomorrow."

The next day MacNeil sought the American taffy king

"I say, Mr. Tucker?"

"Yes, Mac."

"I'll go with you."

Tucker looked at him unsmilingly. At length he said: "I still don't know what you'll have to do."

"That's all right, Mr. Tucker," said MacNeil, already talking American.

"Mac," asked Tucker curiously, "what, exactly, is the difference in my offer between yesterday and today?"

"I thought about it last night."

"And what did you think that made you accept today?"

"I thought that I would be making $10,000 a year," answered Mac.

"And that was enough?"

"Oh, no."

"What else was there?"

"That I'd be working for you."

"You're on!" laughed Tucker.

Well, Tucker brought MacNeil back to America with him. He told a Chicago friend, a banker, what he had done.

"You don't know he'll be worth that to you," remarked the banker.

"Certainly I know it."

"No, you don't. You're taking a chance that he will be."

"So are you taking a chance when you cross the street on a rainy day," said Tucker, "only my risk is smaller. I've seen this chap in action; watched him for weeks. He always managed to do well and on schedule time whatever he had been hired to do; and he never made a fuss about it. His patience was colossal and his cheerfulness extraordinary. He had a head and he used it—and he was always on time. No friction. No breakdown. What in blazes do you want me to do, wait until he is president of your bank before I hire him as office boy? I bet on a sure thing when I bet that I could get $10,000 worth of him a year."

"You saw him on his own job. You don't even know what job you'll find for him here."

"The job is easier to find than the man. I've been selling taffy to the American people for twenty-five years. Now, Bill, you just watch me get my $10,000 worth out of little MacNeil," said Tucker.

Today little MacNeil is the vice president and general manager of the Tucker Taffy Company and is making a good deal more than $10,000 a year. Tucker found a good investment on a dahabeah on the Nile. He put money and friendliness into it. It has paid him good dividends—in cash and in comfort.

Now, Tucker for years made millions out of his taffy business, but he spent them as fast as he made them. His outlet was advertising. His sales increased steadily. In thirty years of taffy making and taffy selling he spent $42,000,000. And then came the war and the increased costs of production and, on top of that, the surtaxes. And when peace came the surtaxes remained. Conditions were such that the need to recapitalize his business became more and more urgent. Finally he came to us. He had bought stocks and bonds for investment through one of our branches and he had heard of us from friends. We brought out a big issue of Tucker stock. It showed net earnings of close to 15 per cent per annum. It was a successful deal from our standpoint—that is, we sold all the stock to customers who were glad to get it.

However, the point I wish to make is this: The price at which we sold the stock made the market value of the capital stock something like $65,000,000. The actual value of the physical assets of the company was under $30,000,000. In the old days we would have heard shrieks of "Water! Water!" and we might have had trouble in disposing of the stock. Certainly we would have had a dickens of a time trying to sell it to investors. In the case of the Tucker Taffy Company stock we were selling an intangible but none the less real asset—to wit, the goodwill.

The Case of Tucker Taffy

That item was properly capitalized. For many years the bulk of the profits had been put back into the business. It was not used to enlarge the plant or to increase the acreage under roof, but to enlarge and improve the merchandising machinery—that is, developing the most important part of the business—the selling end—by advertising. Forty-two millions of dollars went into that part of the plant. Where do you find that item in the inventory? It was a cash outlay and it must come under the head of goodwill. The reason why the Tucker Taffy Company does a gross business of $1,000,000 a week is that same cash outlay. There is nothing illusory or aqueous about the net profits of several millions a year legitimately paid out in dividends to the stockholders who paid for the goodwill as well as for the bricks and mortar of the factory buildings. Since the stock was brought out by us the price has risen nearly 20 per cent, because instead of yelling "Water!" the public today knows that what it buys or sells when it buys or sells Tucker Taffy stock is plant plus goodwill; also Tucker's genius and the world's fondness for a good sweet.

You will remember that our first successful venture in modern stock selling was in Allenby Automobile stock, and we followed it with Western Motors, later selling other issues of other motor stocks. We were very successful with most of these, and having been pioneers in that field we felt we had an inside track on such business. It was natural that we should think well of the stocks of certain companies engaged in the manufacture of the more important automobile accessories. Of these companies the one I had my eye on from the first, by reason of the excellence of its product and the magnitude of its sales, was the Jenkins Ignition Device Company.

The business was not only profitable but so well conducted that it had every indication of permanence. The company made the simplest and best device in the market, and all the better makes of automobiles carried it as part of their stock equipment. Its history was practically the history of the development of the American automobile industry. For twenty years the Jenkins family had owned, managed and operated the works in Ohio. They took great pride in their plant, in their reputation, in their workmen and in their home town. And their workmen and fellow townsmen felt for them a sort of pride and loyalty difficult to describe without gushing.

The principal owner was George, the eldest of the Jenkins brothers; but all the Jenkinses were unusually able business men and excellent specimens of the Middle Western American. This I consider very high praise. I had a mutual friend introduce me to George R. Jenkins, and I tried my hardest to induce him to recapitalize his family's business so as to enable the public to come in as his partners. But he couldn't see it.

Mr. Jenkins Obdurate

I explained as eloquently as I could that I not only did not wish him to part with the control of his property but that I would insist with all my might on his retaining a substantial majority of the stock. We were anxious to buy from him—and sell to the general public—a big block of Jenkins stock, provided the Jenkins business continued to be Jenkins managed. The family's interest and pride in the success and prosperity of the business must be maintained, and I knew of no better way than by their remaining in control. In other words, we insisted on buying a minority interest.

He listened with the exquisite politeness of a man who has made up his mind not to let you know how patient he is in listening to you at all.

After I was done speaking, he said, "My dear Mr. Wing, I have all the money I can possibly need and I have all the business I can handle. Our first thought—the thought we had when we started this business—is still our chief aim, which is to produce the best we can. By sticking to this we have earned a name reputation which has given us the trade and the profits. We are so anxious to make sure we are turning out the best device that can be made by anybody anywhere that we do not merely assemble it. We make every bit of it from the raw material up. It is an expensive process, but the quality is there. The fact that our family might make $125,000 a year more if we were less finicky doesn't appeal particularly to any of us, as we all have all the money we want. If we were a corporation we'd be under pressure to introduce economies in order to increase the dividend rate in order to put up the price of the stock. As we are, we do what we think best. Ours is a Jenkins product made by the Jenkins brothers. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches—particularly when you already have the riches. We have no conflicts of opinion as to policy or squabbles about the dividends or any of the annoyances that attend meetings of the boards of directors of corporations. I can't see that you have given me any sound reasons why I should dispose of my very profitable business or why I should stop being proud of being at the head of it."

"I told you I insisted on your remaining at the head of it and in full control of your business," I said. "We don't ask for any more than that you should keep on running the business the way you have run it since you started it. That's what we want to buy from you because that is what we wish to sell to our customers. But we believe firmly that your interests would be best served by recapitalizing your business and selling a part of it to the public. I know you have all the riches you need. I don't want to give you more riches, but to change for the better the character of the riches you already have. I wish to make your fortune more liquid, not merely greater."

"I am just as much obliged to you, Mr. Wing. Call again any time you feel like it. I'll be delighted to show our plant whenever you are in town. But our business will never be for sale," said George Jenkins.

"Well," I told him, "I am sorry you won't let us do you a good turn just now. We have the market to sell the stock in and it may not be here when you change your mind and come around to our views."

(Continued on Page 140)

Southern Pacific Reports on Victor

"Since November, 1922, we have purchased 58 of these machines. Their service is very satisfactory. They fill a long-felt want. *(Signed) Southern Pacific Lines, T. O. Edwards, Auditor.*"

When a mighty railroad writes as Southern Pacific does, it proves beyond question Victor's ability to meet fully all requirements of big business. Surely, then, there can be no doubt of the fitness of the Victor for the small business, too. The names above—a few of the 60,000 users—show how widely Victor is serving American industry.

One-model manufacture permits production of a million-dollar capacity, full-size standard keyboard adding machine at $100. Adds, lists, subtracts, multiplies and divides, has non-add, sub-total, repeat and calculating keys, triple visibility and totals with one stroke of the speedy handle. Light weight, portable, long-lived.

Write for folder, "*Insurance No Company Will Write*". Phone or write the nearest of our 1200 dealers for free trial. Victor Adding Machine Company, 319 North Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Free Trial—Monthly Payments—Unreservedly Guaranteed

VICTOR *Standard Adding Machine*

(Continued from Page 138)

"Don't worry about that," said George Jenkins rather grimly. Then he shook hands with me as friendly as anything.

That was in 1916, shortly after our Allenby promotion. Of course I tried again. As regular as clockwork at least twice a year I would ask Jenkins to accept our proposition. But he merely smiled and remarked he guessed not.

George Jenkins had a friend, Timothy J. Harrison, who was president of the Harrison Steel Castings Company. They came from the same town, went to the same school as boys, went to work in the same shop—the Whitlock Engine Company—on the same day, worked together, advanced together, and finally both quit the Whitlock Engine Company on the same day and each went to work for himself, Harrison in steel castings and George Jenkins in the manufacture of an important automobile accessory. They prospered greatly and their friendship continued unimpaired.

Our firm had brought out an issue of Harrison stock. It was a successful operation, for not only did the market price go up but we were able to develop a national market for the stock. I may say that at first we met from Harrison pretty much the same objections that we heard from Jenkins. Harrison also was proud of what his name stood for. He had begun in a small way and had expanded amazingly. Indeed, it was the very magnitude of his industrial and financial success that enabled us eventually to swing the deal, for his lawyers agreed with us that if he were to die and leave to his family his holdings of the stock of his own company, the sorrowing heirs would be faced with the necessity of having to live exclusively on the steel-castings industry and sink or swim with it. And, worse still, they would own stock of a close corporation for which there was no ready market. So his lawyers advised Harrison to recapitalize as we suggested, and not only get some cash for some of his property, but also make a market on which to sell more stock if it ever became necessary to do so. He agreed and we brought out his stock and made a national market for it.

One day Harrison died. He was a fine man—a good friend and a valued customer. Well, we were able, a few months later, to convert a large block of Harrison stock into cash, thereby making it possible for the executors to carry out, under the orders of the court, the wishes of our late friend, and pay bequests and donations specified in his will.

What Converted Jenkins

I imagine that Harrison's sudden death made George Jenkins do a heap of thinking about his own affairs. One of Harrison's executors happened to tell him one day how well we were making out in the sale of millions of dollars of Harrison Steel Castings stock and congratulating the Harrison heirs on their father's foresight. The following week Jenkins called at my office. He had an account with us and we had been getting occasional orders from him; chiefly investment purchases of stocks or bonds.

He got down to business right off.

"Mr. Wing, I once told you I would never part with any of my Jenkins stock, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, and it is about time you changed your mind," I said.

"You still think I ought to do it?"

"I'll always think," I said, "that you ought to reduce your ownership without losing control of the property. The money you and your brothers would get from selling, say, a 25 or 30 per cent interest in the business, could be invested in tax-exempt bonds. At this moment you are paying to the Federal Government as high as fifty-eight cents out of every dollar of your yearly profits. You are letting Uncle Sam take most of your income away from you without any compensating advantage to you or anybody else. By shifting a part of your fortune from your accessory business to tax-exempts, you not only save money but diversify your investments. Also your income won't vanish altogether if hard times should come to the automobile makers. Moreover, if after you adequately recapitalize your business, you should let us sell a part of it to the public, you will develop a market on which you can sell Jenkins stock for cash at a moment's notice, without having to sacrifice it or spend months trying to find a buyer. Your stock may be earning 20 per cent net per annum, but you cannot sell any great quantity of it on a basis that will be fair to you. But if you do what I suggest, all you would have to do would be to give us an order to sell so many thousands of shares and we'd go over to the exchange and do it. Moreover, you should remember that the inheritance taxes are high. There is no open market for your Jenkins stock, so, when in the fullness of time you are gathered to your fathers, the internal-revenue experts will appraise the value of your estate. It may be a fact that your business could not be sold for a cent over $10,000,000. But you can bet your life that if your net earnings are, say, $2,500,000 a year, Uncle Sam will tell you that your stock is to be valued on a 10 or 12 per cent basis, which will mean inheritance taxes figured on a basis of a value of $20,000,000 or $25,000,000 for your estate. Where are your heirs going to raise the millions of cash needed to pay the tax? Sell a block to some banker who knows you simply have to sell? Do you see any capitalists falling all over themselves to pay your executors a high price for what must be sold?"

American Business Honesty

"Well, if, instead of all that, you recapitalize the Jenkins business adequately and sell a block of the new stock to us, you will get a large amount of cash to buy tax-exempts with, you will have a market for all your stock, and coincidently make the general public your partners."

"There is something in what you say," admitted Jenkins so grudgingly that I instantly asked him: "When do you wish us to make an offer for a third of your capital stock?"

"I am ready to consider one any time," said Jenkins.

"No time like the present," I said.

So I began to ask Jenkins all manner of questions about his business, all of which he answered promptly and frankly. The more he told me the surer I became that it would be a desirable deal for everybody.

"From what you tell me," I said to him, "I should say your capital stock should consist of 1,000,000 shares of no par value. We could sell 300,000 without any trouble. Your net earnings justify a dividend rate that would make that stock worth between thirty-five and forty dollars a share."

"Oh, the dickens!" shouted George Jenkins in a horror-stricken voice. "Never!"

I thought he thought I was giving his stock away, so I said, emphatically: "The public won't pay more than that, and I wouldn't ask them to."

"I should hope not!" he exploded. "Just because you have customers who will take your advice is no reason why you should stick them."

"What?" I asked him, puzzled.

"The price is too high," he said.

"Not at all," I denied. "We figure on selling your stock to the public at a price that will yield the buyer about 10 per cent on his money and in addition share in any future increase in the profits of a well-managed and growing business. We have a right to assume that you will continue to grow for some years to come. You would be keeping up the record you have made from the start. That deal is good for the public and equally good for you."

"Yes," he growled, "it's all right for me. I am for doing all the business I can, but always on a conservative basis. I don't want any inflation."

"Mr. Jenkins," I said to him, "we are as conservative as they make them. Usually we are the ones that have to insist on conservatism. I gave you a price figure only tentatively, after hearing from your own lips what your earnings were. I suggest we leave those details for later on. Get back home and consult with your brothers, and if you all wish to let us sell to the general public a one-third interest in the Jenkins business we'll send our experts to go over your books and inspect your plant."

"What's that for?" He was frowning.

"To determine what would be a fair price for your property—fair to you and fair to the buyers," I said.

"I'll tell you right here and now: I think $20,000,000 is a fair price," said Mr. Jenkins. "But $35,000,000 or $40,000,000? Good night!"

"Just because you are unwilling to cheat a stranger out of a dime is no reason why you should want to cheat the Jenkins family out of $20,000,000."

"Don't I know how much my own property is worth?" he asked me.

"It doesn't look as if you did," I answered. Then I began to laugh. I couldn't help it, when he looked at me so perplexed. "Just let us send our experts to your plant, Mr. Jenkins, won't you? Then, when they get through, I'll show you their reports. It will be an unprejudiced expert view of your business—plant and prospects and everything. Just keep an open mind in the meanwhile."

"Very well," finally consented Mr. Jenkins.

We sent out our men as agreed, and their reports confirmed my estimate of the value of the Jenkins company. So we had another conference, but George Jenkins still balked at the price we suggested. His two brothers were present, but they just looked on and nodded when George said yes, or shook their heads when he said no. They also were Jenkinses—able men, straight, square, proud of their reputation; and George's point of view was also theirs. I used every argument I could think of to bring him to meet my views as to price. But when I outargued him out of one objection he would find another and I had to do more talking. We finally adjourned without coming to an agreement. We had three meetings at which nothing was done except waste lung power. You would have thought that I was trying to cheat him when I insisted on paying him $10,000,000 more for his property than he wished to accept.

His pet remark was: "I know what our property is worth. I know what the business will earn. If we sold our stock on the basis of $20,000,000 I would feel it was a pretty good price for me, but I still could look the buyer in the face because I'd know he had not been stung. Now, I have no doubt that Bronson & Barnes could sell it for thirty or even thirty-five dollars a share, but I can't see that your ability to sell it makes it worth that price. Moreover, if you did sell it for thirty dollars a share you'd find that the price would soon drop to around twenty dollars, which is what it is really worth. There'd be a lot of people who'd lose money buying Jenkins stock, wouldn't there? And when they'd blame somebody, who would it be? Bronson & Barnes, who are only the brokers, or the Jenkins brothers, who are the principals? Answer that, Mr. Wing!"

I could see by the way he looked at me that he thought he had stumped me at last. But I said to him as earnestly as I could: "Mr. Jenkins, I assure you that Bronson & Barnes are even more anxious than you not to sell the stock too dear to the public that gives us our living. We believe that your stock, on a basis of a total capitalization of 1,000,000 shares, is worth over thirty dollars a share. We arrive at that figure from an impartial examination and expert analysis of your concern and its record and prospects. We are positive that the public agrees with us rather than with you about the value. We have studied our own business as carefully as you have yours, and I tell you frankly that you would hurt rather than help the deal by putting out the stock at too low a price. The average investor is afraid of bargains. He wouldn't say, 'That's a grand opportunity.' He would ask, 'What's wrong with it that it is offered so cheap?' That's the public!"

The Compromise

"The only public I consider is my public, which consists of the people who buy goods," said George Jenkins. "They pay me a fair price and I give them the best that can be had for the money. That's why they come to me and keep coming. If you should tell the wide world that the Jenkins business was paying dividends on a $30,000,000 capitalization they would instantly swear I was making too much money, which means that I was charging them too much. Now, I am not making too much money out of them and I never shall. We ask a fair profit and a large output. That is why I will not overcapitalize the business."

This was at our fourth conference. So I now got up and told him: "Well, Mr. Jenkins, we don't seem to agree on the capitalization, which is a matter in which we are experts and you are not; so, if you insist that we must do business on the basis of either a $20,000,000 value or not at all, I quit right here. We know our business, which is the selling of securities at such prices as will prove profitable to our customers so that they will keep on being our customers. We naturally wish to identify ourselves with successes. We endeavor to accomplish this by having in mind the contented client. But it isn't good business practice to offer for sale something that looks too cheap to be attractive to buyers of sound securities. They ask: 'If the owners don't think the stock is worth over twenty dollars a share why should we buy it at that price? What's the inducement?' I tell you, twenty dollars a share is a poor figure to sell a stock at, Mr. Jenkins. If you hold out for that, we can't do business, Mr. Jenkins."

I could see the struggle in the mind of this fine type of straight-dealing, modest American business man. It struck me that it would be difficult to make people believe that a manufacturer these days would be so keen about not overcharging.

At length he said: "Well, Mr. Wing, I want you to sell the stock. I can't agree to your price. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll sell it to you at twenty dollars a share and you must agree to sell it to the public for not more than twenty-three dollars. I am willing to meet you halfway."

I laughed and shook hands with this remarkable man, who had built up in a relatively few years a business that we valued at $35,000,000; and was so anxious not to ask too much for what he had that he preferred not to sell at all to selling at the price the buyer was so anxious to pay, which meant he was knocking off between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000.

"We accept!" I told him, but I intended to modify the terms in fairness to him. As a matter of fact at the final conference we reached a further compromise. I induced the Jenkins family to accept twenty-one dollars a share for 400,000 shares of no-par-value stock out of a total capitalization of 1,000,000 shares, and this stock we were allowed to offer at twenty-five dollars a share.

The Public Protected

We duly brought out that issue of Jenkins Ignition stock. It was all taken in a jiffy because the price wasn't too low to arouse suspicions as to its merits. There was no secret about the earnings or the reputation of the Jenkins family or the history of the company from its inception. Within ninety days from the date of issue, the stock was selling freely in the open market at thirty-seven dollars a share.

George Jenkins happened to be in my office one day when a boy came in with a slip on which were the latest prices of some of the stocks which our firm had brought out. There is no ticker in my private office and one of the boys outside sends in items that he thinks might interest me. So I read the slip and said to Jenkins: "Jenkins Ignition, 36¾, and pretty active."

"Yes," said George Jenkins.

"The public," I couldn't help saying, "seems to have a much higher opinion of the Jenkins business and the Jenkins brains than Jenkins himself ever had."

"Yes," said George Jenkins.

"Well," I said consolingly, "after all, it is probably better for the customers of Bronson & Barnes to buy Jenkins at 25 and see it go to 37 than to buy it at 35 and see it go to 20, which is about what it is worth. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said George Jenkins meekly.

I laughed. He looked at me so reproachfully that I said, "Well, that price is about the nicest compliment that a modest man's fellow countrymen can pay him. The willingness to pay 37 for Jenkins reflects their confidence in Jenkins Ignition because Jenkins is still running the business."

"Do you think so?" he asked and looked mighty pleased. And it occurred to me that, after all, to a man who has millions, a few millions more or less won't matter so much as the confidence and goodwill of those who do business with him.

Early in 1923 the general stock market entered into a period of declining prices and Jenkins stock went down with the rest. The high price had been 38. It went down gradually until it sold at 30. There it met what financial writers are so fond of describing as bankers' support.

As a matter of fact we didn't support that stock. What we did was to buy it for a customer of ours, by the name of George R. Jenkins. We did not suggest to him that it would be a graceful act for him to do such a thing. But he and his brothers happened to have oodles of money together with plenty of family pride, and they all agreed that after Jenkins stock had sold up so high because the public thought so well of it, it should not be allowed to go down too much. They did not wish to see it break 30; so Brother George telephoned us

(Continued on Page 145)

LATITE
The first wood "shingles" were heavy oak slabs laid as shown in the illustration of a typical 16th Century home in England. Butts were frequently ornamented by carving. This is the 9th of an historical series on roofing

Winter doesn't matter now!

You can reroof in the "Genasco Way"

What if rain does fall—or icy winds blow—while you are reroofing! Genasco Latite Shingles are laid without disturbing your old roof—*without ripping off a single old shingle.*

There's no exposing your home, even for a moment, to possible damage by weather. And you avoid, too, the nuisance of having your lawn, walks and attic littered with broken shingles and old nails.

In addition, you get a strong, weather-tight, FIRE-SAFE roof that is locked on—that storms can't budge. A patented "key" device clamps each Genasco Latite Shingle tightly to those underneath.

Genasco Latite Shingles are built on a foundation of tough, long-fibred rag felt. With their heavy waterproofing layers of Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement and their crushed slate surfacing, these remarkable shingles are practically immune to damage by weather.

You can get Genasco roofing protection for any type of building—home, industrial or farm. Ask your dealer or roofer for information—or fill out the coupon below and mail to us.

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key" that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. This key is invisible on the completed roof. Three non fading colors—red, green and blue-black.

The Barber Asphalt Company

New York Chicago Pittsburgh **Philadelphia** St. Louis Kansas City San Francisco

Genasco Latite Shingles

Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

The Barber Asphalt Company, Philadelphia

Sirs—Please send me booklets describing the products I have checked

Genasco Latite Shingles
Genasco "Sealbac" Shingles
Genasco Roll Roofing
Genasco Built up Roofing
Genasco Mastic Flooring
Genasco Asphaltic Paints

Name _____

Street _____ Town _____ State _____

CHEVROLET
(All Models)

HUPMOBILE
(All Models)

MARMON
(All Models)

MAXWELL
(All Models)

JEWETT
(All Models)

Finished with DUCO

Have your car refinished with Genuine DUCO at any authorized refinishing station. You will greatly increase its resale value, and need lose but one week-end, and a few days of driving.

NASH
(Standard on Special Six Sedan, Roadster, and Touring Models and Advance Six 5-Passenger Sedan)

CLEVELAND
(Optional, All Models)

FRANKLIN
(Optional, All Models)

GARDNER
(All 8-Cylinder Models and 4-Cylinder Special Touring Model)

First a WHISPER— now the

THUNDER of appreciation for DUCO

First, the rumor of an epoch-making finish for automobiles—then the announcement that du Pont Chemical Engineers had perfected this wonderful finish—and now, after little more than a year, the almost universal use of Genuine DUCO on the leading makes of cars in the various price classes.

The rich lustre of Genuine DUCO finish is seen and admired on an overwhelming number of cars at the National Automobile Shows. Its acceptance by the public as the last word in beauty and durability under stress of hard usage and all weathers has been absolute.

The use of Genuine DUCO is rapidly becoming universal among manufacturers of motor cars. It takes its place with the major improvements of the past decade in the automobile.

The public demands Genuine DUCO, *as a safeguard of its investments in motor cars*

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Chemical Products Division
PARLIN, N. J. FLINT, MICH.
Canadian Distributors: Flint Varnish and Color Works, Toronto

BUICK
(All Models)

CHRYSLER
(All Models)

OAKLAND
(All Models)

OLDSMOBILE
(All Models)

MOON
(All 1925 Models)

Genuine DUCO dries almost instantly upon application and thus saves materially in finishing time and storage space. It cannot be hand-brushed but must be applied by pneumatic spraying machine.

ROLLS ROYCE
(Optional, All Models)

CADILLAC
(All Open Models)

CHANDLER
(Optional, All Models except Roadster)

LEXINGTON
(Optional, All Models)

METEOR
(All Models)

In the Babel of claims about motor oil

One clear voice

echoed by 20,000 car owners who saw their cars tested on the Wasson Motor Check to discover what oil really does in a running motor—

Oil is more than oil—it is power

EVERY test proved it. On every type of car—Ford, Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Packard—every make.

Whatever the condition or age of the car tested, the Motor Check revealed that the right oil builds up power, the wrong oil is a power extinguisher.

In ten short months—this revolution in oil buying. People are asking for oil that will increase *power*. They know now that if the power is there, all the other "properties" of lubrication are there, also, each in its right proportion.

They have learned the *why* of a thirty cent oil. They know that it's the last five cents in a quart of oil that counts.

This remarkable car testing apparatus has given tongue to thousands of dumb motors. One clear voice that every car owner can understand: —"the oil that gives the most power is the best lubricant."

The news has gone faster than print. One man tells another. These oil-power demonstrations have been held in only twenty-nine cities, but the sale of Havoline has increased all over the country.

Cheap, second rate oils cannot stand the power test in any man's car.

You can prove it in your own car—anywhere. You know when you have power—you know when it's gone. And now you know why! Nine times out of ten, it's the oil.

The Wasson Motor Check brought the truth out into the open. This truth:

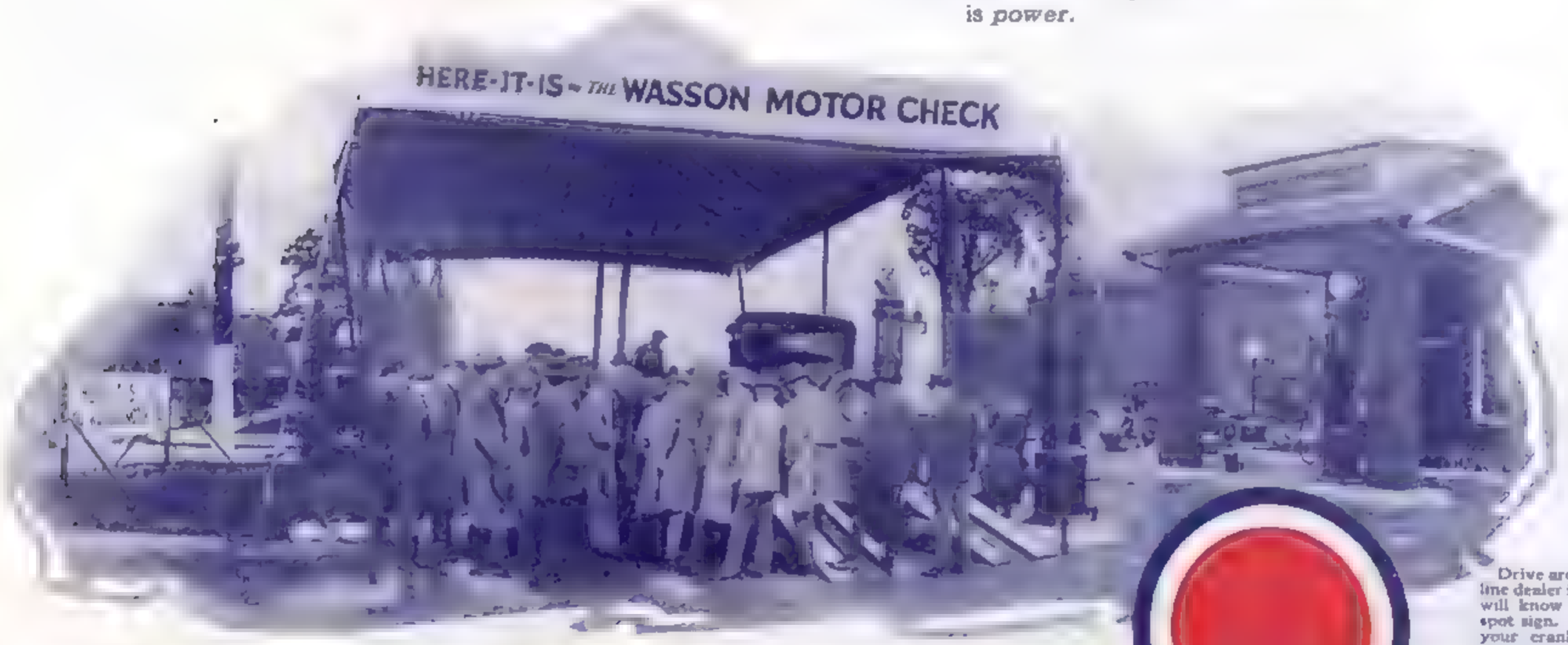
Old oil, diluted through use, is power-less.

Dirty oil, replenished a quart at a time, is power-less.

Cheap oil, even when fresh, is power-less.

Too heavy or too light an oil, even of good quality, is power-less.

Havoline—fine quality, correct grade—is *power*.



Just like testing your car on the road

THIS photograph, taken at Indianapolis, shows one of the Wasson Motor Check demonstrations of oil power that have been held in principal cities.

The apparatus shows horse power delivered to the rear wheels under hard driving conditions, just like a hill test. It measures loss of power due to faulty oil functioning. Tests were made with Havoline when first put in the crank case, and after several hundred miles of use. With few exceptions the power was built up from 10% to 30%—convincing proof of Havoline superiority as a power oil for your car

Send for free booklet—"Oil Is More Than Oil—It Is Power." Or ask your dealer for a copy. It gives more detailed information about the Wasson Motor Check.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill.

Drive around to the Havoline dealer in your town. You will know him by this red spot sign. Tell him to drain your crank case and refill with the right grade of Havoline. The price is 30c a quart from bulk—slightly higher in Western States and Canada.

HAVOLINE OIL

(Continued from Page 140)

an order to buy a big block at 30 to 31. It checked the decline.

A couple of days later he called on me.

"Well," I told him, after we had shaken hands, "we got your stock for you, cheap. We didn't pay over 31 for any of it. That's the same stock you sold us at 21 that we wanted you to let us sell at 30."

"Yes," he said simply; "you were right and I was wrong. But we had made a heap of money out of the business and had lots of fun making it so that the dollar part didn't look so big to us as it did to an outsider. The earnings have increased and the stock is really worth more today than when you brought it out. When the market began to slump I couldn't see why Jenkins should go off, but it did. So I made up my mind that Jenkins Ignition was worth 30 to me if it had been worth 38 to others a little while before. So long as I think that stock is cheap and I have the money to buy it, not one of the original buyers is going to lose anything on his Jenkins stock."

Since that time George Jenkins has sold the stock when it got above 45, and bought it on recessions. Up to date he is a buyer on balance. The price is around 40. The excessive surtaxes and the need to provide for the payment of the inheritance taxes made him take in the public as junior partner in a prosperous business. And the public got a 10 per cent investment out of it.

I would say here that the solicitude of the controlling interests of a corporation about the market record of their stock is nothing unusual. There is the case of the Heineman Baking Powder Company, which for many years was run as a one-man business. It was founded by Henry Heineman and by him bequeathed to his only son, William. The old man was a remarkable character, keen as a razor, ingenious, hard working and financially fearless. He built up a perfectly enormous business. His son also happened to be a business man of exceptional ability and he saw to it that the Heineman Baking Powder Company grew until its gross sales ran into the tens of millions. But it remained the exclusive personal property of Mr. William Henry Heineman, and eventually it became so profitable as to prove too costly a luxury for even so immensely wealthy a man as Mr. W. H. Heineman. At the peak of his business prosperity he was confronted by the same problem as the Jenkins family. He also decided to take in the general public as business associates. A stockholder was in a measure a partner in the business, which Heineman continued to control and to manage and expand as shrewdly as when he owned 100 per cent of it instead of 75 per cent.

Mr. Heineman's Switch

When it came to selling the stock, what Heineman did was to make a deal with a well-known firm of brokers whereby he paid them a commission for making a public offering of a big block of Heineman stock. He on his part agreed to put up the price and make a market for the new shares. He had a good cheap stock to work with; it was brought out at thirty dollars a share and was earning better than four dollars a share. On slumps he bought enough of it to convince the public that insiders thought it indeed a cheap stock around 30. When it rose too high or too fast he sold, and bought again when it became too weak. The result was that within eighteen months he succeeded not only in making his vast wealth more liquid but in increasing the value of the famous Heineman business something like $50,000,000. He did not make this money in the stock market at the expense of trusting widows and helpless orphans, but by sharing his business with the public at a fair price he made his entire property more easily disposable at a higher price than that at which he sold the third interest to the public. The public in turn—or that part of it included among the original subscribers—made a lot of money when the stock went up and Mr. Heineman is a richer man than ever, besides having some of his riches in first-class tax-exempt bonds.

That is how and why many of the most successful business men in the United States have incorporated themselves. By admitting the public into joint ownership of the business the original owners have lightened their tax burdens, made their wealth much more liquid, and have provided a sound method for paying the heavy inheritance taxes. It is an intelligent way of solving their problem. The stockholding public, don't forget, become boosters instead of bomb throwers.

I should like to tell you as romantic a story of business as ever came under my own personal observation. Barring the fact that I shall disguise the names, the story is absolutely true. I happen to know the details because we were in the deal. It concerns a world-famous proprietary remedy—Instant Toothache Relief, now controlled by the Domestic Hygienic Appliance Company—which is one of our promotions.

Many years ago a dentist named Augustus Holley, after many experiments, originated a wonderful cure for toothache. He was a bright chap, industrious, strong willed, and once he was sure a few drops of his cure would do the trick, he gave up his own business to engage in the manufacture and sale of Instant Relief. From the start it was a success. Everybody in the neighborhood recommended it to everybody else and gradually the fame of it spread; but not beyond the city. The success was purely local, which was no success at all, commercially speaking, since at ten cents the vial a sale of millions a month was needed. But Holley was more concerned with perfecting his formula and developing mechanical devices that insured its economical production on a large scale than with developing his sales. The buying came from the boosting of beneficiaries who told their experiences to their friends. As publicity it worked—at a glacier's speed.

A Trusted Genius

In Holley's employ there was a young man by the name of Henry Clay Harwood—a commercial genius of the first magnitude. Whether or not old Holley could have become a multimillionaire without Harwood is one of those questions that are unprofitable to ask but nevertheless always come up. All I know is that old Holley had the brains and perseverance to develop a good toothache medicine and the mechanical genius to design a fine plant for making it economically and that when it came to the vital question of merchandising he had the brains to recognize real business ability when he ran across it. He incorporated the Instant Toothache Relief Company, made Harwood president and general manager at a good salary and a 25 per cent share of the profits.

"Success is for you to achieve, Henry. I leave you to your own devices. I promise not to hinder. Do what you deem best. I approve in advance. If I didn't believe in you I wouldn't put you where I have." From this I gather that old Holley was a remarkable man.

Harwood knew that success lay in the advertising columns of the dailies, weeklies and monthlies of the United States as well as in the billboards of the nation. He told Mr. Holley: "Three things must be done. If you won't consent I quit right here."

"What are the three things?"

"The first is advertising."

"Yes; and then?"

"More advertising."

"And then?"

"Still more advertising. To sell to millions we must let those same millions know all about the Relief. Once they know what it will do, they'll buy. It is less important just now to sell to the drug stores than to educate the public. Educational, informative advertising! Millions of dollars of it! Millions of customers because of it!"

"I told you to go ahead," said Holley. "You won't get very big dividends until after our advertising appropriation amounts to about a million dollars a year. We'll put the profits back that way for a good many years to come."

"Enough to feed and clothe myself and family is all I need," said Holley. "Don't talk any more!"

Harwood began the very next day to sell the Toothache Relief to all the American people. His slogans have long since passed into the vernacular. Indeed, some of them are so generally used today that their origin has been forgotten; they are just language in the same class with "Hobson's choice," or "dog in the manger." Harwood's signature is as familiar as a kid-brother-in-law-to-be, for he signed all the advertisements. He believed in the Instant Toothache Relief and he injected that faith into the systems of a hundred million Americans by the simple expedient of telling them all about it a billion times—and then some more.

His success, logical and deserved, was enormous. The profits were fabulous. His share made him a millionaire. Of course old Holley fared even better, for he kept the ownership of the entire capital stock, refusing offers of many millions from Harwood and others. Just about the time that the net income from the business crossed the million mark, old Holley up and died, leaving his estate, which consisted chiefly of his holdings of Instant Toothache Relief Company stock, to his two daughters. They were middle-aged spinsters who had the sense not only to continue Mr. Harwood in the management of the company but to increase his interest in the profits to a full 50 per cent. They didn't ask their lawyer what they ought to do. They told him what they had decided to do, and left it for him to do it legally. When he asked them why they gave Harwood 50 per cent of the net profits instead of the 25 per cent their father had apportioned to him, they gave a remarkable reason: They said that Mr. Harwood, whom they had known from childhood, was really responsible for the big profits earned by the company; in addition to which he was their friend and adviser and one of the executors of old Holley's will. Moreover, they loved Mr. Harwood. And lastly, because they thought it was plain justice and therefore good business.

"Why, we take Mr. Harwood's advice in matters involving our entire property. He could easily cost us our fortune if he wished us to lose it. If we trust him with our all, why shouldn't he have as much as we out of the business he developed? One man got up the cure. The other made it a commercial success. Each was necessary. They should each have 50 per cent of the net profits."

The chief occupation of the Holley sisters consisted of spending three-quarters of their income on charities, in which they took a deep personal interest. Harwood never remonstrated with them for giving so much. He simply saw to it that the money went, straight and undiminished, to those to whom the Misses Holley intended it to go. For nearly a decade they spent between $500,000 and $750,000 a year in charities. They hated publicity. That is why nobody that I ever spoke to ever heard of those two fine women whose charities were so many, so munificent and so appreciated by the beneficiaries. Their lawyer once scolded Harwood.

Two Fine Women

"Why do you let them give away so much? If you said they couldn't have the money they wouldn't spend it."

"It's their money," said Harwood. "It isn't my business to tell them how they should spend it, so long as they get pleasure out of it without detriment to their health, morals or finances. They don't go into debt and they can't ever go flat broke. In the meanwhile they themselves are doing the giving instead of letting the executors attend to it. That means they will get the pleasure of helping others in their own lifetime. They tell me to whom they wish to give the money and if, after investigation, I find him or her O. K., I hand over the money direct to the right people. This is both their pleasure and their most wonderful adventure. Stop it? Not while they only give away two-thirds of their income. I always hold out about $100,000 a year, which I invest for them in gilt-edged railroad bonds."

That was their life for years or until things began to go wrong. Mr. Harwood died, whereupon the two kindly maiden ladies as sole owners of the business found themselves compelled to take a direct personal interest in it. They tried to run it with the aid of the old employes, but they soon realized that they were losing ground. Then the United States was drawn into the war. I may say here that before that the Misses Holley had been among the most generous donors to the various organizations which were helping the warring countries—the Red Cross, Belgian Relief, and others.

When we went to war the Misses Holley decided that there was but one thing for them to do, and that was to turn over to the Red Cross every penny received in dividends from the Instant Relief Company. They had their regular pensioners, who now had to live on what the Holley ladies could spare from the income derived from investments other than the Instant Relief business.

When the surtaxes were raised these two kindly women found that they couldn't give so much as they had pledged themselves to give because Uncle Sam took nearly three-quarters of their income from them.

The problem admitted of but one solution—to sell the business at a fair price. It was too big for an individual or for the average corporation engaged in the manufacture and sale of proprietary medicines. There remained the general public or that part of it which wants a good return on its money and is willing to take a reasonable chance.

The Holley lawyer, in his search for a purchaser, approached the Proprietary Remedies Corporation, which we had successfully brought out. Its stock was listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It owned the entire capital stocks of half a dozen companies manufacturing well-known household remedies and it exercised a direct and highly efficient supervision over the management of the subsidiaries.

The Proprietary Remedies Corporation was willing to acquire a large interest in the Holley concern, but couldn't buy the entire capital stock. They came to us and proposed a deal whereby they would buy a controlling interest in the Instant Toothache Relief Company, which would be paid for by the proceeds of the sale of a block of their own stock. We would handle the selling of that stock and also we would buy from the Holley estate and offer to the public the remainder of the Instant Relief Company stock at the price which the Proprietary Remedies Corporation paid for its majority holdings.

Millions for Charity

We agreed. We brought out the stock. The Holley company had a marvelous record as a dividend payer and the price was low enough to be attractive to investors of the class we were appealing to. It was very easy. We did not have to tell anybody what the company manufactured and sold, because everybody knew. It had cost more than $30,000,000 to implant that knowledge in the American mind. The issue was oversubscribed, as we had confidently expected.

The money received from the sale of the business founded by their father the Misses Holley invested in tax-exempt securities, and that enabled them to resume their charities. They preferred giving it to the needy to paying it over to Washington. And before you call these women tax dodgers let me tell you this: The first thing they did was to establish a trust fund to provide a life income for the old employes of the Instant Toothache Relief Company. On the death of the beneficiaries, the principal will be divided among divers charities. That was one of the Wall Street crimes that we helped to perpetrate. We inveigled our customers into becoming partners in a long-established and highly profitable business in order to enable two women to give about a million a year in charity.

Of course we came in for the usual criticism about the appalling difference between the actual value of the physical assets and the market value placed by us on the capital stock—that is, as established by the price at which we offered the stock to the public. The estimated dollar value of the goodwill was the stumblingblock. In cases like Tucker's Taffy or the Instant Relief Company, that goodwill represented good hard cash spent in the course of years by means of which the product was made known and huge sales made possible. A goodwill thus created has as much real value as machinery or buildings. For thirty years Harwood spent a million dollars or more a year in advertising. What would you do with that item in figuring the value of the property—throw it away? Call the money lost? Charge it to operating account when it has a continuing value and is properly chargeable to capital account?

The instances I have given are enough to afford a basis of comparison between the stockbrokers' business of today and that of a decade ago. The capitalizing of the goodwill is nothing new. It has always been done. But the novelty lies in the recognition of the partnership of the public in all sorts of business enterprises through ownership of stock. The appeal to the public is not to stock gamblers, but to investors who will take their chances along with the majority owners of those same businesses. The public is willing to go in whether the company makes paper, paraffin or potato

flour, so long as it is a well-managed business with a good dividend record.

A generation ago we used to deal in railroads, and in our more reckless moments in a few mines—chiefly coal and copper, with some gold and silver—and also in a few consolidations of sugar refineries or cigarette factories or distilleries, and later, in iron and steel. As I said before, the appeal was to a different class. The underwriters of the U. S. Steel Corporation in 1901 sold their common and preferred stock to tens of thousands of ticker fiends who bought during a wild stock boom, in expectation of a quick rise. It is no reflection on the underwriters. It was the way such things were done then. In a few years the common stock duly became a dividend payer and the steel company has fully justified its existence in more ways than one. But the point I would make is that the public at that time asked no questions. It bought and it sold in ignorance. It habitually played mysteries. It took tips.

Today we tell the public what we propose to sell. It has to be a stock that earns and pays dividends at such a rate as to yield a good return to the buyer. All kinds of established enterprises have thus been sold to the public. And here is the vital point of difference to bear in mind: We do not buy the controlling interest and sell it to our customers. We insist on the majority interest remaining with the man or men who have made the enterprise successful. We do not sell to our customers any banker-owned or banker-run companies. It isn't fair to the people to whom we sell the stocks. We must have expert management, and none can be better than that which has built up a business and made it profitable. I could tell you a story of one of our failures. It was a company that had everything needed for a big financial success. It manufactured a product for which there was always a good demand. It had a modern plant and adequate machinery and a large sales force. Every other company engaged in the same line of business was doing well. But there was a lack in our company, as we found out after we brought out the stock—the management was not there. It did a large business, but did not pay dividends. It did not earn them. We recalled all the stock we had sold and tried to find the right man to run it. We haven't found him yet.

We once offered a certain man a salary of $1,000,000 a year to manage a business we were asked to buy at a very attractive figure, but he was tied up so he couldn't come with us. We turned down the proposition. Later the same man was free to become the head of another concern in the same business, and he has increased the market value of that property in five years nearly $30,000,000. It was all a matter of management. I call that man a good investment at a million a year. I always have that factor in mind when I insist upon the successful owner-manager continuing in control by actual majority stock ownership.

Customers Growing Wiser

The fact that the public has a direct interest through its holdings of stock in practically every line of business in this country has made a vast difference in the character of the trading. As Larry Livingston says, it is far more difficult to keep posted today on stocks because there are so many of them and they embrace all kinds of business. It makes it that much harder for even the most intelligent and well-posted trader to beat the market. Last fall, right after Coolidge's election, there were days when nearly six hundred issues were traded in. On the other hand, the wise speculator stands a far better show of making a reasonable profit. He knows more. He plays more scientifically.

When a man asserts that nobody can beat the Wall Street game he is right to the extent that it is true that nobody can habitually get something for nothing. No delusion is so easily disproven by experience or so widely held as the delusion of easy money.

Ignorance is one of the obstacles that nobody can vault over. I find that our customers today demand to be told the why and wherefore before they accept our advice to buy or sell a certain stock or to take a definite position in the market. We have done everything in our power to foster that intelligently inquiring spirit. That is why we started and maintain our statistical department. We give the facts needed for our customers to act upon, and we always give reasons for our opinion so that if our customers do not find our reasons sound they do not have to accept the opinion. The old-time broker did not go to all that trouble.

A few friends—all brokers—were lunching together the other day, and in the course of a conversation about the alleged winnings of a successful trader I made the point that it was not so important to a broker to know who made big money as how it was made. We began to compare notes and out of the discussion came a few stories, every one of which is based on actual facts.

There is a firm in Wall Street that I'll call Purdy & Peters. They have made a specialty of undertaking investigations for capitalists and bankers. Chiefly they are known to the initiated as financial advisers to James D. Utley, who annually invests, on their say-so, a very large portion of his very large income. Their business is to see that the security is good and the price is right.

In 1915 this firm went over the entire stock-market list in search of some stocks which should benefit not only by the European conflict but by our own entrance into the war, for they were among the keen-visioned observers who believed that course to be inevitable. How they arrived at this conclusion so early in the day is another story of what accurate observation, sound knowledge and unusual ratiocinative powers can do.

A Hardy Wall Flower

The stocks of munition-making corporations, of course, were out of the question, for obvious reasons: They were selling at very high prices and their prosperity would cease with the cessation of the war. But Purdy & Peters studied all the stocks that were listed on the New York Stock Exchange and, as such, available to everybody. In the end they hit upon Synthetic Food Products Company. The firm's reasons were simply that whatever else happened, the armies of a war-mad world must be fed.

With European food production suffering from undermanning there must be a heavy demand for food products, especially for wheat substitutes.

Purdy & Peters instantly began to make a thorough study of the financial soundness of the Synthetic Food Products Company and also of the domestic markets for its products in normal times as well as of the probable demand in such emergencies as the war or a wheat-crop shortage, and so on. They also studied the possibility of developing after the war new sources of demand in those countries which had become consumers of the company's product by reason of war conditions. An army of 100,000 supersalesmen could not have done so much to introduce these goods to the civilized world as the war was doing.

Synthetic Products stock had sold at seven dollars a share a short time before the World War broke out. Mr. Purdy now confidently advised his clients to buy it. When they talked munition stocks instead, he pointed out that nobody could tell how much of their war profits the Government would confiscate by special taxes, particularly if the United States went to war, as it probably would. Also, there would be a tremendous slump, on the declaration of peace. But in the case of the Synthetic Food Products, they had a company engaged in the manufacture of food products for which there was bound to be a big demand not only during the war but for years after. The company would not have to centuple its productive capacity as the powder and shell men had to, and thus it would be in a position to keep on earning large profits on its capitalization. He therefore strongly urged his clients to buy all the Synthetic Food Products stock they could.

On orders from clients Purdy & Peters accumulated about 150,000 shares. The price was only fifteen dollars a share when they began their buying. Of course, as Mr. Purdy predicted, the moment the company's war profits began to be known the stock rose steadily until it touched 99 in 1919 when the firm sold a portion of their clients' holdings.

The stock went back to 59 in 1921, and Purdy & Peters on the way down repurchased the stock they had sold at the high level. In August of that same year the bull market started, and the stock advanced to 134. The earnings increased the following year from $10,700,000 to $15,400,000. That was reason enough for the advance.

The expectations of Purdy & Peters and of their clients were fulfilled. The expansion in the company's business at home, particularly its sugar substitutes, and the successful introduction of all its products into foreign markets made the earnings continue to increase. In 1924 the management, which had been concerned with increasing the capacity of the plants and husbanding its resources by paying only meager dividends, made amends by declaring a stock dividend of 25 per cent and also splitting up the stock on a four-to-one basis. Those clients of Purdy & Peters who originally bought one share of old stock now have five shares of new stock on which they are getting dividends of two dollars a year per share, or ten dollars a year on the old stock which they began to buy when it was sold for fifteen dollars a share.

The firm that gave such good advice to its clients today owns 25,000 shares of Synthetic Products stock which averages them about twenty-five dollars a share when all the trading profits are applied against the net cost. That is the reward of knowing, instead of blindly plunging; also of sticking to a good thing instead of flitting from one stock to another. All brokers' customers should remember this.

One of our own clients, Mr. Clifton D. Phelps, made some very successful investments by following the same general plan of looking before leaping. He was a very successful railroad man. When he retired from the presidency of his road he studied how best to invest the funds he had accumulated during his long years of hard work. A considerable portion of his money he put into railroad stocks that he knew all about, but he also studied some of the industrials which had been a source of revenue to the railroad he so ably managed during so many years. He invested heavily in several of these industrial concerns, among them American Container. He bought a large block of the common stock at ten dollars a share.

Mr. Phelps' Logic

Of course, when he bought it his friends made fun of him for speculating in a stock in which the fluctuations were usually the result of a certain plunging insider's operations. They prophesied that some fine day, when the plunger was tired of playing with that football, Mr. Phelps would wake up to find the company in the hands of a receiver. But even if the company escaped the receivership, there would never be any dividends on the common stock. Why, the preferred was 98¾ per cent water!

To all such observations Mr. Phelps replied: "My experience as a railroad man for more than thirty years has convinced me of one thing—that the food-preserving business of the United States is in its infancy. I have seen the amazing growth of it. I have kept tabs on my road's revenues from the food packers and canneries. The parallelism between that industry and others that have grown from small beginnings to a huge production is so close that I am sure we shall see history repeat itself. In my efforts to get business for my railroad I have had to study our industrial development and the habits of the American people, and I know I am absolutely safe in predicting a phenomenal increase in the business of the American Container Company.

"Now I'll tell you why I buy the common stock for investment at ten dollars a share when I know as well as anybody that it isn't within visible distance of dividends. And here again I am guided by my years of experience as a railroad man. I have observed that every company engaged in a growing business—that is, in the manufacture of some article or product which becomes more and more generally used year after year—every such company everywhere in these United States always has had to go long years before paying dividends on the common stock, not because the dividends were not earned but because it has been our practice in America to put back the profits into the business, financing our own growth in that way, building up the business, increasing plant capacity, improving the methods and the machinery, developing markets. All out of earnings. That is the way our multimillionaire captains of industry have made their fortunes, because eventually all the money that was put back in the business has been made to form the basis of the dividends on the common. The patience of the stockholders has been rewarded. Now I am not plunging or gambling. I am betting on as sure a thing as I know—I am betting that I wasn't asleep or blind in my thirty-odd years of railroading. Buy American Container, not for today but for tomorrow. It will come in handy in your old age."

Account Number One

He held his Container common in our office for ten years. He saw it rise from 10 to 68 and then react to 21 and rally again when the rest of the market did and decline again with other stocks. But throughout it all, Mr. Phelps insisted that he wasn't speculating and he stayed with the stock, never selling a share of it.

On one of the bull movements a friend who knew Mr. Phelps had 10,000 shares asked him why he didn't sell. The profit was pretty large.

"I bought it for the income," answered Mr. Phelps.

"But it doesn't pay any dividends," objected the friend, "and you are only losing interest you might easily make if you take your profit now and buy good bonds with the proceeds."

"Do you know any bonds that will pay me 50 per cent on my money?" asked Mr. Phelps coldly.

"No. Certainly not."

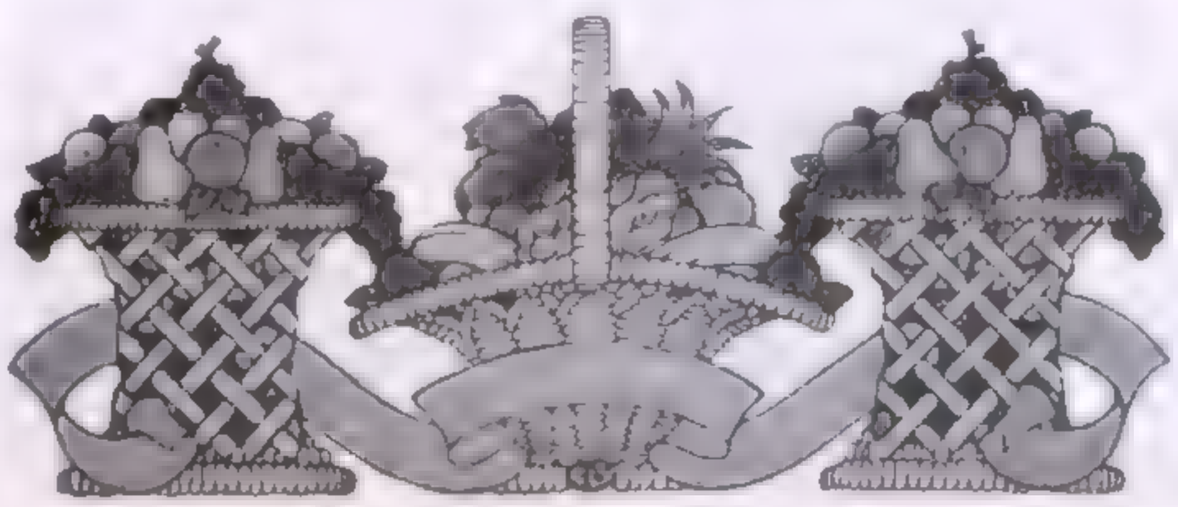
"Well, this stock will."

Well, last year the company began paying dividends on the common. The price today shows Mr. Phelps well over 100 points profit. Knowledge unvitiated by greed has given to Mr. Phelps that income of $50,000 a year on an investment of a trifle over $100,000 made a decade ago.

I could give you other instances, but the moral of all this is the same: To form sound convictions and then to have the courage of them. That is all there is to the art of making money in Wall Street.

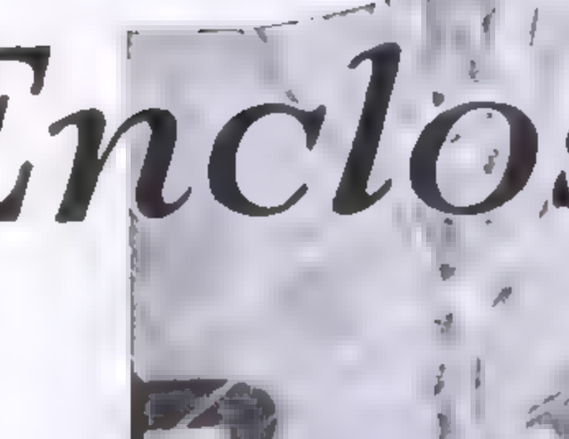
I think I have made clear that the stockbrokers' business is conducted more intelligently than it used to be. Its prosperity is bound up with the prosperity of the customers. The stories about the use of marked cards by the master manipulators are for the most part fiction. The public is much better informed today than ever before. It will not be long, I hope, before an end is made of the accusations against stockbrokers founded on customs and practices long since abandoned. The political demagogues and the sensational editorial writers must have someone to attack, and Wall Street baiting is as popular a sport today as it ever was. The story of my own experiences and of my firm's way of doing business is the story of scores of my colleagues.

And don't forget, please, that the first customer we did business for thirty-six years ago, when the firm was founded, is still doing business through us.



Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre

Rex
Enclosures and Tops



① Rex Enclosures can be installed quickly on the following cars: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Dodge Brothers, Hupmobile, Maxwell, Nash, Oldsmobile and Studebaker. The cost, exclusive of freight and tax is $50 and up.

② Rex Tops can be installed on Buick, Nash, Dodge Brothers, Hupmobile and Studebaker cars. The cost is unusually low.

Complete Protection from Winter's Winds and Snows

—*Yet an Open Car for Fine Weather*

GREET winter with a smile—you open car drivers! Rex-enclose your open car, and ride in comfort and warmth! The cost is extremely low, and the advantages without number.

Why freeze? Why gamble your family's health against the biting winds of winter? It's so needless—when for a small sum, any authorized Rex Station or car dealer can quickly install a Rex Enclosure or Top.

Rex Enclosures fit the present top of your car, adding but a few pounds of weight and placing no appreciable tax on power, performance or economy. Their generous expanse of glass, quickly opened for ventilation, insures full vision on all sides, while their snug construction not only insures complete protection against wind and cold, dust and rain—but adds a trim and tailored beauty to your car's appearance.

Rex Tops differ from Rex Enclosures in that they replace your car's present top. They provide the very maximum of beauty, comfort, warmth and distinction.

Rex Tops are gracefully proportioned, covered with a soft, lustrous black leather fabric and fitted with clear-visioned windows of generous size. A handsome electric dome light and other charming fittings give to your Rex Top a note of dignified luxury. All Rex Tops provide perfect comfort in the most inclement weather—complete ventilation in milder seasons—and an added beauty and distinction always.

Whichever you want—an Enclosure or a Top—be sure it is built by Rex. For Rex is the largest builder of quality car enclosures. And as any motor car dealer will gladly show you, Rex Enclosures or Tops can be installed in a few hours' time.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

Prompt installation of Rex Enclosures and Tops by trained men is made available to you by the nearest authorized Rex Distributors and Dealers

Albany, N. Y.	The F. V. Host Distributing Company, 121 Central Avenue
Atlanta, Georgia	Atlanta Auto Top and Trimming Co., 94 Piedmont Ave.
Baltimore, Md.	Baltimore Buggy Top Company, G[illegible] Ave. and [illegible] Street
Billings, Montana	[illegible] Motor Power Equipment Company
Birmingham, Ala.	Drennen Motor Car Company, Avenue D and [illegible]th Street
Boise, Idaho	Rex Sales and Service Company, 524 Main Street
Boston, Mass.	N. Russell Lynn Co., Albany and Portland Sts. Cambridge
Buffalo, N. Y.	Harvey Top and Body Company, 3[illegible] Main Street
Burlington, Vermont	Ideal Manufacturing Company, 127 S. Winooski Ave.
Charlotte, N. C.	Charlotte Duco Finishing Company, 300 West Fifth Street
Chicago, Ill.	Rex Sales and Service Company, 2634 South Wabash Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio	Ohio Top Company, 909-11 Broadway
Cleveland, Ohio	Rex Sales and Service Company, 5713 Euclid Avenue
Columbus, Ohio	Jones Auto Top and Equipment Co., 171 North 4th Street
Denver, Colo.	Rex Sales and Service Company, 1930 Broadway
Des Moines, Iowa	B. [illegible] Body Manufacturing Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Rex Sales and Service Company, 38 Piquette Avenue
El Paso, Texas	Southwestern Motors, Inc., 601-07 Montana Street
Fargo, North Dakota	Motor Power Equipment Company, Union Transfer Bldg.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Habig Manufacturing Company, 1035 North Meridian Street
Kansas City, Mo.	Motor Finish Corporation, 1908-10 McGee St.
Los Angeles, Calif.	The Southwestern Corporation, 201 F. W. Braun Bldg.
Memphis, Tenn.	New Mammoth Garage, 360 Monroe Avenue
Middletown, Connecticut	Universal Auto Top Co., 42-44 Liberty Street
Milwaukee, Wis.	Rohn Automobile Renewal Company, 36th Street at Sycamore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Rex Sales and Service Company, 216 Third Avenue North
New York, N. Y.	Lowa-Rex Company, 106-108 West End Avenue
Oakland, Calif.	Rex Sales and Service Company, 3040 Broadway
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Hughes-Bozarth-Anderson Co., 15-21 East Grand Ave.
Omaha, Neb.	Badger Body Manufacturing Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	W. C. Rhodes, Inc., 1611 Vine Street
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Union Top Manufacturing Company, 346-358 Collins Avenue
Portland, Ore.	Oregon Transfer Company, 474 Glisan Street
Salt Lake City, Utah	Rex Sales and Service Co., 50 West Fourth St. South
San Antonio, Texas	Heye-Hopper Co., Inc., 602 Market and Presa Streets
Seattle, Washington	Hartford Glass Co., 910 East Pike Street
Sioux Falls, S. D.	Badger Body Manufacturing Co.
Springfield, Mass.	Jefferson Auto Top Company, 1061 North Street
St. Louis, Mo.	Weber Implement and Automobile Co., 19th and Locust Sts.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Louis Vaeth's Sons, 332 South West Street

EXHIBITING AT ALL PRINCIPAL AUTOMOBILE SHOWS

Rex

AMERICAN LEADERSHIP IN AËRONAUTICS

(Continued from Page 19)

engine in the world. We had a great accumulation of aviation material -guns, bombs and instruments—which had never been sent to Europe and which, if not used within a short time, would deteriorate so that it would be useless.

The greatest of all our assets, however, were the wonderful pilots and air officers which this country had created. They were filled with enthusiasm, with the full knowledge that air power was the dominating factor in the world's development, and with a perfect willingness on their part to give up their lives to demonstrating its usefulness and to bringing this great new development to the point that would make America the world's leader in aviation. In 1919 we laid out a plan of development which, although delayed, has been and is being followed at the present time.

The theory is to show that aëronautics can establish airways anywhere in the world and operate from them; that wherever air power can operate, it can dominate sea areas against navies and land areas against armies; that aircraft can establish the most rapid communication ever known between all the great centers of population of the world and to the most remote and inaccessible points. This would give to all people, no matter how far removed from civilization, the benefits of rapid communication and the services that go with it. It was and still is a hard problem, but the strides toward its solution by the United States Air Service since 1919 have been tremendous.

Our first practical trial of these ideas came in the summer of 1919. We organized a definite airway across the United States, from New York to San Francisco. This had airdromes every two hundred miles, with intermediate landing fields every fifty miles, all of them connected by telegraph, telephone, and some by radio. We had a weather service installed, and had gasoline, oil, mechanics and spare parts distributed to all airdromes. After we actually began work it took us only two weeks to establish this airway. The arrangements were as complete as was necessary for any operation, even with what we know now, with the exception of night lighting for the airway, which had not been developed at that time. Our airplanes, moreover, were not suitable for night work.

A Transcontinental Test

About thirty airplanes started from San Francisco and the same number from New York, to go across the continent and back as rapidly as possible. The interest was so great in this contest that prizes were offered by many people to the pilots making the fastest time. It was a test of whether airways could be installed, of whether pilots could find their way across the country with the maps we had, and whether the engines could stand the continuous running required. The pilots were started on their way, and success immediately attended the trial. The airplanes surmounted all difficulties; they traversed the mountains, the forests, the river valleys, the deserts, and all the obstacles intervening. They landed at sea level; they landed on the high airdromes in Wyoming and Utah several thousand feet above the ocean's floor. The leading planes all made about the same speed—that is, about twenty-four hours' flying time each way, between New York and San Francisco. Lieutenant Maynard, an ex-Baptist minister, won the contest, with the others close behind him. He was a picturesque character who did a great deal to develop long-distance flying.

This transcontinental test was an absolute and complete demonstration that air power could be handled at great distances with comparatively little effort; that the airplanes and engines that we had, even then, were capable of long continuous service; and that our flying personnel were perfectly capable of finding their way anywhere, in any country, under practically any conditions.

The control of the whole undertaking was perfect—the starting of the airplanes, the reports when they passed over localities, and their refueling and care at the airdromes. The test led directly to the establishment of the air mail service between New York and San Francisco, which is the best air service in the world.

There were several accidents in this contest which were directly traceable to lack of experience on the part of the pilots. Almost all the accidents were among officers who had remained in the United States and had not had war training, and were, therefore, not so accustomed to flying across country in unusual and unfamiliar places as were the war pilots. This was immediately corrected so that thereafter all officers were required to fly across country and into all the states of the Union.

The continental speed tests of 1919 really marked the beginning of the leadership of America in the application of air power—that is, in demonstrating how air power could actually be used—which has continued up to the present time. Our accomplishments have borne a great deal of fruit. They have been watched by the foreign nations even more carefully than they have been by our own Government, and the lessons from them have been carefully digested and methods adopted to use the advantageous features. In this way we have paid, to a very great extent, for the pioneering and experimentation, while others and the whole world have derived benefit.

During all this time we were working on our bombs and equipment for sinking battleships. Try as we might, we could not get battleship targets from either the War or Navy Department in either the year 1919 or 1920. We gave intensive training, however, to our pilots in bombing, and worked hard on our bomb sights, methods of navigation and tactics for this purpose.

The Study of Zeppelins

Having demonstrated that we could go across the United States, we wanted to demonstrate that we could establish an airway to Alaska and Asia. The chance came in 1920, when, with the assistance of the Canadian authorities, we established an airway from New York through Canada to Alaska and Nome. Captain Streett took four airplanes from New York to Nome in the flying time of fifty-four hours, and returned in approximately the same time, without the loss of an airplane or a man. The airway again worked perfectly. At Nome, Captain Streett's men stood on the threshold of Asia and could have crossed to Siberia in an hour and a half. The reason that they did not was that we had no diplomatic relations with Russia, and our State Department did not wish us to land in Russian territory. At that time, even, we could have made the circuit of the globe had we been allowed to prepare for it.

There was now no doubt that airways could be established anywhere desired in the world, and that not only military but also civil and commercial aviation could be used along them. The only question that remained was to find out what it would be economical to use civil aviation for; in other words, what the relative cost between transportation by air, transportation on the ground and on the water would be, and what articles could be transported with profit. In a military way, what actually could be accomplished from these airways in the attack on land and water establishments.

In the meantime, we had tried hard to get one of the largest Zeppelins in Europe. We had sent Colonel Hensley to Germany to obtain one. The contract had been concluded, the money sent over, and the work started by the Zeppelin people on a ship for this country, when the work was stopped and the whole proposition halted for several years. This was the beginning of the acquisition of the Zeppelin ZR-3, which was recently delivered to the United States. We wished to use the great airship for reconnaissance problems; for transporting goods, supplies and men; for fighting other airships; and as an airplane carrier -that is, equip it with airplanes which could fly away from it and return to it, so that it could go any place over the ocean, launch the airplanes, let them do what was desired, and then have them return. The landing of airplanes on airships is not a difficult problem, as they can fly up under the airship while it is going at full speed, and hook onto it. Over land they can do the same thing. The airship, or lighter-than-air dirigible, has the greatest cruising radius of any known means of transportation. This, of course, includes seacraft on water as well as any means of communication on the land or in the air.

We saw that our armament was rapidly becoming sufficiently perfected to destroy the greatest battleships. The sinking of ordinary merchant vessels, torpedo boats or destroyers and cruisers is comparatively easy, but to destroy the great battleships is a different matter. These war vessels have been developed consistently from the days of the old galleys. First, they were heavily armored against attack from missile-throwing weapons and cannon against their sides; next, the decks were armored for protection from plunging fire falling from great heights against them; then, after the advent of the torpedo, their sides were honeycombed so that any wound against them under the water line would be localized and would not affect the whole ship and cause her to sink.

It had always been held as a principle that the vessel had to be hit directly by a thrown missile in order to affect it. In studying the battleship we found that its bottom was its most vulnerable place. It contained no armor and had sticking out of it the open water pipe connecting with the condenser system. The use of the water hammer, or water impelled with great force by an explosion under the bottom of the vessel, would certainly cave in the bottom, spring the seams, and cause the vessel to sink. Most of us remember how, when boys, we knocked two stones together when diving under water, and what an effect this had on our ears. It is this force that we utilize in attacking ships in the water. Explosions deep in the water at a distance from the ship would break the condenser system, which would stop the vessel from steaming. In fact, one of the most vulnerable points in a battleship is the condenser system. The propellers and their shafts could be bent, the rudder damaged, and the whole underwater integrity of the vessel would be deranged. So we determined the best depths in the water at which bombs should explode to get these effects, and made our fuses accordingly. These tremendous missiles, containing upward of one thousand pounds of TNT, could not be tested in any ordinary way. We had to try them in water of various depths, taking note where they exploded merely by looking at them, because any instruments, nets or wires designed to tell at what depth detonations took place would be blown entirely to pieces, and show nothing. We carried out the experiments in the water in the upper part of Chesapeake Bay near Aberdeen, Maryland. These terrible detonations killed thousands of fish, tore up the bottom, and stopped traffic in the vicinity while the experiments went on. The fuses of these great bombs were also arranged so that if they actually hit a vessel on its deck they would cause an explosion which would dish or crack the deck, smash up the superstructure, tear down the masts, kill all exposed personnel by the detonation and others by the concussion, put out of commission the telephones, electric-light systems and speaking tubes, and would probably blow up the magazines and the boilers. One very serious difficulty in a battleship is its weight, due to its armor, which makes it quite topheavy and easily unbalanced and sunk by the explosion of a bomb close to it under the water line.

Definite Possibilities

Our experiments had gone forward so far in the fall of 1920 that I was able to announce definitely to Congress that we could destroy, put out of commission and sink any battleship in existence or any that could be built. This resulted in an interesting controversy that merely showed how any innovation, particularly in methods of warfare, is kept down by the more conservative elements. The Secretary of the Navy at that time announced that these things could not be done and that he was willing to stand on the bridge of the ship while we bombed it. Congress, however, took another view, and Mr. Anthony, in the House of Representatives, and Senator New, in the Senate, introduced resolutions authorizing the President of the United States to designate warships to be used as targets for our experiments. Fortunately the German prizes of war were about to be turned over to the United States, and, under the conditions, they had to be destroyed within a certain time, the idea being to let the various allied countries learn all the lessons they could from them, then sink them so as not to add them to their naval strength.

The Navy Department began drawing up conditions under which these vessels should be destroyed. There were several classes of ships: Submarines, destroyers, a beautiful cruiser the Frankfurt, and the dreadnought Ostfriedland. This splendid ship was designed under the German Admiral Von Tirpitz's orders, especially for use in the North Sea against England, where many mines and torpedo attacks could be expected. Her underwater construction was the best known, and remains a good pattern to this day. Her water-tight compartments were many, and each one had solid bulkheads or partitions not even pierced by doors, so that there would be no chances of there being openings in them in case one or more were flooded. She had three skins to her bottom and of course was very heavily armored. She was called the unsinkable ship. She had participated in the Battle of Jutland, had been hit by many projectiles, among them some of large caliber, and in addition two mines had hit her below the water line. In spite of this she had made harbor under her own steam and had been thoroughly repaired. She was indeed a hard nut for us to crack on our initial attempt at something that had never been tried before. We had meetings between naval officers and air officers to arrange a program of bombing so that the maximum amount of knowledge could be gained from the experiment. The Navy insisted on anchoring these target ships on what is known as the one-hundred-fathom curve, which lies about seventy-five miles out to sea from the mouth of Chesapeake Bay.

The Chesapeake Chosen

The airdrome at Langley Field, where the planes were to be concentrated for the bombing maneuvers, was twenty-five miles away from the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, which, added to the distance out from the capes where the ships were to be, made it about one hundred miles over the water, and, as we might have to maneuver for an hour in approaching the targets and discharging our projectiles at a speed of one hundred miles an hour, we should probably have to fly three hundred miles over the water on each bombing raid. It is perfectly practicable to go over the water, but any accident to a plane necessitating its landing in the water might result seriously. In time of war, of course, we would take the chance; in time of peace it was entirely unnecessary to send airplanes so far out at sea.

There were two other places that could have been used—one at Cape Hatteras, where the hundred-fathom curve came within twenty miles of shore; and the other at Cape Cod, where it came within ten miles of land. But the majority of naval officers were so sure that the air attacks would prove ineffectual, that it was desired to show as many congressmen as possible how little could be done by the air force, and as the sea off the Chesapeake was the best place for this, it was chosen.

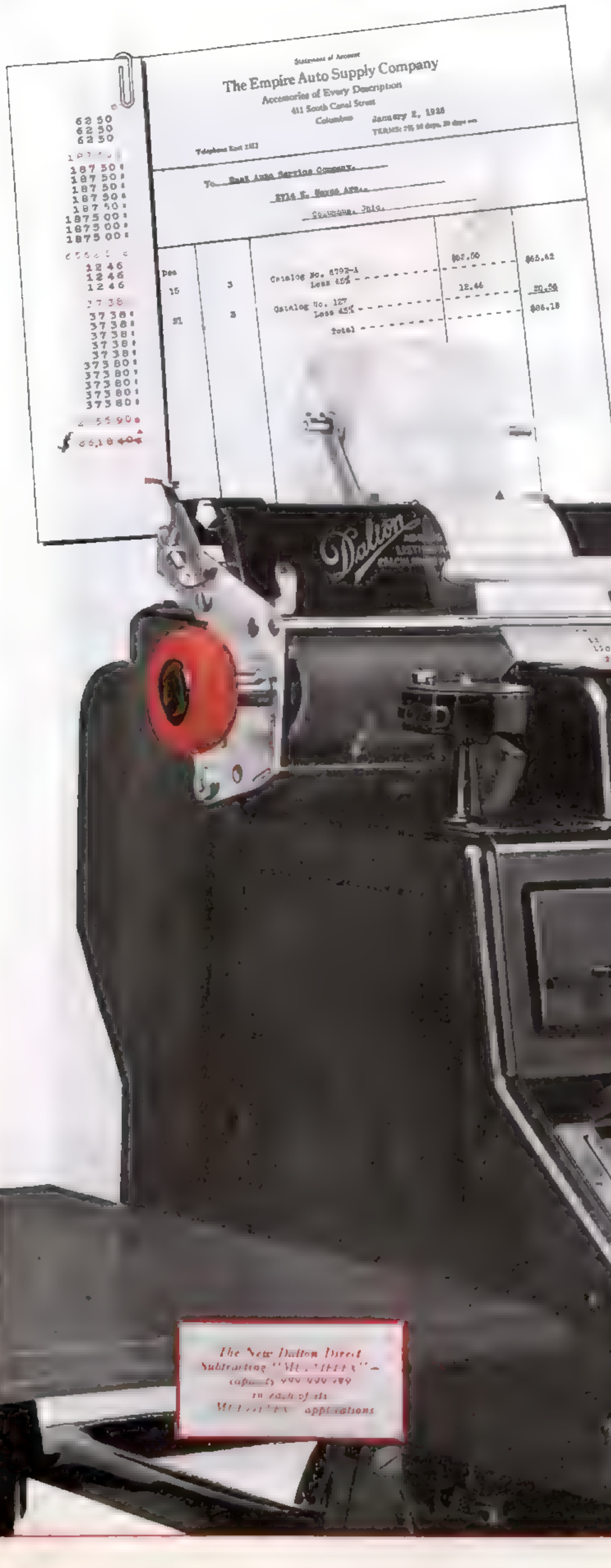
The reason that the ships were anchored in one hundred fathoms was because it was required by the terms of the international agreement that they be sunk in deep water, and, next, our bombs would not have so great an effect as they would if the water were shallow. In shallow water, if we can burst the bombs against the bottom, they explode up and against the bottoms of the vessels with very much greater force than where the water is deeper, in which case there is no tamp upward against shipping.

It was up to us, however, to show that what we advocated could be done, so we had to accept the conditions as they were offered. These made us operate under conditions that were about as hard as could be drawn up for the accomplishment of the difficult experiment.

Meanwhile, orders had been issued all over the United States for the concentration of our pilots and airplanes at Langley Field, Virginia. This airdrome lies only a short way from Hampton, which is one of the oldest continuously inhabited towns in America. It lies not far from where General McClellan's army, equipped with the first military aircraft in the form of Professor Lowe's balloons, invested Yorktown in 1862; where Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington and Lafayette; and

(Continued on Page 153)

Inter woven
Toe and Heel
Socks
NO HOLES TO DARN



SEE WHAT

Ordinarily in checking invoices, each item must be extended and the following figures tested as to its correctness, as added two operations. The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "MULTIPLEX" performs these operations simultaneously prints and "remembers" the product of each extension and automatically prints the grand total of all extensions. This is the first time a adding-calculating machine has done a feature of this type as perfected work of this character in a commercially practical manner

Write for descriptive folder

describing in detail, operation and application of the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "MULTIPLEX"—tells how, on your own work, this machine will save an unusual amount of time and labor.

THE "Multiplex" DOES

×× Performs a series of multiplications, prints, designates and "remembers" each separate total, automatically prints and designates the grand total thereof.

+ − Adds and subtracts simultaneously; with distinguishing designations.

+ + Adds two sets of figures in a single column or in parallel columns, with distinguishing designations.

− Subtracts by the mere depression of a key, even subtracting a larger number from a smaller and *prints the true negative answer in red with a red minus sign.*

THINK of the business figure work requiring two operations or more. Checking invoices; figuring factory costs, inventory and discounts; taking trial balance; making up payroll—these and many other multiple operation problems can now be performed in a single operation.

The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "MULTIPLEX" eliminates "round about" figuring by going straight to the answer of answers, thereby saving practically half in time and work over old methods.

For example, in figuring discounts, the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "MULTIPLEX" automatically prints the net amount of the invoice, as well as the amount of the discount. In figuring factory costs, it prints and "remembers" the cost of *each* operation, then automatically prints the grand total cost of all operations. In taking trial balance, it lists and designates debits and credits in either a single or in separate columns, and automatically prints the total of each, as well as the difference, regardless of whether the balance represents a positive or negative quantity. In distributing sales by clerks or departments, it adds and prints the total of each clerk's sales, "remembers" these totals, and automatically prints the grand total of all sales.

For this newest Dalton, though controlled by the single simplified 10-key "touch method" Dalton keyboard, is really two or more complete adding-calculating machines in one. Its figuring capacity is almost limitless.

Many of these hard-to-do tasks have never before been handled by mechanical figuring equipment. No machine has ever performed in a manner that is commercially practical, a series of multiplications, printed and "remembered" each separate total, and automatically printed the grand total thereof. No machine of this character has ever had direct subtraction—subtraction by the mere depression of a key.

Yet the Dalton, in offering these new, exclusive advantages, offers, too, that simpler, faster, more versatile figuring service for which all Daltons are famed. Every class of figure work—addition, subtraction, multiplication, division—is performed with lightning speed, with almost incredible ease.

Have a demonstration

Today, phone the Dalton Sales Agent located near you for a demonstration on the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "MULTIPLEX" in your own office, on your own work. Learn how it will simplify your figure tasks, save minutes and money every day. And ask the Dalton representative to show you "The Measuring Rod," a compendium of vitally important figuring facts. A descriptive folder detailing operation and application of the new "MULTIPLEX" will be sent on request.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE SALES COMPANY, *Cincinnati, Ohio,* U. S. A.

Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Co., Toronto and Branches — *Sales Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World*

Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING · BOOKKEEPING
STATEMENT AND "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES

152 Models at Prices Ranging from $125 to $1200

A Special Chiffon Stocking—*Built for Dancing*

All silk where it shows—

invisibly strengthened at heel and toe

Allen A
Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children
Underwear
For Men and Boys Only

For dancing, of course, one *must* wear chiffon stockings of sheerest weave. But how often a single evening of dancing will utterly ruin the finest!

Now Allen A has designed a special chiffon to stand this wear. It's filmy sheer. But it is invisibly strengthened at points of strain.

The foot, for example, is all silk *outside*. But *inside* we have woven an invisible "inner foot" of stout lisle. A special finish also gives the silk itself new wearing qualities that will delight you.

So try this Allen A chiffon for dancing. Clip the handy list below so that you can ask for this special style by number. Should your regular dealer not have it, just write to us direct. We will arrange to supply you. THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.

Pacific Coast prices slightly higher

No. 3785 — **$1.85** *the pair* — Extra sheer all-silk chiffon with "inner foot" of fine lisle. Special finish for longer wear. Pure thread Japan silk. Full-fashioned. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. All shades.

No. 3780 — **$1.50** *the pair* — Extra sheer chiffon with garter tops, heels, soles and toes of fine mercerized lisle. Pure thread Japan silk. Full-fashioned. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. In all colors.

No. 895 — **$1.75** *the pair* — Regular weight service hose of pure thread Japan silk. Tops, heels, soles and toes of fine mercerized lisle. Full-fashioned Dip-dyed Unadulterated. In all shades.

(Continued from Page 148)

only a few miles from Jamestown, where John Smith planted his colony; and from where the Monitor and Merrimac had their great struggle. The results of the bombing might hold more far-reaching consequences than even those events. Our pilots, observers and mechanics had their imaginations fired, and were determined that the maximum results should be accomplished by our little air force.

The airplanes started coming in from the West, from the North and from the South. Three heavy bombers—one Handley-Page and two Capronis—made the flight from Texas. It was the first time that a continuous flight had been made by these large ships for such a distance. With them came their veteran crews of the Border Patrol. What had remained of our air force had been deployed along the Mexican border in 1919 and 1920, so as to protect our frontier in case of trouble. Our Martin bombers, large two-engined airplanes, had never been tried out in service, for they were just being finished in the Martin airplane factory at Cleveland, Ohio. Our experience in flying large bombers from Italy to the Western Front in Europe had been quite disastrous, as nearly all crashed in transit across the Alps, and great fears were entertained that many accidents would happen to these great ships on their long journey. The planes were so well built, however, the crews so expert, that not one of the thirty transported was destroyed en route.

As each airplane came in it was assigned to its particular organization. The staff was organized along the lines that we had found to be the best in Europe, and regular plans were drawn up for the whole organization and for every operation. The air force was known as the First Provisional Air Brigade, and it had every element necessary for the operation of a large air force. A pursuit aviation under Captain Baucom, who had so greatly distinguished himself in Europe, was organized to act as protection to the great bombers in case they were attacked by hostile pursuit aircraft. The lightweight bombers, for which we used the old De Haviland airplanes, were designed to attack torpedo craft, transports and light vessels, and, in case the antiaircraft artillery from the warships amounted to anything serious, they could attack the big ships with their light bombs and machine guns at close quarters so as to nullify any effect against the heavy bombers from this source.

The heavy Martin bombers, with their cruising ability of five hundred and fifty miles and their power to lift from two to three thousand pounds of bombs, were the most powerful airplanes that we had ever had. At first our men were unaccustomed to them and were a little nervous when flying them with their full loads, but they soon found how very airworthy they were and gained the utmost confidence in them.

An Unexampled Personnel

The crews were first trained carefully over the land and then began working over the water. Both still and moving targets were used and in some cases automobiles were run along the roads to indicate the maximum speed at which seacraft might be able to go on water. Corners were turned and all changes of course in dodging on the part of the war vessels were simulated. Each class of seacraft was carefully studied and all the personnel made familiar not only with their appearance but with their structure and the sizes of bombs that were necessary to destroy each class of boat.

We were allowed to use only one weapon in the first maneuvers against the ships anchored off the Virginia capes. These were our high-explosive bombs. Air forces, of course, can use contact mines, gas and smoke screens of various kinds, phosphorous bombs, thermite to cause great heat, water torpedoes, air torpedoes and gliding bombs. The use of these weapons was explained and taught to our officers.

All these airmen had been flying from three to five years. They excelled any personnel ever brought together or probably that ever will be brought together, in their determination, their ability, their confidence in their organization and their knowledge of air tactics. Fortunately the concentration was effected at Langley Field without the loss of a single pilot and, in spite of the fact that these great weapons were being used constantly, comparatively few accidents actually happened.

One bad one occurred at Aberdeen Proving Grounds in the upper part of Chesapeake Bay, with quite a small bomb. The bomb had been hung on the wing of a DH airplane preparatory to taking it into the air for a shot at a target. The bomb's primers or fuses are so arranged that they are not set, or armed, as we call it, until they are dropped from the airplane. When the bomb drops, a little wire releases a small propeller which is on the nose of the bomb. The pressure of the air makes this turn, which actuates a screw that releases a plunger which acts as a firing pin against a detonator, or cap. Some bombs have this little flywheel in both the nose and the tail so that if one fuse fails to work the other one will.

In the case of the bomb at Aberdeen, the mechanism for dropping the bomb released it while the airplane's propeller was being tuned up on the ground preparatory to flying. As the bomb lay on the ground, the stream of air rushing from the propeller turned the arming device over and made the bomb live. Not seeing it, the pilot started to taxi the airplane out on the airdrome and in turning hit the bomb with the tail skid of his plane. A terrific explosion immediately followed. It killed three men and wounded thirteen or fourteen. As this was only a fifty-pound bomb it can be imagined what would have happened if one of the larger bombs had detonated. We safeguard all our weapons in the greatest way possible, and in order to have the bomb explode four different things have to happen. In this case all of them did happen: First, it dropped off; second, it had a stream of air against it so as to actuate the little propeller on the bomb; next, the plunger was caused to be pressed against the detonator; and last, the bomb was hit with a severe jolt by the tail skid of the airplane. It is remarkable that more accidents do not happen when man attempts to harness these great elemental forces.

Bombing Practice

Within a couple of months before the coming of the warships the organization of the brigade at Langley Field was complete. Practice was begun over the water. First, we drew out a silhouette of a battleship on a marshy point near the mouth of the Back River, marking the points where the bombs should hit. It was practiced on every day. Then we obtained a tug and towed a target representing a battleship out into the Chesapeake. The bombing became so accurate that the crew of the tug had no fear in using a line only about three hundred feet long. Every day direct hits were made on these structures with our one-hundred-pound, sand-loaded bombs, so that it was hard to keep sufficient targets on hand. Next, we bombed the wrecks of the old battleships Texas and Indiana, close to Tangier Island, about fifty-four miles away from the airdrome. On these we used live bombs of heavy weight.

There, in the haze of the morning and evening, we ran into quite unusual conditions. As we were about eight miles away from the nearest land, it was often invisible and we found ourselves with no horizon or point of reference by which to level our planes, because everything was the same color—air, sky and water. It was very much as if we were in the inside of a sphere all painted the same hue. Many who had had experience in overwater flying had held that it was impossible for this reason to level an airplane so that good bombing could be done, but we soon found by the aid of a gyroscope brought to us by Lawrence Sperry, of the Sperry Aircraft Company, that we had no difficulty in maintaining direction or flying the planes on a level keel. One learns these things only by actual air work and experience. With the comparatively crude bomb sights that we had, this was a most important consideration. By that time our bombing, on all sorts of targets, was becoming so accurate that even the most doubting of our officers knew that whether hostile seacraft were at rest or moving no matter how fast, there would be no difficulty in hitting them.

We then practiced at night. The airplanes left in formations at night, went through their regular bombing practice in the same way they did in the daytime, searched for their targets out over the water, signaled to one another and made their attacks. Each one of the Martin bombers was provided with radio telephones so that one plane could talk to the others. Flights were now made up and down the coast and everyone was made familiar with the distinguishing marks on the various lighthouses and life-saving stations, and the places where suitable landings could be made in case of emergency.

As the time became shorter before the arrival of the target ships, the excitement grew. Our bombs began to come in—the three-hundred-pounders, the six-hundred-pounders, and, last, the eleven-hundred-pounders. We had had some concrete bombs made the same size, shape and weight as the two-thousand-pounders. With these we had tested the bomb carriers on the airplanes and the mechanism for dropping them, so as to insure their proper functioning. We took up a few of the bombs and dropped them to see if everything worked satisfactorily. Not one of these bombs failed us in any way. Their shapes made them fall straighter than any bombs we had ever seen used in Europe or in this country, and their fuses were the best we had ever seen. Still our two-thousand-pound bombs did not arrive, and as the months shortened into weeks and the weeks into days before the tests were to take place, we grew a little nervous at their nondelivery. At last we found that these monster weapons were on their way, and learned one cause of why they had been so late.

It seems that the steel bomb cases had barely been finished two weeks before the test. It took several days to install the fuses and then the half ton of TNT had to be poured into each one of them in a molten condition. No one had known before that it took such great masses of TNT a very long time to cool. In the ordinary summer temperature it would have taken ten days or two weeks before they would have been ready for shipment, in which case they would have been too late, so, to overcome this, our resourceful Ordnance Department packed each one in ice so that within a couple of days they were on their way.

They reached us just in the nick of time and were stored in our ammunition dumps with sand bags piled around them to localize any explosion in case one went off. This would have done little good, however, because if a single one had detonated, probably the whole airdrome with all its equipment would have been destroyed, together with most of the personnel at that place.

The First Provisional Air Brigade was now ready to attack any warships or fleet of warships which could have been sent against that part of the coast. The personnel was experienced with all the difficulties incident to using the great bombs and how to obtain the best results from them. We also had the best planes that we could get hold of, but they were not at all suitable for work at sea, as they had been designed for work in Europe.

Some of the little pursuit planes had only sufficient gas to get out to the target battleships and back again, but their pilots were determined to go, even though they might have to land in the sea and be rescued by one of the patrol vessels.

The Dirigible Airships

The first Provisional Air Brigade was also supplied with a squadron of seaplanes equipped for rescue purposes, with doctors, first-aid equipment and means for carrying patients. These, however, did not prove very successful, because seaplanes, when required to land in heavy waves, usually smash in their bottoms and often sink more quickly than the ordinary airplane buoyed up by the air in its wings. The seaplane squadron was carefully trained in the work for which it was intended, and whenever it had smooth water to land in, did good work.

In our large lighter-than-air hangar we had four small dirigible airships. These had the ability of staying in the air from twenty-four to thirty hours and of making a speed of about sixty miles per hour. They could operate by night or by day. They also were trained in rescue work, so that if forced landings in water occurred they were able to go down near the water, drop rope ladders down to the swimmers, and haul them up to safety. This was practiced at different times in the middle of Chesapeake Bay. In addition to their rescue work they were trained for reconnaissance service, and, because they had very powerful radio telegraph installations on board, they could be heard for long distances, much farther than the airplanes. Their use was particularly efficient at night when they themselves could not be seen but when they could easily distinguish shipping on the surface of the water, either by seeing the ship directly or by dropping the large calcium flares which produce lights of several hundred thousand candlepower that illuminate great stretches of the ocean. Ordinarily they had little trouble at night in picking up seacraft on account of the white waves and the phosphorescent wake thrown up by the bows and sterns of the vessels.

We had photographic planes equipped with both still and motion-picture cameras so as to make a complete record of every shot. We had a completely organized meteorological service and the means of transmitting weather information to all our airplane squadrons and of predicting weather from twenty-four to thirty hours ahead of time. Cloud flying, rain flying, and flying in storms, were practiced and well understood by all.

Speed in Low Flying

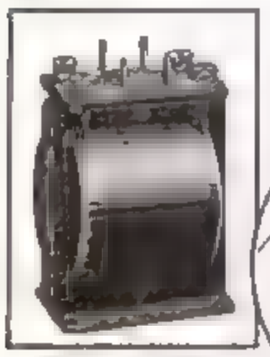
The Chesapeake Bay region is subject to terrific thunderstorms during the summertime. These are caused by the heat of the sun making ascending currents of moistened air which gradually form the cirrocumulus clouds. These work inland, and toward the afternoon they meet the cold air currents that come down the sides of the Alleghany Mountains. This condenses the moisture, forming heavy clouds which, in turn, produce thunderheads which gradually sweep down over the bay regions in the afternoon with ever-increasing speed, accompanied by discharges of lightning and heavy rains. Our instruments have registered velocities of more than one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour on the ground in these storms. We had to be particularly careful in handling our air organizations so as to get them through and away from these storms while operating out at sea. The average storm in this region is not more than twenty-five miles in diameter, nor does it move across country at more than twenty to thirty miles an hour, but inside it the wind velocities are very high. Near the ground the wind acts as if it were a cylinder of air that rolls along the earth. This is caused by the air hitting the ground and being retarded in very much the same way that the water at the bottom of a river is retarded when it touches the earth so that the water at the bottom of a river is always flowing more slowly than that at the top. With the air, however, the retardation at the bottom allows the air above to pour or slip completely over until it touches the ground. The result is that we may get up and down currents that are so severe during heavy storms as to dash airplanes against the earth before they can pull out with their engines.

Another interesting thing that we found out was that if we flew within eight or ten feet of the water we obtained more life and consequently more speed. This is due to the fact that the wings of an airplane push the air downward and pile it up. When this air hits a flat surface underneath, it acts very much like a cushion under the plane and gives it greater sustentation. We use this greatly to our advantage when going against heavy winds, because by getting down close to the ground the winds lose a great deal of their velocity, whereas we in the airplanes gain lift or sustentation and speed.

At last the day arrived when the target warships were put into position and we were given orders to stand by for the first attack. We were now to be given a chance to prove whether aircraft could actually sink the latest types of battleships. If this were successful it would mean eventually that aircraft would control all traffic on the seven seas and that, as they would eventually be able to destroy and attack all communications on land, the outcome of these maneuvers would cause an entire rearrangement of the elements of national defense which each country possessed at that time.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Brigadier General Mitchell. The third will appear in an early issue.

Samson Helical Wound Transformers



Showing Patented Helical Winding

HW-A2 Audio Transformer

Give Clearer Radio Reception on account of the Helical Winding

Other transformers cannot equal Samson efficiency because they cannot duplicate this patented winding, which minimizes distortion throughout the entire audio range.

At leading stores; write us for proof of Samson superiority.

SAMSON ELECTRIC CO.
Mfgrs. for over 40 years
Canton, Mass.

Think

TENTH-WORD LOVE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Are you really jealous of him?" she asked.

Doug turned on her.

"Don't coquette with me! I've got a cold. I'm no more jealous of Monty Angevene than I am of that table, but I'm so sick of brilliant conversation."

Katherine had recovered herself by the time she came down to dinner.

"Doug," she laughed to Monty, "has been behaving in a way to make any wooden wedding seem a perfect miracle."

"I suppose we all get disagreeable when our respiration is cut off," Monty replied. "He is a sinister figure though."

They both looked at Doug, who was in his handkerchief again, and laughed.

"I can only think he had a perfectly magnificent time in New York."

"He did. I never saw him in better form than at Helen's dinner. The duchess was definitely *éprise*."

Doug contradicted.

"You've got to come out in the pantry and mix cocktails, Monty," Katherine said. "If Doug were in the room with the ingredients I'm sure he'd embitter them."

While they were gone Doug sat on the couch and waited for more sneezes. It was all very well for Katherine and Monty to think his cold was a laughing matter, but his head felt the size of a flour barrel and his nose as though there were long hairs growing out of it. As he sat he inspected the room belligerently. He didn't see anything for Katherine to get so high-hat about. It was a pretty comfortable home. You'd think from the way she talked to Monty that he was keeping her in a slum. Whether she liked it or not, she could jolly well stick it out until those notes were paid off. She thought he talked about money too much, did she? Well, he was the one who had to worry about it.

The amber cocktails were faintly clouded with absinth. "Aren't they delicious?" Katherine asked.

"You'd better not drink all yours," Doug answered. "You know how they set your tongue running."

Katherine, who had had every intention of sipping and dividing what was left between the men, said, "Don't you want your nose to have any competition whatever?" and drained her glass.

Monty studied Doug's puffed and disgruntled visage.

"I'm not sure," he pronounced, "that you're exactly the husband for the Madame de Staël *de nos jours*."

"And I'm not sure I care for that remark," Katherine commented. "Do you remember what Byron said of Madame de Staël? That he never could understand why the best intellect in Europe should have chosen so plain a dwelling place."

"Well, who was the radiant wit? Madame Récamier?"

Katherine saw Sarah.

"From a furtive glare through the dining-room door," she remarked, "I judge that dinner is served. Monty, will you take me out?"

Large Sarah darted before their advance.

"What an alarming menial!" Monty commented. "I hope you have her prison record."

"No, but there was a time when she insisted on putting her thumb prints in most of the dishes."

"If she happens to hear this exchange of wit," Doug grumbled behind them, "I suppose you know she'll leave before the meal is served."

"It would be nice if we could say something Doug wouldn't mind," Monty said, then he stopped in his tracks, for the dining room, which had been added to the inconspicuous rest of the house at the peak of the original owner's prosperity in 1887, had just burst upon him.

"Now why," he demanded, "would anyone think of building a room like this? I ask you why?"

"It is mystifying," Katherine agreed. "Sit down quickly and concentrate on the tableware and be glad our friends gave us credits at the silversmith's in the long ago when we were married."

Monty sat, but he couldn't take his eyes off the many-mirrored mantel which climbed toploftily to the ceiling, and the San Domingo mahogany built-in sideboard.

"But why?" he repeated.

"My idea," Katherine said, "was to furnish it in the period. Griffins, you know. One can get herds of them in any New York auction room for practically nothing; and jeweled lamps. But Doug is such a conservative he insisted on the ancestral Sheraton."

"And casters," Monty fell in with the idea; "and a frosted water pitcher with a squirrel on it."

The doorbell rang and Sarah sidled through the dining room to the hall.

"Don't you think it would have been funny?" Katherine went on. "Those were the days when every service plate was of a different kind and people made a game of guessing whether they had a Limoges or a Royal Doulton."

Sarah had returned.

"It's Mr. and Mrs. Hynick," she announced in a hoarse whisper.

"Say we're out," Katherine told her.

"Don't do anything of the kind," Doug spoke up.

"Why not?" Katherine asked.

"You know darned well why not."

"Ask them to come in here then, Sarah."

When Sarah had gone Doug made a little speech.

"Hynick is the president of the local bank, Monty. He's got all my notes, and if I ever need any more I'll have to borrow it from him. Don't you two act like fools."

"We'll try to observe the major rules of hospitality," Katherine said, in rather a dangerous tone.

Mr. Ray Hynick was a large person. He had particularly ponderous hands. He whacked Doug on the back with one and crushed Monty's fingers with the other.

"Glad to meet any side kick of this young fellow's," he declared. "Any chance of you locating here, Mr. Angevene?"

"Well, I hadn't considered it," Monty answered, and there was something so droll about his tone that Katherine laughed startlingly.

"He's a perfectly worthless person, Mr. Hynick," she explained. "If he were to entertain such an idea for a moment I should have to ask you to warn the chamber of commerce against him."

Mr. Hynick looked puzzled.

"Why, Ray!" Mrs. Hynick was saying. "This is terrible. They're just setting down to their supper."

Mrs. Hynick was really preposterous. Her hairdressing had crystallized at the puff period, and a high boned net collar rose strangely from the neck of her dark blue beaded satin dress. She had wrists. Her name had been Cora Stiles. The unique point on which Mrs. Wilmerding and Mrs. Bronkhart Smith struck unanimity was the baseness of Mrs. Hynick's origins.

"But it's perfectly delightful," Katherine assured her. "Won't you both sit down? You between the two men, and Mr. Hynick beside me."

"I don't know about mother," Mr. Hynick said gallantly, "but nothing could keep me from it."

"Have you dined?"

"Just got up from the table."

"Well, you won't refuse a little wine. We're emptying our cellars for Monty; both bottles."

"It's some sparkling Burgundy," Doug said hastily, "which was given us a couple of years ago."

"I never touch it," Mrs. Hynick said, and there was just perceptible to Doug a little tightening of her lips; "neither does father."

"Don't tell me because of that tiresome law I used to hear people talking about!" Monty begged.

"Cut it out, Monty," Doug commanded in a crisp angry voice.

Katherine eyed her husband with level judicial brows. Doug seemed to think that with old friends the need for courtesy had evaporated.

"I wouldn't mind some of those pickled watermelon rinds though," Mr. Hynick admitted. "If you'll let me have a sauce dish."

"How nice!" Katherine smiled her pleasure and rang for Sarah.

Mrs. Hynick sighed.

"Father can't sit and not eat."

"We've just been discussing this dining room," Katherine said when the sauce dish had been supplied.

"Oh, it's awful handsome," Mrs. Hynick gave her opinion. "I always have thought it was the stylishest room in town. Mr. Huber went in too deep on it though. I always said this room was the beginning of the end with Mr. Huber. Mrs. Huber would have died in the poorhouse if a niece of hers hadn't taken her in."

"Imagine cascading to ruin over that mantel!" Monty breathed.

"Well, Mr. Hynick." Doug took the conversation into his own hands with desperate joviality, "how have you been running the town since I've been away?"

"Had a little trouble with Jay Warner," Mr. Hynick laughed, "but I guess it's all fixed up. Jay was traveling a little too fast for his age, but I tightened up on the curb and I guess he'll pace wiser in future."

"Mr. Hynick," Doug threw at Monty parenthetically, "acts *in loco parentis* to every young man in this township."

"Oh, we was worried about Jay," Mrs. Hynick put in her word. "He'd been down to the river two Sundays, and pretty drunk I guess."

The three seemed absorbed in conversation.

"Monty, I must tell you about Nan Bryar," Katherine seized the opportunity. "It's the one bit of drama that's colored my life for months."

"Has she been at her famous histrionics again?"

"You knew she and Jack had divorced? Oh, there weren't any of those brute-beast-monster words in the language which did justice to him. He only gave her twenty thousand a year for alimony. Naturally she dramatized herself as the impoverished gentlewoman. For months I used to get the most pitiful letters about how pinched she was, and then one day she appeared, here in Westford, in one of those Spanish Juno cars and a chinchilla motor wrap with platinum buttons. She was in love. Probably no one had ever been so terribly in love, and the man was penniless, and of course her alimony would stop if she married him. She'd come all the way up to ask my advice, having exhausted every other available eardrum, I suppose. Should she renounce all for a love match, or give him up, or what should she do? I'm afraid I knew what she wanted me to advise, and I had no intention of advising it. I said, 'My dear, it's out of the question to take him as a lover because if half what you say about Jack Bryar is true there'd certainly be a very nasty little suit, and no alimony and no new marriage.' I don't know whether that would be legally possible, but I knew it was the thing to say, and it was successful. My dear Monty, you could see the permanent wave straighten right out of her hair with sheer terror. I think she telegraphed from here to the new man for any letters and souvenirs she may have given him, and she got in her Juno and tore back to town instantly. When next I heard from her it was a note written before the pilot left. She and Jack were off on a second honeymoon. No one can say I haven't struck my blow for the sanctity of the home this year."

"And of course at every dance on the ship she'll tell all the young boys how Jack practically bludgeoned her unconscious and dragged her off against her will."

"I don't know what would be the ideal husband for Nan."

"Possibly a rich invalid in his nineties."

"But more than that. He'd not only have to be very old and very rich and tolerate her occasional lapses, but he'd have to applaud them. He'd have to say, 'My dear, I'm not feeling particularly well tonight. I've engaged a *salon privé* at the Budapest, but I'm not quite up to it. Do you suppose you could get that handsome young Conger to take you?' And then about nine o'clock he'd have to call up and say, 'Are you having a good time? Does young Conger like that rose crêpe tulle? Are you sure you aren't bored with him? I've just engaged a romantic-looking young Spaniard as secretary, and I thought I might send him down.'"

For some time Katherine had sensed something odd. It occurred to her that it was the silence. She looked up to find herself fixed with Doug's eyes, which were compelling and inimical.

"What's the matter, Doug?" she asked.

"Nothing." Doug bit out, but with one dart of his glance he indicated an only too absorbed Mrs. Hynick.

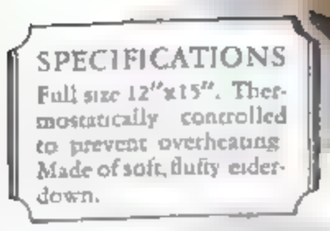
(Continued on Page 157)

Treat it with HEAT

Simplex

ELECTRIC HEATING PAD

for
aches
pains
and
cold
beds



SPECIFICATIONS
Full size 12"x15". Thermostatically controlled to prevent overheating. Made of soft, fluffy eiderdown.

$8.50

The Soothing Influence of Heat Correctly and Safely Applied

WHEN neuralgia beats its devil's tattoo on the nerves—when muscles are stiff and sore—when the dull throb of rheumatism becomes unbearable or even when the beds need warming on cold winter nights—try the Simplex Electric Heating Pad.

Here, in an attractive outer covering of fluffy eiderdown, you have clean, dry and CONSTANT heat, regulated by an easy-to-reach nickeled switch. No waiting. No fussing. No lowering of temperature as is the case with most heat-applying devices just when the heat begins to give relief. You simply plug in on any electric light socket, press the switch to "low," "medium" or "high," and you quickly have the temperature you want as LONG as you want it.

The pad is light and flexible, may be used in any position and cannot hurt the most sensitive flesh.

Wet applications, such as poultices and compresses can be kept hot by using a rubber cover.

The Simplex Electric Heating Pad costs no more to operate than the ordinary electric light bulb. It will last for years and years, making it the most economical heat applicator. Many Simplex Pads are in use after thirty years of service. Every household needs one NOW! If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon to order direct, and pay the postman when your Heating Pad arrives.

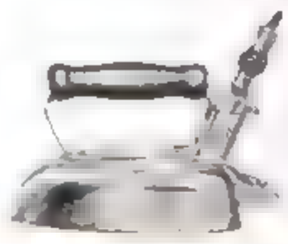
Write for "Treat It With Heat," an interesting and amusing movie booklet.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Simplex Electric Sunbowl

The biggest bowl—the most heat. Connect it to any electric light socket. Costs no more to operate than an electric iron or toaster.

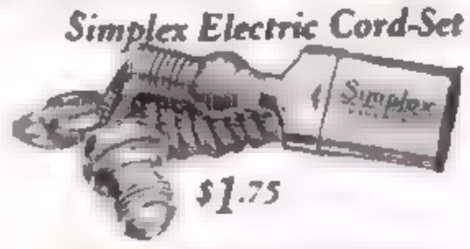
2 Sizes, $5.00 and $10.00



Simplex Electric Iron

Now you can get a Simplex Iron with the time-tried Simplex heating element and durable nickel finish, PLUS these new features—air-cooled rest-stand, air-cooled terminal-guard and unbreakable all-steel plug—for only ***$4.50***

Simplex Electric Cord-Set



$1.75

The Cord-Set with the unbreakable all-steel plug fits any electric household appliance. Why bother with broken plugs?

With UNBREAKABLE PLUG

COUPON

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.,
Cambridge, Mass.

*Please send a Simplex Heating Pad—Sunbowl (large, small) — DeLuxe Iron — $4.50 Iron — Cord-Set — for which I will pay the postman price shown in this advertisement.

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

*Cross out articles not wanted.

Opening the door to Dreamland

MODEL XV, *(Illustrated above),* super-selective long range radio frequency model. It cuts right through local broadcasting and brings in distant programs. Simple tuning with only two controls. Volume can be controlled

Non-radiating

Less Accessories $142.50
West of the Rockies 145.00

MODEL VI, splendid for loud-speaker reception of distant stations. Selective, but simple to tune. Anyone can use it. Each station is always found at its own setting on No. 1 dial. The other dial regulates volume. Non-radiating—no squeals to annoy others

Licensed under U. S. Patent No. 1,450,080

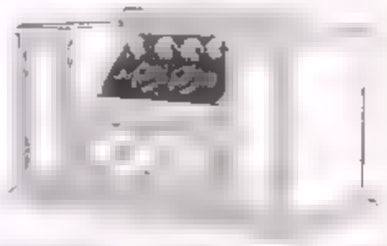
Less Accessories $105.00
West of the Rockies 110.00

"SH-H-H! Here's the bedtime story!" As easily as she finds a favorite page in her book, Grandmother sets the tuning dial of the KENNEDY. Riotous fun stops. The familiar voice of a friend whom the children love but have never seen fills the quiet room. Popular radio entertainers are welcome members of the family circle.

Your home is filled with more of life's sunshine when you install a KENNEDY. Your family can choose from wonderful programs, and hear the feature selected reproduced with life-like brilliancy. Your KENNEDY serves in turn as a newspaper, lecturer, musical instrument, and enlivening story telling companion, all in one. Something to suit your mood can always be found on the air—your KENNEDY brings in any desired station within a good long range, simply by turning to the dial setting for that station

The perfection of to-day's magnificent broadcasting is matched by the perfection of KENNEDY reception. There is nothing complicated to be fussed with; although easily operated and trouble-proof, the KENNEDY includes the most advanced principles of radio engineering

You'll appreciate the KENNEDY most when you hear it. An authorized KENNEDY dealer is located near you—we'll send his address if you write



MODEL XI, Sheraton period mahogany cabinet with oval wood and ebony trim. Dials are metal strips finished in gold. Built-in loud speaker. Convenient cabinet of true furniture worthy the most advanced price piece. Heavy construction. Brings in distant stations with loud speaker volume. Logged tuning of one dial. Controlled volume. Non-radiating

Licensed under U. S. Patent No. 1,450,080

Less Accessories $185.00
West of the Rockies 190.00

THE COLIN B. KENNEDY COMPANY *Saint Louis*

(Continued from Page 154)

A wave of insolent fury lifted Katherine. Why should she breathe in just the particular way that pleased Doug? If he wanted to introduce Main Street into the one dinner she'd really enjoy that year, let him take the consequences.

"I'm glad the table is large," Monty murmured. "We'd have had four broken shins between us."

"Where was I?" Katherine went on. "In the *salon privé?* Well, maybe it's just as well not to go back, since we know Nan so well, and the husband we've found for her doesn't mind. Have you a cigarette, Monty?" Katherine rarely smoked, and detested it. "Thanks. Won't you have one, Mrs. Hynick? When you were at the Lido last summer, Monty, did you find it true that, as everyone says, no one wears a stitch there, day or night?"

It was rather a mild effort, but if Katherine knew anything about facial expression it was completely successful as far as Doug was concerned.

"Oh, a few chiffons," Monty said. "You see, the evenings are cool."

The glow of the cocktail, if glow there had been, was long extinguished before the door of their room was locked.

"Well, you certainly succeeded in cutting the Hynick connection," Doug opened hostilities.

"Oh, why do you say that? I simply talked and acted like myself. I can't make myself over into Mrs. Hynick's ideal, and I won't. I don't mind living on Main Street, but I do mind your being afraid of it."

"If we get in a tight place it may mean losing the business. I hope you won't mind that."

"Of course I'd mind it. But you shouldn't have behaved as you did either. You know how family looks infuriate me. I'm terribly sorry, Doug."

"It wouldn't have infuriated you so if you hadn't taken that cocktail."

"I never felt it, and you drove me to taking it anyway. You did everything possible to spoil the evening. I think you might have remembered that the last function I attended wasn't Helen Cavour's dinner party, but poor Mary McGraw's wretched little gathering, and not tried to put a damper on everything I did."

Doug looked up from the drawer from which he was fishing his pajamas.

"I know you have a rotten time, and have had ever since you married me," he said. "I'm sorry."

"That's a little ungenerous," Katherine remarked in an exasperatingly detached tone.

"Well, you tell me so, often enough. You know darned well why I stay here. I can make this business into a big thing and I'm going to do it, whether Monty Angevene thinks it's a pleasant life for us or not. I don't intend to have the children perpetually worried about money the way we are."

"Also don't forget that you happen to enjoy the business thoroughly," Katherine reminded him.

"Well"—it seemed for a minute as though Doug were going to be inarticulate—"well, I should think you'd be glad to do it. How do people who weren't born with money make it? By going through some rotten unpleasant years. Look at the immigrants who come to this country and live in garrets and don't spend a cent until they get started. I'm not asking you to do that, but I am asking you to do the equivalent for people brought up as we were, and I think you might be a good sport and not whine about it."

"It's extremely easy for you to come from having a wonderful time in New York and accuse me——"

"A wonderful time!" Doug echoed. "It isn't such a treat for me to get away from my home as you seem to think."

"Really? Is that a compliment?"

Doug went berserk.

"I don't see why every time I come home from a trip I should be treated as though I were a criminal. Have you got some fool idea I do something I shouldn't when I'm away? Well, I don't, and I hate traveling."

"I don't think any such thing. I'm no more jealous of you and Helen Cavour than you are of me and Monty. We know each other too well."

"You mean you're tired of me?"

All the tensions which had been tugging at Katherine all day suddenly snapped.

"I suppose I do," she said.

"Well, what are we going to do about it? Do you want a divorce?"

"You know I don't. We aren't going to do anything."

"We can't afford to."

"Oh, Doug, that isn't just. It would be cheaper for me to take the babies and go abroad for a year or two, but ——"

She had meant to end that she wouldn't think of it. Doug didn't let her.

"You couldn't. You aren't the independent kind. You couldn't see about the milk supply, and whether the water was pure, and all those things."

"I'm sorry you think I'm a half-wit."

"Do you really want to go?"

"Of course I'd love to go. I'd adore it. It would be heaven after Westford."

She was emphatic in direct ratio to her hurt.

"You talk about my thinking about money," Doug said, "and yet it seems to me you're the one who considers marriage merely as a matter of dollars and cents, if you'd like to do that."

"Don't you think it's become an economic arrangement with us? It's certainly not a very romantic one. Do you realize that you haven't mentioned love to me for a year, except as the tenth word in a telegram when you hadn't anything else to say. Tenth-word love isn't enough to keep people together long, Doug, if they can possibly separate. But we can't, so that's that. No, don't come near me, please; I don't want to catch that cold. Won't you let me make a cold pack for your throat?"

"I will not," Doug said. "I feel rotten enough as it is."

Doug Calder's right-hand man at the factory was one of those exultant pessimists with an Adam's apple. His name was Austin.

"Any mail of importance?" Doug asked dully, for the cold or whatever it was had kept him awake most of the night.

"Lots of bills," Austin caroled.

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing in the mail. The plumber looked over that boiler yesterday and says it ought to be replaced. It won't ever stand another winter."

"Well, we'll get somebody else to look at it before we worry about that."

"Say, Mrs. Calder's got a girl working for her named Lena Bunce, ain't she?"

"Yes."

"Because I happened to hear some fellows talking at the Elks Club last night. She didn't have a good name before Mrs. Calder took her. I thought I ought to tell you."

This rotten little town! Doug thought. No wonder Katherine hated it.

"Anything else pleasant?" he asked.

"Say, you'll think I'm a regular calamity howler, but Danaher was in here day before yesterday, and he's been having a terrible time getting orders. He says the trouble about the Wagstaff order is that the Pease Pasteboard Box Company is going to make pasteboard pails, and of course the Wagstaff people are all tied up with them. He thinks that's what's the matter with the trade everywhere."

"Why didn't you wire that to me; or telephone me?"

"Why! Is it important?" Austin gaped.

Important! If it were true it meant ruin. The Pease people were fabulously capitalized, with country-wide connections. If they wanted to crush him —— There was only one thing to do—see them and try to flag them in some way, by bluff or actual prayer for mercy. The thought of it made Doug sick. He picked up his hat.

"I'll go over and see Mr. Hynick right away," he said.

Mr. Hynick's was a dingy, prosperous little bank.

"Is the old man busy?" Doug asked Bert Long, the cashier.

"I'll go see," Bert said, and disappeared from his window.

"Is it important?" he asked when he came back.

Doug had merely wanted to talk over the situation, to get mature advice, to feel that he wasn't absolutely unsupported; he hesitated about replying.

"Because if it isn't, the old man would rather not see you. Him and the missus are going to Atlantic City tomorrow, and he's got a lot to do."

Then Doug remembered about last night, and knew he'd been right in what he said to Katherine. The suddenness and relentlessness of the old man's changes in attitude toward his favorites were proverbial in Westford. Doug had never been refused audience before. It meant Mr. Hynick wasn't going to concern himself any further with a young man with the fast-living family he had seen Doug's to be. The same feeling of crumbling under too strong pressure which had overcome Katherine the night before came to Doug now. He went back to the factory to read through his bills.

Monty refused to be uncled by the children.

"Just Monty," he requested; and in explanation to their mother he said, "Reverence is an attitude which extinguishes me."

He sat on the porch steps and played with them while Lena did the nurseries and Katherine the Great interviewed Sarah.

"This is the way the lady rides, nym, nym, nym."

When Katherine the Great joined him, however, both babies were making elaborate puddings of very rich, chocolaty earth.

"Do you like them?" Katherine asked.

"The little one particularly. She has what the movie people call menace. One expression she gets makes my blood run cold. It's a pity they haven't a little bit of sea to play in."

"Yes, isn't it?" Katherine agreed.

"You'd love this place where the Harry Cuttings go. It's a French winter resort and so it's comparatively empty in summer. You know the French think the south of France uninhabitable after the first of May, whereas it's really perfectly delightful."

"Did they stay at a hotel?"

"No, they had a little pink house. I wish you could see it. With very thick walls, and almost pistache shutters. It was just about eighty feet from the Mediterranean. The children wore little striped bathing suits from morning to night, and lived on the *plage*."

"And I suppose they had one of those canvas cabins one rolls down to the water."

"Yes"—Monty was seeing it all through half closed eyes—"and all steeped in sunlight. Of course there's nothing like that French sunlight with little grains of gold all through it."

He talked on and on, and Katherine ached with longing for the life he pictured, a life which should unfold like a child's volume illustrated by Boutet de Monvel, an exquisitely economical existence which yet contained a governess in a long blue veil, and in a shining wax and copper kitchen a *bonne à tout faire* who could make clear cabbage soup, and foam fragile cakes for *goûter*.

They were interrupted by Doug. Katherine knew at sight of him that something had gone wrong.

"Break it to me right away," she said. "The factory hasn't burned down?"

"I've got to go back to New York this afternoon."

"For how long?"

"I don't know."

"Now you see what this self-sacrifice business gets you," Monty said to her. "You take my word, it's just an unfashionable form of self-indulgence. If you're wise you'll slip over to France next week for a month or two, and he'll never know you've been away."

"Is that what you've been discussing?" Doug asked, and not angrily at all.

"All morning," Monty answered, though Katherine's going hadn't been the subject at all. "And she's perfectly mad to go. Doug, you ought to let her."

"Oh, Monty!" Katherine protested.

"I've been thinking it over myself," Doug said. "I don't know that it isn't a good idea. I mean if you could stay a year on, say, six thousand."

As he said the words the whole position of everything changed. Katherine knew suddenly that she was being shoved out because she'd been so horrid last night, because instead of being a help she was being an obstacle.

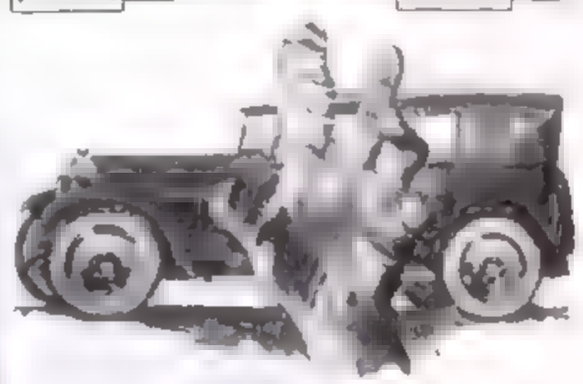
"But how about the passage money?" she suggested. "Wouldn't we use up anything we might save in that?"

"My Lord, haven't I told you about Jake Scott?" Monty cried. "He's got a position with a steamship line and he can get you grade-A staterooms at steerage rates if you're willing to sail on whatever vessel has a free one."

"But you talked about milk supply last night, Doug. Can one trust the milk in France?"

"Don't be silly, Katherine," Monty exclaimed. "Pasteur was a Frenchman, wasn't he? They have the healthiest cows in the world. Why, the Cutting children

PERMO PERMO

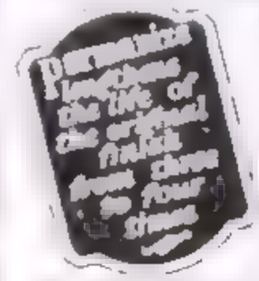


Don't Let Your *Automobile's Appearance* Stand Out Like A *Sore* Finger!

The unsightly automobiles that you see every day were once the object of envious eyes and admiring glances. They are still conspicuous - but in much the same manner as a sore finger. As the once beautiful and brilliant finish faded so did the pride of ownership. Don't let the finish of your new car pay such a price for neglect.

permanize with PERMO
MAKES THE FIRST FINISH LAST

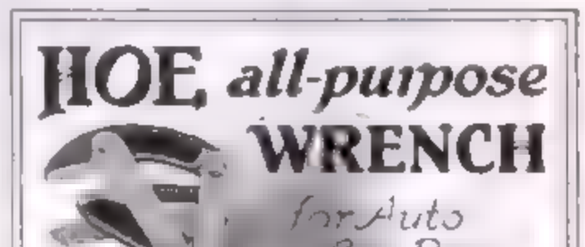
PERMANIZE Service is exclusively a service for the NEW or Re-Finished Car—a service that provides protection for the finish in such measure as to enable it to retain its original beauty and lustre from three to four times longer.



PERMANIZE is not a [illegible] not a paint—not a [illegible] it is the master finish-preserv- [illegible] PERMO [illegible] SERVICE STATION [illegible] al information or write

STANDARD SALES CO., Memphis, Tenn.
Manufacturer and Sole Distributor

PERMO STATION FRANCHISES for some desirable cities still available

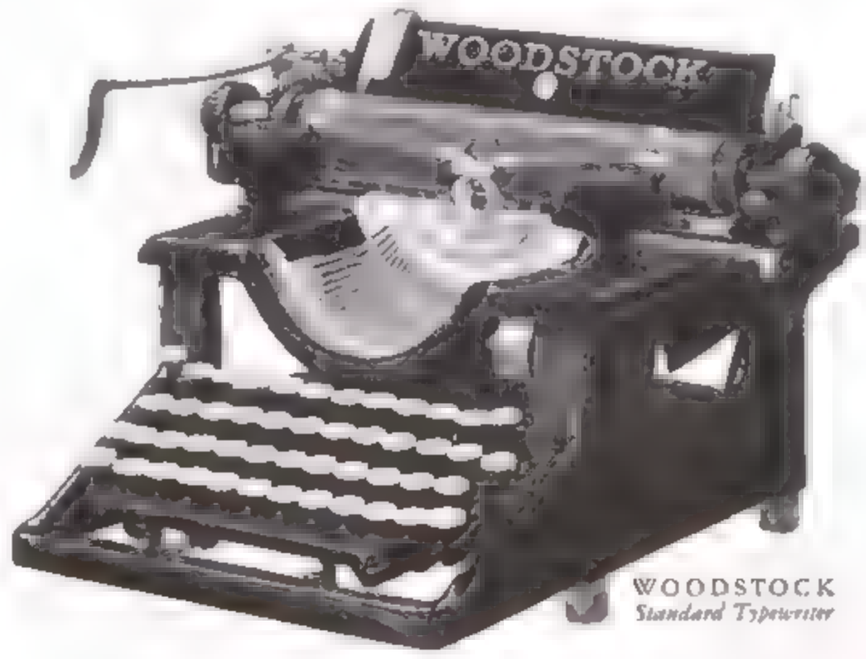


MEND YOUR TOP WITH
STiK-TiTE
TOP PATCH STRIPS

The [illegible] instantly and [illegible] to [illegible] Repair tubes and [illegible] Outfits 25c, and 50c, Long [illegible] at dealer's; or post paid from 313 Main St., Cincinnati
THE CINCINNATI AUTO SPECIALTY CO.

ADDING MACHINES
1/3 PRICE

[illegible] SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS [illegible] you money [illegible] NOW
RELIABLE ADDING MACHINE CORP. Dept. 90
168 W. Washington Street CHICAGO, ILL.



WOODSTOCK
Standard Typewriter

Resilient!

IN its eagerness to speed the words, the Woodstock seems to be a thing alive—a pulsing, throbbing thing with hair-trigger nerves and a will that's made of steel!

There's no secret to its speed and responsiveness Roller bearings at friction points eliminate the "drag" and give it that *buoyancy* which makes it seem almost automatic in its action.

It is this feature, perhaps more than any other, that wins so many experienced operators and gives the Woodstock its enviable position among the great typewriters of the world.

WOODSTOCK *Electrite*

The Electrite, newest member of the Woodstock family, has all the features of the standard Woodstock machine *plus* the advantage of electrical operation. It is a revelation in typewriting speed, efficiency and high grade character of work. Send for the booklet which describes both the Electrite and the standard Woodstock machine. It contains information which everyone in business ought to have.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER COMPANY
116 West Monroe Street *CHICAGO*

WOODSTOCK

began to gain the minute they started drinking from them."

A perfect demoniac frenzy seemed to have seized Monty to get her started. He would help with everything, make every arrangement. Katherine had hated few people as she hated him for taking over her existence like that.

"Do you really want me to go, Doug?" she asked at last, when Monty was still for a moment.

"I've got to lighten up somehow," Doug said. "It looks like a terrible year."

There wasn't anything to do but put up the best appearance of enthusiasm she could manage.

After much maneuvering, Doug gained an appointment with a person in authority at the Pease Pasteboard Box Company. The person in authority turned out to be Young Mr. Pease himself.

Young Mr. Pease was about forty-seven, large, florid and suave. That a firm could be so established as to preserve for the gentleman before Doug an adjective suggesting juvenility was alone staggering to him.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Calder," Young Mr. Pease said genially—"the name is Calder, isn't it—we're rather overstocked with raw material. We've got three years' supply of pulp, and it looks as though the market might fall. Pasteboard pails seem the logical way of disposing of it. We've let you and your competitors have full sway in the pasteboard-pail field for a long time." Mr. Pease was jocose. "There's no conscious desire on our part to harm you in any way now, I assure you. There's room enough for both; don't you feel that there is?"

And while Mr. Pease beamed and rubbed his hands and exuded cordiality and prosperity, it almost seemed to Doug as though there were room enough for both.

It was with quite an effort that he said, "You wouldn't care to take over my plant and equipment?"

"Oh, no. We've got extra factory space and are having some of our machinery rebuilt for the new purpose. No, Mr. Calder, you must go on just as you are. I trust we'll have the cordialest relations."

Doug, when he had left the Pease office, knew that where he must go, if the Pease company persisted, was into the hands of a receiver, and the impotent fury of the little against the great possessed him—the fury which, when it can have no effect on those against whom it is directed, destroys those who feel it.

He didn't fool himself that there was a word of truth in Young Mr. Pease's statements about the extra pulp. What had happened was that the Pease Company had decided they'd let a few obtainable pennies slip through their hands long enough, and had deliberately determined on the destruction of him and the other little fellows.

What chance had they, little ones, against the great steam roller of the Pease fortune and the Pease contracts, which would be simply extended to include pasteboard pails as well as boxes? None. They'd go down like tenpins. If there were any organization to unite them there'd be a chance.

And then Doug saw what he must do. It was up to him to build such an organization.

That night he had dinner with Monty, and Monty told about the stateroom he could get for Katherine and the nurse and the babies if they could sail by the eighth. Of course that was awfully soon—ten days.

All Doug could really think about was the task before him, which seemed herculean. It was much better that Katherine and the babies should be away, and off his mind when he was performing it.

He sent a brief telegraphic inquiry.

When he got Katherine's "Of course I can make it," he simply handed it over to Monty and told him to go ahead.

Katherine the Great told herself she was getting old. Once she had adjusted her mind to going, there should have been an undercurrent of delighted excitement in all her whirlwind preparations; finding a space in the factory for the furniture to be stored, and arranging with Silzer to take it there on the sixth, renting Doug a room at Miss Freeman's and carrying over his clothes, buying one tremendous trunk and getting the old ones out to pack.

The brushing up of her French idioms by lessons from brown, furry Madame Praud, the village Frenchwoman, should have been absolutely thrilling.

Madame Praud popped in at odd hours and instructed by her own *méthode*, in which she took great pride and which she termed the *méthode dramatique*.

"Today," Madame Praud would say, "we go to the butcher. *Aujourd'hui nous allons chez le boucher.*"

Then she would make Katherine put a series of questions: "Have you a good cut of veal? Have you, perhaps, some sweetbreads? Have you a second joint?"

And if the purchases were small enough, Madame Praud would wrap and tie them in pantomime until one could almost see the neat French parcel, and then she would bow Katherine from the shop with little set formalities which evoked the life waiting in Antibes so vividly that the time until Katherine could get there should have seemed unendurable.

That was how it would have been in the past, at least, but evidently one didn't react like that at twenty-six.

It was emphatically revealed to Katherine how dulled she had become to sensation when the landlord's agent called up to say that he was most distressed to hear that the Calders were giving up their house, and on consideration the landlord had decided to renew their lease on the same terms if that would be agreeable.

"It wouldn't," Katherine said, feeling nothing.

"We might even make a slight reduction."

The landlord's agent groveled.

"I'm sorry, but it doesn't interest me at all." And Katherine felt only the faintest shadow of exultation at being able to crush the worm.

She was glad for the fun the babies were having out of the trip. They had little suitcases in which they were to stow whatever toys were absolutely indispensable, and they repacked them every hour, and talked about "when we are in French" constantly.

Doug's cold had stopped on the second, as suddenly as it had begun, and his efforts to organize the pasteboard-pail trade into a defensive unit had reached the stage of conferences.

At the first of them the flattering fact made itself manifest to Doug that he had gained a kind of leadership through his efforts. It was he who would have to guide his former competitors through the price war which was all they could oppose to the Pease Company, and which they all dreaded.

There would be hard times, all right. Doug still realized that in many ways it would be better for him to have Katherine living economically in France so that he could fight unhampered by the distractions of family life, but he saw now that he wasn't going to be so continuously occupied as he had thought. As he felt twinges of premonitory loneliness, quite naturally he dramatized his position and what he chose to regard as Katherine's defection.

He was evidently, he told himself, one of those powerful men who should never have married. "The path of gold and the need of a world of men for him," he misquoted unconsciously and bitterly.

It was a rather satisfactory self portrait when he was shaving in the morning and felt brisk and staunch, but toward the end of long afternoons Doug thought a good deal about Katherine and the babies. Pictures of them formed a habit of flashing into his mind inconsiderately. Katherine the Small standing amid the bright colored débris of her third birthday party and saying to him "Too lovely for words" in her funny, gracious, grown-up way. Patty in her bathtub, a pink Böcklin child singing *alle meine Enten* to her flotilla of celluloid toys.

Oftenest of all there came one picture that had happened long ago, before Katherine the Small was born. Katherine the Great had been out gardening and had come in looking tired and had lain down on the couch near his desk. When he looked up and said, "Everything all right, old fellow?" she'd answered, "I've been planting bulbs. I told them I'd have something cunning to show them next spring." He'd been so afraid! He could remember now how hard it had been to grin.

At the flash of that picture, being the lonely Napoleon of Pasteboard Pails seemed rather a tawdry lot; but what could he do about it?

He certainly couldn't disappoint Katherine at this late date. The trouble was in the past anyway. He'd destroyed what was between them then. He just wasn't a lover, that was all.

(Continued on Page 160)

Straight Through! On McKays

You can pull through any road with McKays. They'll stay on, and *they'll last*, because McKays are hardened and toughened to stand miles and miles of punishment.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

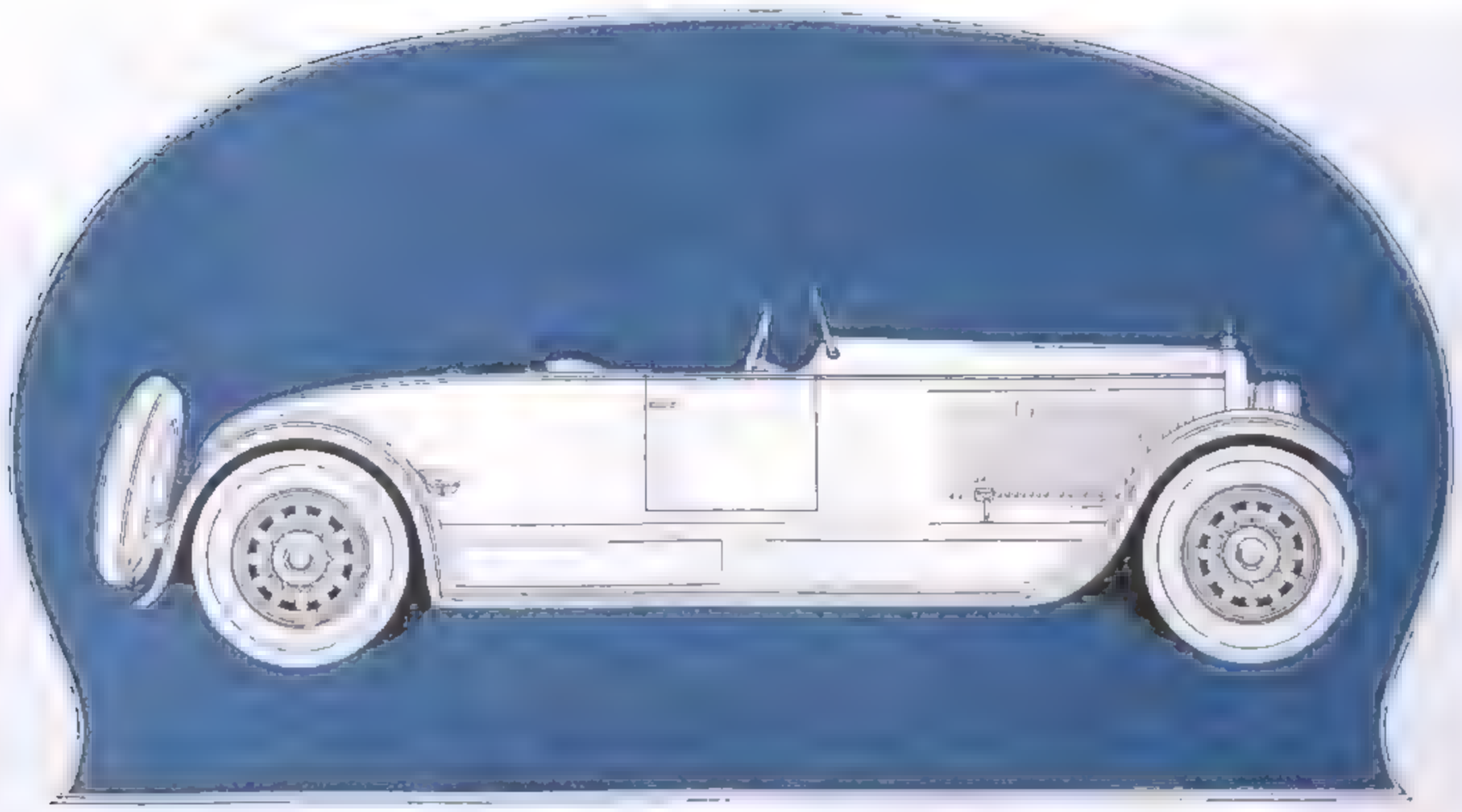
Makers of McKay Tire Chains, McKay Shurout Chains, McKay Ready Repair Links, McKay Bumpers.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

40 Years of Knowing How

Ask your dealer to show you McKay Red Bead Bumpers — they're new and they're better.



HERE'S WHAT I WISH

WISHING and getting and wishing again—that's a lot better than Latin or Greek.

When my dad was a kid and my mother his girl, he wished on every white horse and hay wagon that passed.

Some day in June when Caesar has all Gaul divided into three parts and the only Euclid that I care anything about is the main street of Cleveland—I want a Playboy.

If wishing got dad what he wanted, I'll have the Playboy, and I just have an idea that when school is over and the dandelions are dandelioning, it would please dad a lot to see me driving the Playboy.

Because that's the kind of a dad I have.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

A crystal sheen on the sunlit snow—where the world leaves off and joy begins—skimming the wan white waste—a thrilling journey for one perfect moment through the stinging air, like the wine of youth—the wind's own children—happy—exhilarated—carefree—alive. That's Lake Placid in January.

JORDAN

If Every Parent Only Knew!

IF all parents would only realize how a healthy mind, as well as physical health, is actually built from nutritive elements in food, especially in the formative years of childhood, they could save themselves the greatest worries of parenthood.

Because KARO contains a large percentage of the vitalizing food element DEXTROSE, your doctor can tell you that KARO has tremendous health-food value. This essential element, Dextrose, is assimilated almost entirely into the blood and tissue cells and furnishes the fuel and energy so necessary to growing children.

Either the Blue or Red Label KARO, served on pancakes, on sliced bread, or the many other ways children like to eat it, helps to make them robust, strong and sturdy.

free A booklet about Dextrose every parent should read. Explains why children thrive on Dextrose. Sent free with beautifully illustrated Cook Book containing over one hundred valuable recipes for preparing delightful foods. Write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. 11, Argo, Ill.

"... From the starch and sugar in all foods you eat—bread, vegetables, potatoes—your digestive "machinery" makes Dextrose. And Dextrose in your blood and tissue cells is the "fuel" which maintains your body's temperature and creates energy and vitality. There is a great store of these energizing and health building elements in KARO, *which is the reason why growing children thrive so on the great American syrup.*

BOTH BLUE LABEL AND RED LABEL KARO ARE EQUALLY NUTRITIOUS

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 25)

acquiesce. Yet every high-placed Bolo with whom I discussed relations with us invariably made a plea for an American loan. When I mentioned the matter of the Kerensky debt they shrugged their shoulders and said, "That is no affair of ours."

Incidentally, it may be worth while to mention in passing that Russia's total external debt is estimated at 15,500,000,000 gold rubles, or about $7,750,000,000. At parity, a ruble is worth fifty-one cents in American money. Perhaps the greatest hardship wrought by this obligation is in France, where the Russian bill is $2,600,000,000. Part of this is a prewar national loan of 5,000,000,000 gold francs which is held by many thousands, including peasants, clerks, widows and orphans.

From the outbreak of the World War and until the Bolshevik counter-revolution, the French Government paid the interest on these once-popular bonds. Since that time they have represented a total loss to the holders. When Premier Herriot recognized the soviet government last October he stipulated that this old czarist debt must be recognized, but it was not made a part of the recognition agreement. It was left to "future discussion," the invariable alibi for action that the Bolos assume when they are pinned down in money matters.

Far more reprehensible is the Bolshevik confiscation of enterprises owned and operated by Americans prior to 1917. Here we reach one of the most flagrant examples of violation of property rights that contemporary history has witnessed. It constitutes a damning indictment of soviet performance.

Losses of Alien Investors

Clearly to comprehend the financial aspect, it is necessary to make a brief explanation of prewar investment in Russia. This is peculiarly advisable, because, with the exception of a few Germans who have been able to come back and take charge of their old interests, every alien who put a dollar, a pound sterling, a franc or a kroner in Russian business prior to 1917 is in the same boat just now. He has reached the point where he has practically kissed his money good-by, certainly until that remote day when decency and good faith shall set up their abode again.

An exact determination of the ownership of alien properties in Russia is somewhat difficult, because frequently concerns operated by Russian nationals were controlled by stockholders and directors of another country, who were, in turn, financed by parent organizations or a financial institution of still another nationality. The facts now to be disclosed have been gathered from Department of Commerce records, from reports made by commissions appointed by the various countries involved and through my own investigations.

On the day that the Bolsheviks assumed authority the foreign investments in productive properties within soviet confines amounted to 2,007,306,200 rubles. Nearly one-third of it was employed in mining and metallurgical industries. Almost 400,000,000 rubles were employed in machinery and metal working. Municipal public service corporations, railways and banks appropriated 450,000,000 rubles, while the bulk of the remainder was in textiles, chemicals, trading establishments and foodstuff manufacture, including beverages and tobacco.

The French came first, with 648,089,700 rubles. That they should lead is not surprising, because in the old days a close kinship existed between imperial Russia and republican France. Every Russian with any social status at all spoke French fluently. One of the chief anxieties of William Hohenzollern was this accord between the two great powers, subsequently strengthened by the late King Edward, who introduced England into what became the historic entente that bore the first brunt of German madness in the early years of the World War. The French investments in Russia were largely in mining and metallurgical interests, railways, machinery and financial institutions. I have already indicated the government debt. Perhaps the most outstanding Gallic undertaking was in petroleum exercised through the Paris Rothschilds, the rivals of the Nobels for oil supremacy in Russia.

Ranking second among foreign investors were the British, who had 500,564,400 rubles tied up mainly in oil, mining, textiles, metal working and machinery interests. Included among British enterprises is the famous Leslie Urquhart concession, consisting of the properties of the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, with its vast chain of gold, silver, copper, platinum and lead mines in Siberia. Upon the confiscation of these holdings Urquhart filed a claim for £56,000,000 damages against the soviet government. After much negotiation, Moscow, at Lenine's instigation, refused to take any steps either toward a return of the properties or the payment of indemnity.

A large portion of British money is in petroleum. Shortly before the World War the Shell-Royal Dutch group acquired a control of the Rothschild interest in the oil empire around Baku. In connection with this Shell-Royal Dutch oil property is an incident which shows what the foreigner is up against when he tries to recover Russian interests stolen from him. After three years of Bolshevism, the Russian oil industry shrank to such an extent that in 1920, at the conclusion of the civil war, the Baku field, once a mighty world purveyor of the most precious of all minerals, was a wreck. A year later Great Britain negotiated the first of the trade agreements with Russia, and the soviet government set up a so-called trade delegation in London.

The famous retreat from Bolshevism, as expressed in the New Economic Policy, was in full swing. You would naturally assume that at a time when the Bolsheviks were seeking to conciliate the rest of the world in return for commercial favors they would depart from their hard-and-fast line of appropriation. Laboring under this delusion, Sir Henri Deterding, the master mind of the Shell-Royal Dutch group, asked for a return of their possessions. He was informed by Moscow that upon payment of the original sum of money invested by the Rothschilds, as well as all subsequent investments since the acquisition of that interest, it would be turned over. In other words, the Anglo-Dutch combination was asked to buy back its assets. This, however, represents an advance on the usual Bolshevik procedure. Ordinarily the victim of confiscation is not even given the opportunity to purchase his possessions.

The British industrial and mining investment constitutes only a detail of John Bull's stake in Russia. During the war the British Government loaned the Russians £650,000,000. Then, too, there is the claim of the so-called sterling bondholders growing out of prewar loans made by Englishmen to finance Russian railways which were guaranteed by the old imperial government. This debt amounts to £60,000,000 sterling. Still another group of claims is that of the ruble bondholders, a class of creditors composed of those who subscribed to the different old Russian Government loans which were issued in rubles. The aggregate of British holdings of these ruble bonds is about £30,000,000 at the prewar rate of exchange. When you add to these three sets of claims the industrial, mining and financial investment, together with private individual seizures, you have a grand total of about £800,000,000.

Obligations Repudiated

It was to make some settlement of this huge bill of damages that the Anglo-Russian conference was held and the treaty made which cost Ramsay MacDonald his job as premier. Analyze this treaty—now repudiated by the Baldwin government—and you get a hint of what is likely to happen to us if we ever enter into negotiations with Moscow. To offset the imperial Russian debt to Great Britain, the Bolsheviks put forward a preposterous counterclaim for £5,000,000,000 for alleged damage done by Great Britain in supporting Denikin and Kolchak, who led the white armies against the reds. As a special condescension the Bolsheviks agreed to recognize 15 per cent of the claim of the sterling bondholders, but absolutely declined to indemnify the holders of ruble bonds. The owners of confiscated property were to receive a nominal £10,000,000 to be paid in small installments.

The amazing feature of the clause relating to property rights was that the soviet government construed the payment of this £10,000,000 as affording them a clear title to all the seized interests. By farming them out to concessionaires they would more than recoup themselves for the amount to be paid in indemnity.

In exchange for these "concessions" by Moscow, the British Government were to give the Bolsheviks a loan of £40,000,000. This was because the Bolsheviks at the outset of the negotiations imposed the condition, "No loan, no treaty." If carried out, it meant that England would finance the payment of part of the Russian debt to her.

Already incensed at MacDonald's recognition of the soviet government—it was a sop to the radical wing of the Labor Party—the common sense of Britain asserted itself in a Conservative landslide which swept the Laborites from power. History repeated itself in the United States a week later, when the so-called Progressives received a wallop no less emphatic. Though Zinoviev's much-discussed letter of advice to the British communists was a contributory factor, the real cause of the Labor downfall was the Anglo-Russian treaty, which revealed soviet arrogance and dictation at their worst.

In connection with the Anglo-Russian treaty which I have just described is a fundamental which the Bolsheviks have made a part of their international creed—which is nothing more or less than their international greed. The no-loan-no-treaty stipulation is now set forth as the basis of all future negotiations regarding Russian debts. Tchitcherin, Commissar for Foreign Affairs, has announced that no alien claims will be acknowledged unless the country involved grants a loan. It means that France, having committed itself to soviet recognition through Herriot's emotional socialistic leanings, will find that it is up against it in the matter of compensation for its immense losses in Russia. Its present fiscal embarrassments preclude any idea of augmenting its already top-heavy foreign debts, especially to the United States, with financial aid to the Bolsheviks.

The American End

To return to the roster of foreign investments in Russia, third in the list came the Germans, with an investment of 317,475,700 rubles, principally in electrical machinery and chemical plants. The German influence in Russia, however, was not measured by actual monetary interest. Far more potent was the technical and general commercial supervision exercised by them throughout the country. Before 1914 you found a German in charge in nearly every big industrial institution. Moreover, millions of Russians spoke German as the language of home and trade. It was the one-time proud Hohenzollern boast that Russia was Germany's economic vassal, and to a large degree it was.

Running the Germans a close race so far as financial investment was concerned were the Belgians, who had 311,812,400 rubles employed in enterprises that paralleled those of the French. The Belgians were particularly strong in municipal public-service enterprises. Belgian capital built and in some instances operated electric traction, light and power systems in Leningrad, Moscow, Odessa, Kazan, Saratoff, Kieff, Astrakhan, Rostoff, Kharkoff, Tiflis, Sebastopol and elsewhere.

We can now examine the American end—needless to say, it is the short end—of the soviet brace game, for we ranked fifth among the prewar investors in Russia with an investment of 117,750,000 rubles. This capital employment differed from that of European nations, because there were few individual American holders of government, industrial and railroad securities. The bulk of our claim against the Bolsheviks is held by not more than half a dozen large concerns, whose loss is approximately $425,000,000. With the Kerensky debt, our total claim against Moscow comes to a little more than $800,000,000.

Foremost in financial importance is the Singer Manufacturing Company, whose Russian company—the Kompaniya Singer—was capitalized at 50,000,000 rubles upon its organization in 1897. Prior to that time the Russian market was served by the Singer factories in France and England. It was a subsidiary of the parent American organization.

This capitalization represented only a small part of the investment. The company

(Continued on Page 165)

Good Radio Advice

RADIO INSTRUMENTS *for the* RADIO ENTHUSIAST

AMERICA'S pioneer instrument maker has prepared a booklet for you, showing typical radio receiving hook-ups and how to properly connect instruments in circuit.

Complete information is also given on the Weston Portable Radio Testing Voltmeter, indispensable to radio pleasure and success, and the Weston Radio Plug.

Write for "Weston Radio Instruments" today

Weston Electrical Instrument Co.
Radio Dept. Newark, N. J.

WESTON

Electrical Indicating Instrument Authorities Since 1888

STANDARD-The World Over

BOYS

WANT extra money? Want best boys [illegible] cost-free? We'll see [illegible] you get both if you sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* to regular customers in your town. We'll show you how to obtain customers too. To get started, write

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, *Sales Div.*
349 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Hotel Syracuse
[illegible] water. Rates $3.00 up. Sample Rooms $4.50 to $8.00.
R. P. BRAINARD, *Managing Director*

The ENAMELIST Mailed Free On Request.
A monthly publication devoted to porcelain enameling on iron and steel. Interesting and valuable to all manufacturers desirous of improving their product with the most beautiful, durable finish possible.
Enamelist Co., 2105 B. F. Keith Bldg., Cleveland

WANT WORK AT HOME? [illegible] Retouching [illegible] Coloring or Lettering. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish Working Outfit Free. Limited offer. Write today. Ariezah Studios, Dept. J, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

SELL GREETING CARDS
UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY to earn $300.00 to $500.00 monthly selling BUSINESS GREETING CARDS. Side line or full time. Weekly payment. Samples Free. Selling experience unnecessary. Get details. Dept. A
JOHN A. HERTEL CO., 318 W. Washington St., Chicago

Clark's Around the World and Mediterranean Cruises
Jan. 19 and Jan. 31, 1925, 122 days $1250 up; 62 days $600 up. Summer Cruises (Norway, Spain, Italy), July 1, [illegible] days $550 up. Specially chartered new oil-fuel [illegible] inclusive rates. Specify program desired
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of your invention for *Examination and Instructions FREE*
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

WEBER'S BEST laying, BEST paying chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Fine pure-bred quality. Fowls, Eggs, Incubators at lowest prices. 43 years experience. Large Catalog Free. W. A. WEBER, Box 99, Mankato, Minn

SAMPLE QUART EAGLE INK SENT For 20c to cover delivery costs. BLUE-BLACK, ROYAL BLUE, RED, PURPLE OR GREEN.
EAGLE INK COMPANY
Station B NEW YORK CITY

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D.C.

All Q·R·S Word Rolls Now $1.00 In the New Q·R·S Unit Box

Watch for This Little Girl in Music Store Windows When You BUY YOUR Player Piano

All Q·R·S Word Rolls Now $1.00 In the New Q·R·S Unit Box

All Q·R·S Word Rolls Now $1.00 In the New Q·R·S Unit Box

She is the Emblem of Music Roll Quality

All Q·R·S Word Rolls Now $1.00 In the New Q·R·S Unit Box

Q·R·S TRADE MARK REG. WORD ROLLS

Now $1.00 In the New Unit Box

All Q·R·S Word Rolls Now $1.00 In the New Q·R·S Unit Box

All Q·R·S Word Rolls Now $1.00 In the New Q·R·S Unit Box

Thank your music dealer for this price reduction. The one thing that made it possible was his co-operation and willingness to sell the best music roll at a small margin of profit.

Most music dealers suggest Q·R·S Player Rolls with your player when you purchase it, even though they do cost the dealer a little more than other rolls. Why? Because Q·R·S Rolls are reproductions of the playing of the best artists in the country and produce *real* music, and surely the dealer wants the player he sells you to produce real music. That is why you will ever after insist upon Q·R·S Player Rolls for music quality and the Q·R·S Unit Box for convenience.

Q·R·S PLAYER ROLLS *are Better*

TRADE MARK REG.

(Continued from Page 163)

operated a huge plant at Podolsk. It covered 125 acres and employed 2500 men. At the high tide of output 750,000 sewing machines were turned out every year. The company maintained fifty branch offices throughout Russia and Siberia, and 2000 smaller ones. Each of these establishments included a repair shop and, in the larger ones particularly, a considerable stock of machines and parts. In addition to all this the company owned outright 120,000 acres of valuable timberland in the Kostroma province.

The main Russian offices of the corporation were in the Singer Building, located on the Nevskii Prospekt, the principal thoroughfare of Petrograd. It was perhaps the first modern office building in the old Russian capital, and until Bolshevik neglect caused it to depreciate it was one of the show commercial structures of the city. Surmounting the center cornice is a huge bronze eagle, emblematic of the original ownership.

This eagle figured in a curious episode during the first revolution. As it happened, I was a witness. At that time Petrograd was in a frenzy of jubilation over the abdication of the czar and the setting up of the provisional government. Tens of thousands of soldiers who had fled from the front paraded the streets, singing the Marseillaise. Everything that savored of royalty was proscribed, and the eagle, which was the symbol of the Romanoffs, had a hard time of it. Those that were alive could fly to safety. Not so with the bronze bird that brooded from the top of the Singer Building. One day a soldier who had more vodka in his stomach than brains in his head climbed out on the cornice and covered the metal eagle with a red cloth while thousands cheered.

When the Bolsheviks came into power in November, 1917, they confiscated the Podolsk factory and subsequently added it to that part of their loot which is now comprised in the Light Machinery Trust. They also seized the 2050 branch offices, with all the stocks and equipment. Furthermore, they invalidated the ownership of the timberland. In a word, the Singer company, whose investment, including outstanding accounts, had mounted by this time to $80,000,000, which constitutes the largest private American claim against the Bolsheviks, found itself not only deprived of all its rights but powerless to salvage its assets.

Looting of American Companies

Next in scope of operations was the International Harvester Company, whose Russian branch has, or rather had, a capital stock of 60,450,000 rubles. The plant, which, like the Singer establishment, is one of the best equipped in Russia, employed 2000 hands at the peak of production and is located at Lubertzy, about twenty miles from Moscow. It became the center of one of the most prosperous foreign industrial enterprises in all Russia, with an annual turnover of $10,000,000.

The Bolshevik attitude toward the International Harvester Company has differed somewhat from the peremptory confiscation policy adopted with most other alien industrial institutions. Instead of nationalizing it at once, the government permitted the factory to operate under the American management. The wheels were kept moving throughout the black years of militant communism. Not only was the morale of the workers impaired through the usual destructive workers' control but arbitrary price fixing by the state agricultural machine syndicate made it impossible, as time went by, for the concern to carry on at anything like a profit. In May, 1923, the works were closed down and only a small staff was retained to keep the machinery in order.

Up to the autumn of 1924 the plant had not been nationalized and the impression grew that perhaps the soviet government would refrain from confiscation in order to have one bargaining asset when negotiations for American recognition should begin. Such has not proved to be the case. Instead, the factory has lately been taken over on the ground that it is required for the national use.

The third outstanding victim of Bolshevik seizure is the Russian branch of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, which operated under the name of Société Anonyme Westinghouse, a corporation organized in 1900 with a capitalization of 4,000,000 rubles. The original plant was located at Petrograd. After its partial destruction by fire it was moved to Yaroslaff, on the Volga.

Here you have still another angle of the Bolshevik loot program. With the red ascendancy in 1917, the company was permitted to operate under the old supervision, although it was made a part of the Gomza, the Heavy Machinery Trust. Such profits as accrued were kept by the government. In 1923 the Moscow authorities made a demand on the American owners—it was really a levy—for $400,000 with which to carry on. This offer was refused and the government took over the plant. Meanwhile the Société Anonyme Westinghouse has been transferred to the British Westinghouse interests, which have lodged a claim for damages with the British Government.

A fourth American interest involving a large investment, which is the pawn of soviet cupidity, is the holding of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in the Nobel Brothers Petroleum Corporation, one of the two major groups that operated in Baku and Groznyi before Bolshevism put its blight upon the country. Just how significant is this connection may be gathered from the fact that the Nobels not only pioneered the development of the Russian kerosene market but introduced Russian kerosene into Germany and Austria. They also competed with the Shell-Royal Dutch combine for mastery of the Eastern European and Far Eastern oil business.

Insult Added to Injury

I use the past tense in describing their operations, because, with the nationalization of industry, both the Nobel and the Shell-Royal Dutch properties in Baku and Groznyi were confiscated and have been held ever since. One of the ironies of the present Russian oil situation is that the Shell-Royal Dutch companies are buying crude and refined oil from the Bolshevik government. It means that they are purchasing their own oil, because it comes from wells and refineries which were part of their old Russian possessions.

Fifth in the category of American casualties is the Vacuum Oil Company, whose losses aggregate $4,500,000. This includes the investment in a refining plant at Petrograd, together with stocks and cash on deposit at the time of the seizure. The Russian subsidiary was incorporated in 1908 and the capitalization ultimately grew to 4,800,000 rubles. As is the case with all other confiscated properties, the Vacuum holdings represent a total loss.

Not only have the Bolsheviks ruthlessly expropriated alien holdings but they add insult to injury, as this incident shows. At an industrial fair held at Königsberg, Germany, the Russian Oil Trust had an exhibit which included samples of lubricating oil labeled as the product of the "Russian Petroleum Company, formerly the Vacuum Oil Company." The effrontery here was that the Vacuum has a German subsidiary.

The only American financial institution having a branch in Russia at the time of the Bolshevik upheaval was the National City Bank of New York. It occupied the former quarters of the Turkish Embassy on the banks of the Neva at Petrograd. When the newly formed soviet government confiscated alien possessions it seized all the bank's assets, which included millions of rubles on deposit, and also the legal reserve, and transferred them to their own state bank. Needless to say, no compensation has been made for this grab,

Turn to the plight of the American life-insurance companies which operated in Russia until the Bolshevik upheaval and you have an illuminating instance of Bolshevik inconsistency. First get the setting. Up to 1917 the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the New York Life Insurance Company wrote the bulk of Russian life insurance. Each operated through a Russian corporation which was a subsidiary of the home company. When the red ax fell they had about $40,000,000 outstanding in policies.

The czarist government exercised a rigid supervision of the life-insurance business. An imperial decree under which the companies functioned contained this clause, which was printed on the back of every policy:

"The company shall be informed that the permission granted to it concerns only life-assurance operations in all forms, and that it may at any time be withdrawn and canceled at the discretion of the government, without any explanation as to the

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS for MEN

KNAPP-FELT HEADWEAR includes in the complete range of styles, textures and colors, a bowler so light in weight and comfortable in fit as to meet every possible objection to this dignified type of hat. You may forget you have it on.

KNAPP-FELT SOFT HATS occupy an important place in the outfit of the well dressed man, but good taste, economy and health considerations require a variety of headwear. The equipment should comprise more than one soft hat, a bowler and at least two caps.

KNAPP-FELT CAPS have raised the standard of cloth headwear throughout the United States. They have all the style and distinguished character associated with the Knapp-Felt trademark. Prices of Knapp-Felt hats and caps are uniform everywhere with the exception of a slight advance at distant points.

Your hat should be given a rest and a thorough airing inside and out—every other day is not too often. This program calls for more than one hat.

Knapp-Felt Hats, from $6 to $40 are sold by best Dealers everywhere—*Write for* THE HATMAN!

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH—*President*
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

Keep Your Bearings Adjusted

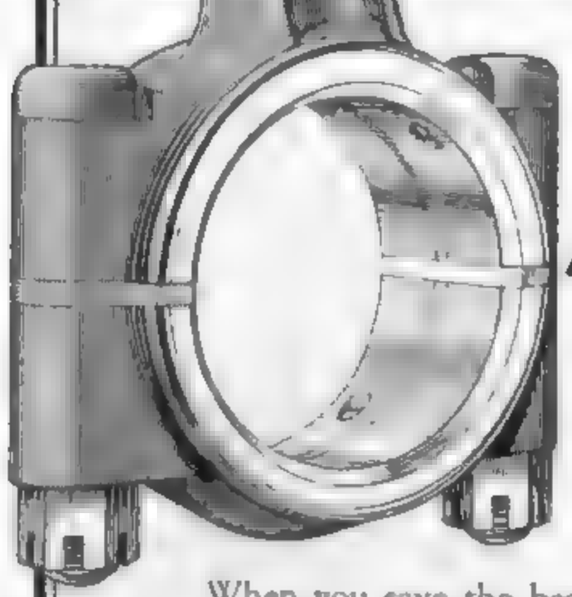
THE BEARINGS in the engine need attention and must be adjusted occasionally. Otherwise, they burn out, causing "knocks" and various engine troubles with consequent repair bills.

Have your bearings inspected and properly adjusted with LAMINUM. Your serviceman will explain to you, how a LAMINATED SHIM quickly and easily takes up the wear so that the bearings may be adjusted to the thousandth part of an inch.

WHEREVER THERE IS A SPLIT BEARING

LAMINATED SHIMS are used in many industries, various types of machinery and hundreds of products. If you use or build a machine, or a product having *split bearings*, we make shims to your own specifications. Write for particulars and tell us your requirements.

LAMINUM



SHIMS THAT PEEL

PEEL off the strips of thin brass with a pocket-knife, saving time, labor and expense. No filing, fuss or bother. Absolutely accurate. Surface smooth as glass. No grit, dust or wrinkles.

When you save the bearings, you increase power, speed and efficiency. You also avoid unnecessary costs for repairs. LAMINUM adds to performance and brings many economies.

Send for a Free Sample Shim and See How Easy it is to Peel 'Em

LAMINATED SHIM COMPANY, Inc.
205 14th Street, Long Island City, N. Y.
St. Louis: Mazur Mfg. Co.

causes, and in such a case the company must immediately liquidate its business in Russia and settle its accounts with the assured in the manner that shall be indicated to it by the Russian Government."

Keep this clause in mind, because it is the key to the inconsistency to which I have referred.

A second imperial stipulation was that the life-insurance companies must keep in Russia in cash, or in securities guaranteed by the government, particularly railroad bonds, an amount equal to the actuarial reserve on the policies. Explained in the simplest terms, this reserve is the money equity behind the policy. In the case of the New York Life and the Equitable it amounted to more than $20,000,000.

With their assumption of power, the Bolsheviks made life insurance a government monopoly and proceeded arbitrarily to liquidate the business of the two American companies. Following their usual amiable policy, they seized all the assets. Fortunately they could not realize on the securities, because with Bolshevism all stocks and bonds were wiped off the slate. The companies immediately withdrew from Russia and charged off their losses.

Now for the manifestation of the soviet mentality. At the instigation of the Moscow authorities, an association of Equitable and New York Life policyholders was organized and a formal claim made for the surrender value of all the policies. The amazing feature of this performance is that the Bolsheviks rest their contention upon the clause in the old imperial decree providing for liquidation and settlement of accounts.

The moral, or lack of moral, is simply this: Heretofore the Bolsheviks have scrapped or utterly disregarded every imperial decree. When it suits their profit or accords with their distorted notion of restitution, they are perfectly willing to fall back upon a czarist order. Here you have the whole story in a nutshell.

There are other illustrations of this soviet inconsistency with regard to pre-Bolshevik agreements. The Russo-Chinese Treaty gave the Russians certain rights and privileges, including a zone of influence along the route of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the short cut to the Siberian coast. This treaty was included when the soviet government, with one grand sweep, repudiated all czarist obligations. The Chinese subsequently took over part of the zone in question. The Bolsheviks are now invoking the repudiated treaty in order to reëstablish their rights.

Strong-Arm Methods

While the concerns that I have indicated represent the bulk of American investment in Russia prior to 1917, the list is not complete. To conclude it, five other undertakings must be cited. They include two industrial companies—the Otis Elevator Company and the Russian Babcock and Wilcox Corporation, each with a capitalization of 500,000 rubles; and three trading corporations—the Russian-American Trade and Industrial Corporation, the J. Black Company and the Russian-American Rato Corporation, whose combined capital aggregated 5,000,000 rubles. Although Russians invested 900,000 rubles in the stock of the last three institutions, their character and conduct were American.

Nor have the Bolsheviks respected the rights of American individuals. At Riga today you can find a man who spent his best years building up an industrial plant in imperial Russia. When the soviet government took it over in 1917 it represented an investment of 1,000,000 rubles. Now, when he is nearly seventy, he must begin his commercial life all over again.

With these post mortems disposed of, the next step is to consider the American firms and individuals who have had the temerity to put their heads, so to speak, into the mouth of the Bolshevik bear. After the program of wholesale confiscation, just exposed, you may wonder why people are willing to throw good money after bad. The experience of most alien concessionaires in Russia proves that such continues to be the case. As I remarked earlier in the series, two words—illusion and disillusion—summarize the "opportunity" afforded the foreigner to do business with the soviet government. Our nationals have been no exception in this soviet rule of dishonest act and false promise.

To say that the Bolsheviks hold the absolute power of economic life and death states the case precisely. Anybody who ventures commercially into Russia makes himself a party to a supervision—it is really an iron dictatorship—that is wellnigh incredible. Tie up with Moscow and you cease to be master of your money or your enterprise. More frequently you lose both and sometimes your freedom as well.

The soviet government is no less high-handed with nations. To comprehend the procedure you must know that the supreme trade authority in Russia, excepting, of course, the political ring that bosses everything, is the Commissariat of Foreign Trade, which has a monopoly of all imports and exports. Its direct representative outside Russia is usually a so-called trade delegation, which also is a nest of propaganda. In countries that have not recognized Moscow the nearest trade delegation handles the Bolo commercial interests. Before France entered into diplomatic relations with Russia the intermediary was Berlin or London.

When Moscow gets peeved she has a habit of arbitrarily removing her trade from the country of the fancied insult to another. This occurred immediately after the German police raided the soviet trade delegation in Berlin in order to get a notorious communist who had sought refuge there. Russia immediately shifted her business to Holland and Czecho-Slovakia. In the same way Russian business in France was diverted to England because the French supreme court confirmed the sale in France of some silk owned by a prewar Russian-Armenian firm whose interests had been seized in Russia.

No Redress for Americans

In a previous article on Bolshevism and business I explained how there were two kinds of foreign commercial participation in Russia. One is a concession under which an individual or a firm operates a property, usually a mine. The other is a mixed company generally financed by the alien. In both types the soviet government gets 50 per cent of the profits, dominates the organization and exercises what in most instances amounts to a tyrannous control. A British shipping concern had to make reports to exactly eight different government bodies. It is now in liquidation.

A third method of participation is through companies founded outside the limits of Soviet Russia, but which receive, on a concession basis, the right to carry on trade operations inside. These firms are required to have permanent representation in Moscow and must submit to all laws and regulations in the country. At this point it may be well to state that no commodity, however trifling, can be imported or exported without a special license granted by the Commissariat of Foreign Trade.

Here you have another evidence of the political impulse that animates every soviet move. Each license is considered, not in its relation to the trade program for the whole country, but for an external political reason, such as, for example, a desire to intimidate or coddle a foreign country. The general idea is to restrict imports to articles impossible to produce within Russia. Exports, especially with grain, are crowded to the limit so as to provide credits abroad with which to foment unrest.

Russian trade with the United States cannot be carried on by an official soviet trade delegation because we have not recognized Moscow. This offers no bar to commercial intercourse, such as it is. For American trade, the soviet government has organized a special agency—the American Trading Company—called for short Amtorg, a contraction of the two words meaning American and trade. It is incorporated under American laws, with capital supplied by Moscow, and controls soviet purchases, especially cotton and rubber. As you will presently see, various American concerns operate in Russia, but without the official sanction of Washington. It means that when they get in bad there is no redress.

Even at the high tide of prewar trade, the United States was an insignificant factor in Russia. We exported 5.8 per cent of the goods—chiefly raw materials and manufactured articles—that streamed into the old imperial domain, while Russia's exports to us—mainly flax, skins, wool and manganese ores—were only .9 per cent of the total. There was no reason to be agitated then about Russian commercial opportunity. Today, with every handicap that inefficiency,

(Continued on Page 169)

"The Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

-its part in Modern Industry-

. . . Fifteen years ago two partners started a jobbing machine shop

Being practically unknown, the only work they could get at first was that which other machine shops turned away as extra hazardous.

This developed latent ability and daring in a way that nothing else could; resulting in an organization of precision specialists. They made adding machines, currency presses for the Government, milk bottle cap machines, motion picture projectors, postage stamp machines, firing mechanisms for guns, duplicators, gunsights—a class of work requiring accuracy to the finest degree.

After several years, however, they decided to produce some commercial item which could be manufactured by them in between big jobs, providing a means for keeping their unusual organization intact.

Their own experience influenced them to undertake the manufacture of Portable Electric Drills, because they had found them among the most necessary tools in their own shop.

They analyzed the crude electric drills then being used, and determined to make Black & Decker Portable Electric Drills more powerful, lighter in weight, longer lived, and more easily controlled.

The most perfect control ever devised by man for operating a mechanical device is the **"trigger"**. From the time of the first cross bow to the present-day automatic pistol, the control of the index finger on a trigger has triumphed over other methods.

It was quite natural to carry this idea out and this was the origin of

"The Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

This method of control for electric tools originated with Black & Decker and the genuine *"Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"* is found only on Black & Decker Tools.

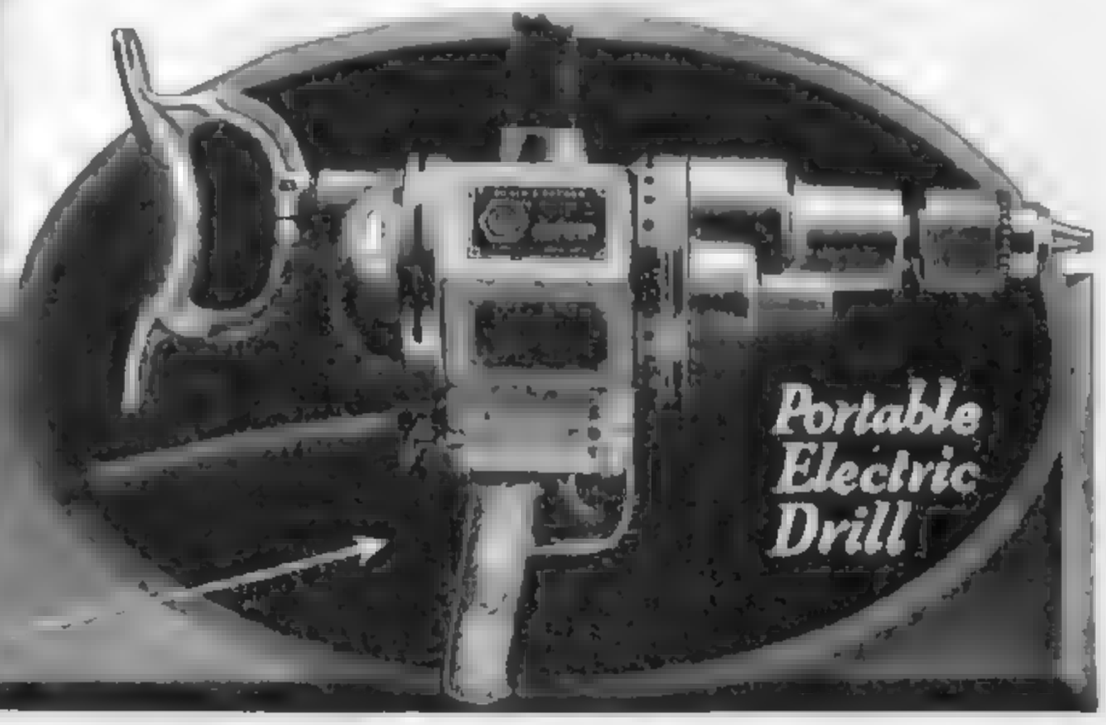
Mechanics who use Electric Drills can readily distinguish the genuine Black & Decker by the *"Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"*.

Other radical improvements followed, of which we hope to tell more later.

The little machine shop disappeared long ago and a large factory grew in its place; then a larger plant in the country, which, even as this is written, is being further enlarged.

Black & Decker Portable Electric Drills, Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches and Electric Grinders may be obtained from the leading mill supply, machinery, automotive and electrical supply houses.

The BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MARYLAND, U.S.A.
Canadian Factory—Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.



BLACK & DECKER
"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

D. P. Kingsley

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Keeping the Confidence of 1,800,000 People

Darwin P. Kingsley

President of the New York Life Insurance Company

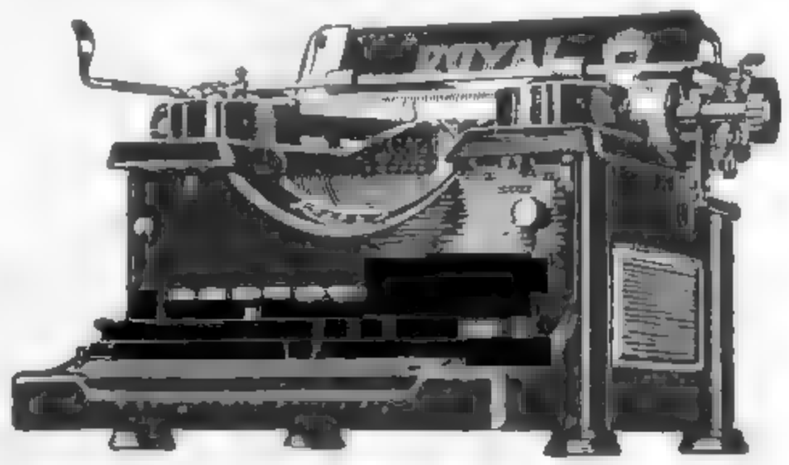
DURING THE TIME it takes you to read this brief message, the New York Life Insurance Company will pay out over two thousand dollars to its beneficiaries. In a week it will pay over two and a half million. In seventy-nine years it has paid its policy holders over two billions of dollars, and now has in addition unquestionable assets of one billion dollars, *all belonging to its present policy holders.*

THE ROYAL TYPEWRITER

is standard equipment at the New York Life Insurance Company—the logical choice of the keen business thinking which builds up and vitalizes a tremendous organization.

The Easy Writing Royal completes the efficient equipment of the modern business organization. It brings a saving of time, labor, and trouble; it brings an inherent quality of materials and craftsmanship which insures flawless, enduring service.

It sharpens the accuracy, the effectiveness and the specialized energies of a great business organization.



ROYAL

Trade Mark

TYPEWRITERS

"Compare the Work"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY
316 Broadway, New York City
Branches and Agencies the World Over

The New York Life Insurance Building on Lower Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 166)

political expediency and drastic supervision can impose, it is more of a liability than an asset.

It was not until 1921 that any American business man broke into Soviet Russia. Concerning the initial concessionaire there is a characteristic story. He was Washington Vanderlip, a Western mining prospector, financed by a group of Los Angeles citizens who put up enough money to send him to Moscow. He got what came to be known as the Vanderlip concession for a considerable mineral area in Kamchatka, a peninsula off the northeastern Siberian coast opposite Alaska.

It is typical of the cunning of the Bolshevik government that they gave the wide impression in Europe that the concession had been bestowed on Frank A. Vanderlip, the former Wall Street banker. This grant was capitalized for all that it was worth and was used as a selling point to get the trade agreement with England. Washington Vanderlip believed he had a big thing that was to be the beginning of a real era of American-Russian cooperation. Despite all the hot air generated about the concession, it came to naught.

American participation in soviet oil discloses the usual inability to get anywhere with the Bolsheviks. The case of the International Barnsdall Corporation will illustrate. In 1922, Mason Day, who had been managing director of an American trade concern in Constantinople, procured a contract from the soviet government to drill some wells in the Baku area on what was formerly crown land. It was not a concession in any sense, but an arrangement to put down wells on a royalty basis. A considerable part of the compensation was to be paid in oil.

One of the first jokers in the agreement was that the Americans were to be paid only for work to a depth of 2400 feet. After that it was their own financial responsibility. They discovered to their cost that the oil was considerably below the stipulated stage. This was merely the beginning of the troubles. There was, as always, irritating Bolshevik supervision. Then the Bolo workmen demanded an increase of 45 per cent in wages. A further complication grew out of the payment, or rather the nonpayment, for the equipment, all of which was brought from the United States. The Soviet Oil Trust agreed to pay and then backed down. Altogether such a combination of anxieties developed that Day decided to pull out, having received notes from the government to compensate him for his work and investment. The oil equipment people were less fortunate.

Friction With the Japs

The Day contract served to introduce Harry F. Sinclair into Bolshevik oil circles. He had become financially interested in the Barnsdall proposition, having seen in it the opening for a control of the whole Russian oil domain. At Day's instigation, and accompanied by former Secretary Fall, he went to Moscow in 1923.

As a result of that expedition the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Company got a concession for the oil rights in Northern Saghalin, an island off the Siberian coast. It had formerly belonged entirely to Russia and was used as a penal settlement. By the Portsmouth Treaty, which settled the Russo-Japanese War, the Japanese got the southern half as one of the spoils of victory. All the oil deposits are in the northern half.

Everything looked lovely and the Sinclair concern sent an expedition to Saghalin to make a survey preliminary to starting operations. They were prevented from landing by Japanese troops, who were in possession. Japan, which has always coveted Northern Saghalin, had seized the area following the massacre of 700 of her nationals in 1920 by reds at Nikolaievsk at the mouth of the Amur River. They stood pat and the Sinclair prospectors were forced to go on to China, where they now tarry.

At the time I write, Japan and Russia are unable to agree on an understanding which will enable the soviet government to exercise its oil rights in Northern Saghalin. The Japs demand the northern half: first, because they are in possession; second, because it is part of their program of economic imperialism. While I was in Moscow they made an offer to cancel their claim for indemnity for the Nikolaievsk massacre in exchange for the rest of Saghalin. Meanwhile the Sinclair concession is hopelessly tied up, and is likely to be for some time, because the Japs have shown no disposition to yield.

When you analyze a soviet concession—ordinarily it concedes very little—you invariably find some kind of string tied to it. If the country of the nationals involved has not recognized Russia there is a provision that the agreement is invalid after a certain time unless recognition is forthcoming. In other instances the concessionaire obligates himself for a loan under a similar penalty.

Although it is not generally known, the Sinclair operations in Russia were contingent upon a $100,000,000 American loan to Russia. Litvinoff, who ranks second in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, is responsible for this disclosure. Sinclair had started to place this loan when the Teapot Dome scandal exploded at Washington and everybody involved got cold feet.

In the interim a plan had been cooked up for a triple oil alliance to include Sinclair, the late Hugo Stinnes and the Russian government. It was to discuss this undertaking that Hugo Stinnes, Jr., came to the United States in 1923 under Sinclair chaperonage. When Hugo Stinnes died the deal was declared off. The great German industrialist, as I pointed out in a German article not long ago, had become disillusioned about the prospect of making money in Russia and had begun to withdraw his interests. If he had not died it is doubtful whether he would have continued the oil arrangement.

Red Stamp Collectors

An instance of what happens to Americans in Russia is revealed in the experience of the Far Eastern Exploration Company, organized by former Mayor H. T. Hunt, of Cincinnati, and a large number of associates to exploit a mining concession on the Harga River in Siberia. This area had been developed before the World War to a considerable extent by the Mordkin interests. The Americans were led to believe that gold still existed in commercial quantities. After they got their equipment in shape they discovered that the game was not worth the candle: first, because the ore was insufficient; and second, because of the inaccessibility of the region. It is 1500 miles by river from the coast and there is no adequate overland transport. In consequence the concession has practically been abandoned.

The Bolsheviks lend little aid or encouragement to those whom they ask to work their concessions. When an American engineer reached the Siberian coast to make a survey of the Far Eastern Exploration properties he was compelled to pay 1300 rubles duty on some tents that he had purchased at Shanghai for 300 rubles.

More unfortunate was the experience of John Maitland, of Detroit, who, after retiring as worker in Russia for the American Relief Administration, got a concession to erect a group of buildings for the soviet government. After he had constructed three warehouses and spent more than 1,000,000 rubles, he received a notice one night to leave Russia within two weeks. No explanation was given, nor has he yet discovered the reason for his dismissal.

Perhaps the most unusual concession bestowed upon an American is the monopoly for the sale of Russian stamps in the United States, France, Canada, Mexico and South America, granted in June, 1923, to Maurice Sherman, of New York City. It involves more than 20,000 different varieties issued over a period of many years.

Even with postage stamps, the ruling Bolshevik passion for propaganda is rampant. Coincident with the bestowal of the Sherman concession, a call was issued in Moscow for a meeting of stamp collectors in response to the slogan, "Philatelists of the World Unite!" The idea was to form an international union of collectors similar in scope to the Third International and use the group for the exploitation of soviet revolutionary theories. The Third International is called Comintern for short. The Bolsheviks therefore dub the stamp league Philintern. I happened to be in Moscow when the call was issued and received an invitation which was printed in four different languages.

One American activity in Russia has a meaning all its own. I refer to the colony of Yankee syndicalist miners who went to Siberia under the leadership of Big Bill Heywood to find the promised land of communistic milk and honey. Instead they went up against more meager fare.

McKINNEY HINGES

A door is but half protected when the lock has been selected

Hinges do more work for their size and cost than any other building material. To put them in place requires the services of the more skillful carpenter. Replacement is costly. But a home need be equipped with hardware but once in its life if it is well hinged at the start with McKinney Hinges.

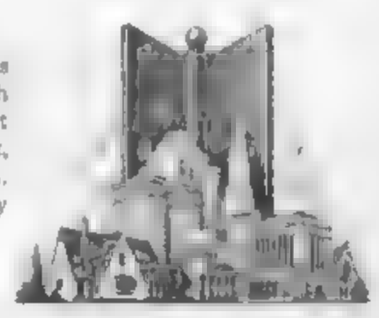
When building, make your hardware selection early. It safeguards you against over-spending. If temporary substitutions become necessary, you can take care of them on less lasting fixtures.

At the builders' hardware store you can select any type of lock, knowing that the finish and design can be matched perfectly with McKinney Hinges.

You can obtain McKinney Hinge quality in sundry hardware articles, including that for garage doors.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write.



McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO.
PITTSBURGH PA

May Breath Free

Present coupon at your store

A First Offense

To which there's seldom a second —*that's bad breath*

Don't risk it. Carry scientific protection with you
Have it *when you need it*, this new way

HAVE you ever considered just what effect a bad breath must have on a highly strung, really sensitive girl?

Thousands of men unconsciously offend in this way. Women don't speak about it, but they *feel* it.

Before you risk close contact with other people, guard against giving offense. Remember, you are the only person who *can't* tell whether or not your breath is sweet.

Your charm
Is destroyed if the breath offends. A May Breath avoids that risk.

In your home
Be as careful as you are with friends. Insure sweet breath.

Spring odors
One May Breath tablet [illegible]

Now instant protection

May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form. A scientific *purifier*, not a mere perfume that simply adds one odor to another and thus suggests concealment.

Let a single tablet dissolve in your mouth—that's all. Your breath is as pure as Maytime.

It combats all breath odors. Odors from stomach disorders, from poor teeth or gums, from tobacco, from odoriferous foods and drinks; from any and all causes.

In your vest pocket

With May Breath you carry constant protection with you, always . . . . a sweet breath instantly when you need it most.

It acts in the way a purifier should act. Banishes odors, does not simply try to hide them.

On sale, in flat enameled boxes for the vest pocket, at all cigar counters and druggists'.

In fairness to yourself, carry a box with you. Never dance, go to a theatre, never pay a social call without taking this precaution.

A box free

We'll gladly send you a box to try. Clip the coupon now before you forget. What it brings will delight you.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

M 132

Good for a Regular Size Box

Present this coupon to any druggist and get a regular [illegible] May Breath. He will supply you with May Breath. If your druggist fails you send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you the regular price in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto

As most Americans know, Heywood, who was one of the shining lights in the I. W. W., jumped his bail after getting a prison term for sedition that would confine him for the rest of his natural life. With some of his mates of the I. W. W., he organized the so-called Kuzbas mining colony in Siberia. The name comes from the site which is in the Kuznetskiy Basin. After suffering many hardships, those of the colonists who were legally eligible for return to the United States came back. The others are sticking it out under conditions not altogether happy.

Heywood has given up the practical management of the concession and now lives in Moscow, where I saw him. He is a lonely and forlorn figure. In his earlier day there he was quite a personage in Bolshevik eyes and was pointed out and photographed as "a type of leading American communist" who had rallied to the world call of sovietism. The novelty has now worn off, because Heywood has not been able to deliver the American communistic goods as promised. He has a nominal job as fund solicitor for an organization that supplies the needs of communists imprisoned overseas, but at best it is merely a meal ticket. Like Emma Goldman, he is one of the many disillusioned.

What seems to be the sole American success in Russia is vested in the Allied American Corporation, one of the type of foreign companies formed outside Russia but authorized to carry on trade operations within. It was organized by Dr. Julius Hammer, formerly a practicing physician in New York City, who is of Russian extraction. His three sons are associated with him in the enterprise, which has branch offices in London, New York, Stockholm and Copenhagen.

Anarchy Always at Hand

The beginning of the Allied American Corporation is typical of the way the Bolsheviks first did business. During 1921, the year of the great Russian famine, the Hammers sold the soviet government two shiploads of wheat. They received cash for one, but got caviar, goatskins, laces and furs for the other. In order to dispose of this merchandise a trading company was set up. Subsequently it received a concession from the Commissariat for Foreign Trade.

The Allied American Corporation exports American motor cars, trucks, rubber and agricultural machinery to Russia, and ships out furs, eggs, sausage casings, poultry, butter, feathers and game. It has set up a chain of cold-storage plants for the egg-and-poultry end of the business and carries on a considerable trade with the Baltic Provinces and Scandinavia in these products.

In 1922 the Hammers obtained a concession for mining asbestos in the Urals and for a time employed 1000 men. Since 1923, however, the whole Russian asbestos output has been in a decline because of competition in Rhodesia and Canada, and especially in the former place, where labor is cheap.

Examine the selling procedure of a concern like the Allied American Corporation and you find out why the Bolsheviks are always up against it financially. Nearly 90 per cent of the Hammer business is with the soviet government, which pays one-third cash, while the remainder is on six months to one year credit, guaranteed by the Russian Industrial Bank, a state-owned institution. The government, in turn, sells the coöperatives on from three to five years' credit, with no cash down. In case of a bad harvest such as obtained in 1924, these terms must be extended to six or seven years.

The best summing up of the concession business in Russia was made by an American who has been in the game and who was glad to escape with a whole skin. Here it is:

"If I had $1,000,000,000 I would not put one cent of it in Russia except as philanthropy pure and simple, or to buy works of art. The very nature of things there precludes the possibility of bringing about any big development or industrial extension on a profit-making basis. Trade is the only thing showing any profit to individuals, and this is small, precarious and therefore highly speculative. There is strength in the Bolo government, but it is by turns either flabby or vicious. Always it is unreasoning. You never know when your property is to be confiscated. Anarchy seems constantly to lurk around the corner."

No one can deny that the opportunity to exploit vast resources and to trade exists in Russia, but the element of insecurity that seems to pervade the whole soviet scheme of things sets up an eternal obstacle both to profit and stability. If sanity ever comes to Russia, the best bet for Americans would lie not in exports but in the employment of capital in technical enterprises directed by American brains and skill.

To round out the narrative of America in Russia it is necessary to deal briefly with the all-important matter of recognition of Moscow by Washington. Excepting Japan, the United States is the only great power that has not entered into diplomatic relations with the soviet government. After the tale of confiscation, spoliation and repudiation that I have unfolded, it is scarcely conceivable that recognition can be forthcoming until the Bolsheviks change their policy.

In this matter of American recognition Bolshevik inconsistency works overtime. Not only is Secretary Hughes the most cordially hated man in Russia today but scarcely a week passes without some odious cartoon of him in the newspapers. With one breath Moscow pleads for official relations and with another pours forth a torrent of abuse on the country she seeks to propitiate.

The argument is sometimes advanced that American recognition would disprove the widely exploited Moscow claim that the Bolsheviks are the victims of a capitalistic conspiracy in the United States; that it would strengthen the hands of the moderates in Russia; and that it would give Americans an opportunity to get a slice of Russian trade. The fallacy of such contentions is obvious. In the first place, instead of strengthening the moderates it would make the government all the cockier. Secondly, the Bolsheviks, as the instances of England and Germany show conclusively, give nationals less freedom of commercial action after recognition than before. Third, there is no real business opportunity in Russia, certainly so long as the present dictatorship obtains.

Scraps of Paper

As a matter of fact, the British have fared much worse in their concessions since Ramsay MacDonald entered into diplomatic negotiations with Moscow than at any other time. Nor has recognition, or the lack of it, prevented propaganda, despite all protests to the contrary. In the next article I will show how the soviet government continues its efforts to infect American institutions with red poison in precisely the same way that they seek to stir up revolution in England and Germany. It means that we cannot deal officially with people who flout integrity and who regard international agreements as just so many scraps of paper.

The trail of all this evasion and repudiation leads to a dingy room in a gloomy old office building—once the headquarters of the dreaded Cheka—in the heart of Moscow, where Georges Tchitcherin, Commissar for Foreign Affairs, pulls the strings. Save only Lenine, Trotzky, and possibly Krassin, his is the best-known name in the coterie of leaders who made Bolshevik rule possible.

Tchitcherin himself expresses the inconsistency that has been revealed so often in his diplomatic dealings. A member of an old family of the Russian landed nobility, he was trained for the imperial diplomatic service. Then a cog slipped somewhere and he joined the revolutionists. In 1907 he was identified with the Central Committee of the Berlin Social Democratic Party and was expelled from Germany—where he had taken refuge—the following year. Like Lenine, he became an exile, spending most of his time in England. Here he was closely connected with the British Socialist Party. In 1917 he returned to Russia under the amnesty granted as soon as the provisional government was set up.

Tchitcherin has a complex nature. He works all night and sleeps during the day. This is why the Foreign Office blazes with lights while Moscow gets its fitful sleep. It follows that his favorite hour for receiving visitors is midnight. When I met Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German ambassador accredited to the soviet government, he told me that he had discussed the diplomatic rupture with Germany with the commissar at two o'clock that morning.

Tchitcherin's oddities in attire and habits are proverbial. He takes pride in the fact

(Continued on Page 173)

George D. Hoffman's latest invention

Rids the Radiator of air and keeps it out!

Now the "Air-free Radiator"- the mighty coal saver

Make your worst radiator "air-free" Watch it heat first and stay hot longest

PICK out the worst radiator in your house—that old sinner that always is the last to heat and the first to cool off—the one that is like a mule—just naturally stubborn.

Replace the air valve on this radiator with a "new Hoffman Vacuum Valve." Tell any reliable heating and plumbing shop you want the valve that not only lets air out but keeps it out. Watch what happens. You will be amazed to see the change in this radiator. It will greet you with a cheerful warmth at breakfast because it will heat up first in the morning. It will stay hot at night long after other radiators are stone cold.

More than paid for their cost

LAST winter the owner of the Park Court Apartments, St. Paul, Minn., changed all his air valves to the "new Hoffman Vacuum Valves." He not only saved the cost of the valves and $1150 in cash from the previous year's coal bill, but his tenants enjoyed a new experience in heat comfort. Whether your own fuel bill is large or small you can have a similar experience with the kind of valves that keep air out of your radiators.

Make this easy test right now

CONVINCE yourself what it means to have "air-free" radiators by testing one "new Hoffman Vacuum Valve" on your worst radiator right now. This test on a single radiator only partially indicates the results in a completely equipped system with all air leaks stopped.

Recommended and sold by the best shops in the heating and plumbing business.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
25 West 45th Street New York City

If you have steam heat in your home you can save a lot of money by sending for this book.

IT IS FREE

GEORGE D. HOFFMAN has perfected a new and successful principle in venting valves for one-pipe steam systems. Not only does this "new Hoffman Vacuum Valve" do what all other air valves are designed to do—let the air out of a radiator as steam comes in. It goes further; *it keeps air from coming back*

Learn in the simple language of this book just why air in radiators is a low down thief of money and comfort and how the "new Hoffman Vacuum Valves" not only let air out as steam comes in—but also *keep it out*

HOFFMAN
No. 2 VACUUM VALVES
more heat from less coal

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:-
I want to know more about the new No. 2 Hoffman Vacuum Valve that makes "air-free" radiators. Send me your free book "Locking the door against the Heat Thief."

Name....

Street..

City *State*.

Master Control Thermiodyne

Just One Turn-of One Knob-with One Hand

We own a Radio that we want to Share with You that will put you in touch with the Voices of Life all over this Country.

Its name is Thermiodyne because the Greek roots (*which have always been used by Scientists in naming things*) *'therm'* and *'ion'* and *'dyne'* represent Heat and Electron and Power. (*thermion, ion, dynamo*)

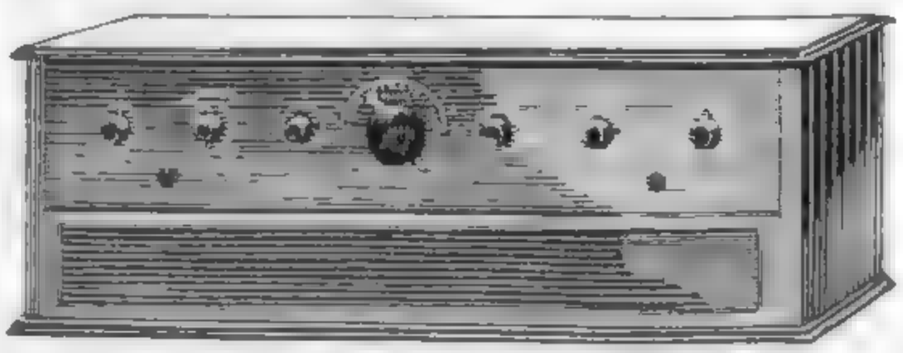
Thermiodyne gathers sound-waves from the air and delivers them to your ear with marvelous faithfulness . . . . . .

It is so devised that you can, by simply turning One knob, click-in any broadcasting station that is on the air regardless of distance and without interference . . . . . .

Variations in broadcasting do not affect Thermiodyne inasmuch as the additional adjustments are provided to insure perfect reception . . . . .

As you learn to tune your Thermiodyne you will have added pleasure in reaching out for distant stations . . . . . .

There are six tubes, three stages of thermionic frequency, detector, and two stages of audio-frequency, that bring in local or distant stations with loud-speaker volume . . . . . .



Price $140.00
without accessories
. . . . . .
Unconditionally
. . . . Guaranteed . . . .
Ask us for the complete Thermiodyne story

Thermiodyne Radio Corporation
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 170)

that he has only one suit of clothes, and looks the part. A confirmed bachelor, his domicile is a bare room on the top floor of the Foreign Office.

Although he has a large staff, Tchitcherin is the type of person who likes to do everything, from sharpening pencils to filing papers, himself. Being absent-minded, this works many hardships. Frequently the business of the Foreign Office is held up for a whole night while he frantically hunts for a document that at the moment reposes in his coat pocket.

Nor does he lack cunning. He is usually accessible to journalists, but makes it a rule to write out his utterances. He waits, however, until the writer has seen all his associates. Then he asks that the other interviews be submitted to him. This serves two purposes, for he finds out everything that has been said for publication and it is a guide to him. My experience with his chronic procrastination was characteristic. I talked with him in June, but it was not until I had reached Paris in August that I received the interview he gave me.

My appointment with Tchitcherin was set for eleven o'clock at night. I had to wait in a disordered room obviously furnished with loot out of some aristocrat's palace. As I sat on an ornate gilt sofa—it was in sharp contrast with the musty surroundings—a Red Guard entered and made straight for me. At first I thought I was to be arrested. Instead the soldier greeted me and passed on. I cite this episode to show that the Foreign Office is under heavy military guard all the time, because an attempt was once made on Tchitcherin's life.

When fifteen minutes had elapsed a secretary took me to a double door at the end of the chamber where I waited. After he had knocked cautiously, one of the doors opened and I found myself in a huge salon that was almost pitch dark. A solitary electric lamp shone over a desk in the corner. It was amid this murk that I met Tchitcherin, who greeted me in English with a British accent.

High-Sounding Nonsense

The man seemed to harmonize with the gloom that enshrouded him. Inclined to stoutness, he is fairly tall, with stooping shoulders and a shy, uneasy manner. His face is long and pale, and his tired, baggy eyes look everywhere except at the person with whom he is talking. He was exactly like a brooding Slav Buddha.

After making various pessimistic remarks about the status of American recognition of Russia, he launched into a fluent statement of Bolshevik principles, with special reference to the confiscated alien properties. This is what he said at the start:

"The most important phase of the present Russian régime is the nationalization of big industry. I except smaller enterprises. The ideas and sentiments of our workers are such that big industry can exist only under nationalization.

"The former owners, who desire restitution of their factories, do not understand that in the event of restoration their situation would be intolerable. Our workers would meet them with the most violent hostility and would refuse to work in private factories. It is different when a former owner holds a lease or a concession from the state. Then the worker sees behind him the real owner of the factory, which is our labor-governed state. Only those who are personally familiar with our industries and who know the thoughts and sentiments of our workers can appreciate to what an extent nationalized big industry is a necessity in our country. Without it production would be impossible. Every one of our workers is conscious of the fact that he works for a common advantage. He feels himself so elated by it that he can endure the consequences of the terrible trials of the past years and work better than he did under private ownership."

"On what basis could the confiscated American industrial properties be returned to their owners?" I queried.

Without the slightest hesitation Tchitcherin responded:

"The American owners can only come back to Russia as concessionaires to work the properties on a percentage basis. Control must be vested with the state."

On the monopoly of foreign trade and land socialization the commissar said:

"Surrounded as we are by a capitalistic world, our Foreign Trade Monopoly is a necessary weapon against those capitalistic countries which are more economically powerful than ourselves. If a monopoly of foreign trade did not exist, the agents of foreign commercial firms would soon empty our country of all its products, as was done in Austria and elsewhere, and would impose upon us inferior goods at exorbitant prices. In other words, the big capitalist centers would bleed Russia to death if she did not defend herself.

"The younger generation of peasants is extraordinarily open to new ideas, and studies with the greatest interest the various systems of collective land tenure and general agricultural problems. Undoubtedly our peasant class will very quickly pass on to higher forms of group land ownership, but this will only take place at the wish of the peasants themselves and with the aid of a soviet state."

"Will you continue to repudiate the old Russian debts?" I asked.

Tchitcherin's reply was:

"If you had lived for some time among our workers and peasants you would have soon learned that the idea of recognition of the czarist debts is so unpopular—indeed, so odious to the great mass of our people—that it is quite impossible for us to adopt it. The intervention and the blockade were accompanied by such terrible sufferings among our workers and peasants that every one of them, having undergone this ordeal, considers himself free henceforth from all obligations toward the countries which caused that suffering."

Obligations Brushed Away

"If you begin to speak to a peasant about the old czarist debts he will retort by speaking about his sons or brothers who were killed during foreign intervention. He will relate the horrors and the calamities which resulted from that intervention, and will declare that after what he has gone through he owes nothing to the governments responsible. Moreover, every worker and peasant recalls the old imperial régime with a feeling of deadly hatred and considers that the czarist state was not his state, but a foreign incubus.

"On the other hand, every peasant and worker considers the soviet state as being really his own. They are convinced that the pledges and obligations undertaken by the soviet state must be faithfully discharged, but that the debts and obligations of the old czarist order disappeared simultaneously with it.

"We therefore treat the question of the old debts in a practical way. If a loan be given to us in conjunction with an arrangement that would allow some part of it to be used for affording satisfaction to the creditors, we shall carefully examine whether this transaction is advantageous enough for the peoples of our Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. If so, we will accept it."

My next question was, "What are the fundamental features of your external and internal policy?"

In response Tchitcherin declared:

"The central point in all our efforts is our economic reconstruction. Our international policy aims at maintaining and contributing toward the maintenance of general peace, since peace is the first and foremost condition upon which our reconstruction depends. Our external policy also aims at developing and widening our relations with all countries and at making them more and more friendly in order that our economic ties with them can be developed and widened. Of course, the first aim of our policy is to safeguard our national existence and to prevent the formation of coalitions or political combinations directed against peace among nations and against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

"In the center of our entire domestic policy stands the restoration of production and transport. The policy of our government is such as to give complete satisfaction to the urban workers and to our numerous peasant class. Intimate and close union between peasants and the urban workers is one of the unshakable foundations of our internal policy."

You will observe that Tchitcherin, like all his ilk, condones confiscation and justifies continued seizure. Thus with the alien holding, as with the native who crosses the soviet path, the Bolsheviks run true to form. Taking property and taking life are both part of the crimson creed.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next will be devoted to red propaganda.

The
SIERRA
pattern in
Silver Plate
In character like
the dignity of a
lofty mountain
THERE is a rugged grandeur in the
Sierra pattern—a sturdy simplicity that
is a promise of the long and faithful service
that this heavily plated ware will give.
If you are among those who seek beauty
in grace of line, rather than in ornament
you will like the delightful simplicity of
this pattern. But no matter what your
choice may be, remember that you buy
silverware to endure and that it is important that it bear the Reed & Barton name
with its full century of silversmithing experience behind it.
Ask your jeweler to show you Reed &
Barton ware in both solid silver and silver
plate.
REED & BARTON, Taunton, Mass
REED & BARTON
100 YEARS OF SILVERSMITHING
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

"Winterproof" Babies— make Healthy Men and Women

BUILD THE HEALTH of your baby right from the start. Give the child a rugged constitution that will withstand the rigors of winter wind and the sudden changes in temperature.

A baby's tender skin cannot resist the onslaught of the elements if you do not assist nature by stimulating the capillary action of the blood vessels.

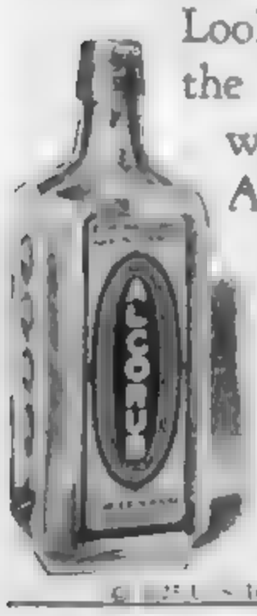
By starting the ALCORUB skin treatment with your baby today you will lay the foundation of a healthy future life.

For men and women, too, ALCORUB fortifies against colds, provides a barrier against infection and wards off the illness that comes with lowered resistance.

When applied to the body skin, as directed, ALCORUB stimulates the nerves of the skin and dilates the capillaries. The blood rushes to the surface, bathing the skin cells with its nutriment and resistance to infection.

Get Genuine ALCORUB

Any druggist or department store can and will supply you with ALCORUB. But be on your guard against imitations. Look for the name ALCORUB printed *vertically* on the label. Look for the square, clear glass bottle with finger grips on two sides. Write for the ALCORUB folder giving other uses for ALCORUB.



U. S. INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL CO.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALCORUB

For the Beauty and Health of the Skin

THE FUTURE OF RADICALISM

(Continued from Page 13)

the people of this country have cast off all firm political allegiances, in the mass, and vote regardless of party labels and regardful of their own interests as they see them. The election of 1924 wasn't a Republican election or a Democratic election or a radical election. It was a Coolidge election, a Davis election and a La Follette election. The people were voting for men, not parties.

The campaign of 1924 was not a political campaign at all, in the partisan or party sense. It was a personal campaign, or, rather, a campaign of personalities. The Republicans ballyhooed their policies. The Democrats tom-tommed their issues. La Follette broadcast his theories. And the people paid scant attention to all the efforts to incite them to vote under this or that label. The results of this campaign were not based on what the Republican Party has done or what it promises to do, not on the past or the future of the Democratic Party as it exists at the moment, and not on the postulates of La Follette. The results were based on the personal characteristics and the personal responsibilities of the three candidates, their indicated opportunities and their past performances.

The people of the United States got right down to the primitive personal equation on November fourth and picked Coolidge by such a tremendous preferential vote because they like Coolidge, feel safer with Coolidge, and consider Coolidge better as President for themselves and for the country than either of the others. The people of the United States did this regardless of political or party ties. They voted for a man, and not for a political candidate.

This does not mean, of course, that a considerable portion of the people did not vote as partisans. Many did. The Democratic vote in the South, where politics is parochial and it is a social error not to be a Democrat, was partisan. So it was to some degree in other sections, but the determining vote, the vote that elected Coolidge by his ten million, was not a partisan vote except in this regard: It must be classed as a Republican vote or a Democratic vote or a radical vote because the only mediums for registering the vote were the three political mediums that supplied the political brands for the three leading candidates. The people were compelled to utilize the existing symbols. There was no other way to vote.

Old Issues Obliterated

At that, their voting proved the contention that party labels and organizations mean nothing and are nothing. A fine independence of selection was shown. Because Coolidge carried a state, say, was no guaranty that other Republican candidates in the same state would win their fights. Coolidge won in New York by some 800,000, but Smith, Democrat, was elected governor by about 100,000. Coolidge carried Ohio by some 600,000, and a Democratic governor was elected. In Illinois a Republican candidate for governor ran 400,000 votes behind Coolidge. So it went all across the country. And it all shows that, in as much as the two major parties offer nothing to the voter save historic labels, the voters pay no attention to those labels and vote for men. This is the general situation. It comprehends enough of the voters in this country to turn millions of votes whichever way those voters incline, and in defiance of party demands, entreaties or commands.

It was the sort of thing that brought disaster on the professional Republicans in 1922 after triumphant victory in 1920. It is the sort of thing that may turn in 1926 and rend the rejoicing Republican politicians of 1924. It is the proof that the politics of this country has changed from the rigid adherences of thirty years ago to a fluidity and independence of operation that make the present political machines as obsolete and useless as the stagecoach of our early days. It means that Republicanism, *per se*, and Democracy, *per se*, are of the past, but most of all it means that two schools of political thought and action are slowly forming and that the influence of them will presently reshape and remodel and revive the present major political parties to their concepts.

It has long been held by the students of American politics that the present partisan political divisions, which were sharply defined thirty years ago, have been so dulled and destroyed by the attritions of the political events since the election of Benjamin Harrison, say, or, better yet, since the beginning of this century, as to eradicate outstanding issues and to reduce these party organizations to mere battlers for political preferment. At present there is little to choose, save historically, between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, and the reason for that is that these organizations have not kept step with the progress of the times. They are operating on past performances. They have no legitimate reasons for existence save to get power, to retain power, and secure the decision on legislation and patronage. Hence the vast increase in independent voting as shown in 1920, in 1922, and, more especially, in 1924.

This Government was established and has been maintained by the party system. Until twenty years ago or a few years less the party system meant that parties stood for something besides mere opposition to one another actuated by the desire for power and place, which is what parties mean now. Having arrived at that political situation, there are two roads open for the continuation of our political processes. We can remain as we are, with two obsolete organizations utilizing the party machinery, and use those parties as the mediums for our independent voting; or we can remake those parties into live and efficient organizations that will typify the rational and logical political division demanded by the times.

The Natural Line of Cleavage

This is now easier to do than it ever has been. The results of the recent election give the Republican Party at least a warrant of conservatism, and leave the Democratic Party in position where it has open before it the assumption of liberalism. Nobody objects to the labels Democratic and Republican. Those are as good as any. The objection is to the fact that the labels denote nothing that is within the organizations on which they are pasted. Wherefore, since the natural trend of the Republican Party is the conservative trend, emphasized in 1924, the Democracy must, if it is to survive else than as a shattered hulk, take over the liberalism that exists.

Regardless of the abortive radical foray of La Follette, the fact is that natural political division of this country, or any country where there is free and universal suffrage, is the division of conservatism against liberalism. Every person born into this world is congenitally either a conservative or a radical, and the tendency to the fullest expression of this inheritance is fostered by environment and mode and success of life. Normally, there comes to everyone the obligation of politics, and the participation in our form of democratic government to that extent. This obligation may be perfunctory or it may be active. It may entail only a political interest once in four years, or it may entail a continuous interest. In either event, the congenital radicalism or conservatism of the voter comes to be an important factor in determining the way his vote is cast.

Full opportunity for this expression is given in England, where the political division is Conservative against Liberal, lately accentuated to conservatism against radicalism by the upward sweep of the Labor Party, and still more lately reverting to a dominating conservatism by the rout of Labor, and the gradual disappearance of the Liberal Party. Further politics in England will continue to divide along those natural political lines, for the radicals, although defeated in the recent elections, were far from destroyed. Opportunity thus to divide is not given to the voter in America save incidentally, because the Republican Party is partly liberal and partly conservative, and the Democratic Party is in the same case. At the moment the Republican Party has full credit for conservatism, but tens of thousands of conservative Democratic votes for Coolidge helped to that end.

An interesting illustration of this natural political division of conservatism against radicalism, or more politely, liberalism—which is the better term, at that, because in our political usage the term "radical," in itself descriptive and inoffensive enough,

(Continued on Page 177)

What would you do to avoid colds all winter?

Two minutes a day keeps a cold away

DO you catch cold easily? Do slight throat irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat? Strengthen the tissues of your nose, your mouth, your throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat also. Inhale as you spray. The taste is extremely pleasant, the after-effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

IN the tissues of your nose, mouth and throat, there are countless tiny channels, or blood vessels. Your blood flows through these passages, just as traffic would through a vast network of streets and avenues. But there are weak spots in the system. A famous doctor says that almost everybody has them. They slow up circulation, just as a bad spot in the pavement slows up traffic. They are the spots that germs attack. They are the spots that suffer from exposure. They are the spots that are at once affected by the air of badly heated and ventilated rooms. Nature's remedy is to rush to the spot an extra quantity of blood—to clear away the congestion. Sometimes this succeeds, but when it doesn't that extra blood remains to make the congestion worse. Traffic is blocked; your blood doesn't circulate as it should; inflammation sets in, and you ask yourself, "How did I get this cold?" Glyco-Thymoline prevents colds because it unblocks traffic, relieves the clogged-up blood vessels so that the blood circulates more freely.

The most economical way to use Glyco-Thymoline is in an atomizer. This is also the most effective way.

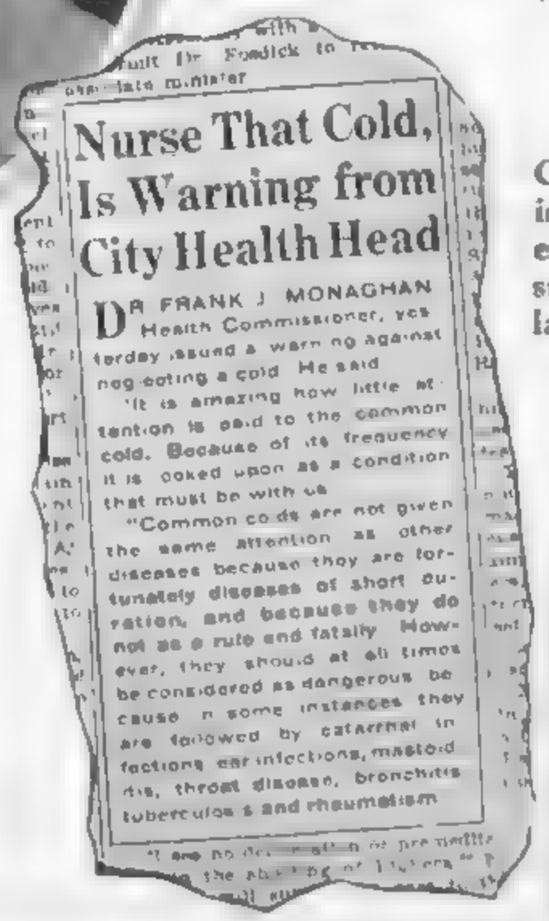
Your Mouth

It is one of the most sensitive, yet most neglected, parts of your body. Glyco-Thymoline keeps it clean, neutralizes acidity, gives your mouth a fresh, healthy feeling, and strengthens the tissues of cheeks and gums by stimulating the circulation

Your Nose

Through this sensitive corridor the air you must have enters your body. It is vital to your health that this passageway be kept clear. Strengthening the tissues and membranes will do more than anything else to keep it clear.

The clipping below is from a recent issue of the New York American



Nurse That Cold, Is Warning from City Health Head

DR FRANK J MONAGHAN Health Commissioner, yesterday issued a warning against neglecting a cold. He said:

"It is amazing how little attention is paid to the common cold. Because of its frequency it is looked upon as a condition that must be with us.

"Common colds are not given the same attention as other diseases because they are fortunately diseases of short duration, and because they do not as a rule end fatally. However, they should at all times be considered as dangerous because in some instances they are followed by catarrhal infections, mastoid, ear infections, throat disease, bronchitis, tuberculosis and rheumatism.

You guard your teeth—why not your nose and throat?

WHY is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss? He knows from wide experience that minute food particles frequently escape the toothbrushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids which attack the teeth, break through the enamel and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. Nature intended your mouth to be alkaline and Glyco-Thymoline is an alkaline preparation—the opposite of an acid. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will stimulate the circulation and thus aid Nature to harden them and make them healthy.

Your Throat

The air you breathe, the food you eat, practically everything that enters your system, must enter here. It is lined with sensitive tissues that must resist conditions that Nature did not count upon—modern food, stale air, dusty air, air filled with the fumes of burnt gasoline. Glyco-Thymoline gives Nature the aid she needs.

Glyco-Thymoline is sold by druggists everywhere in small, medium, and large size bottles.

FREE Two Weeks' Trial Test

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
361 Pearl Street, Dept. 1E,
New York City

Send me free of charge enough Glyco-Thymoline for atomizer use morning and evening for two weeks.

Name...

Address

A popular Barbourwelt model in calfskin—for men. Genuine Barbourwelt is also obtainable in all styles and leathers on fine shoes for women and children.

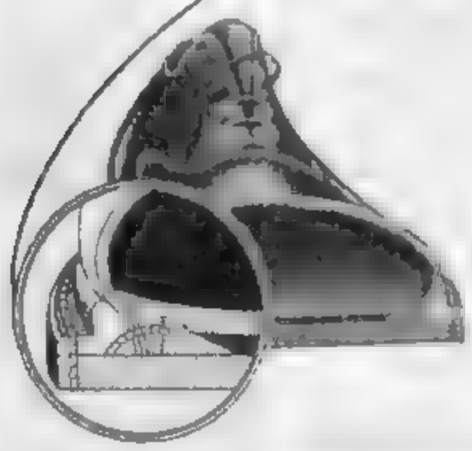
Nothing takes the place of Leather

Some shoes always look new—*why is it?*

That flat strip of leather around your shoes, joining the sole to the upper—probably you've never even noticed it. That's the welting.

It's along this unprotected edge that the upper tends to tread over, and water leaks through. An innovation in shoe construction—*Barbourwelt*—reinforces this vital point with a solid, upstanding rib of sole leather which holds your shoes in shape and preserves the trim, clean lines that the designer fashioned.

Barbourwelt is real "shape insurance," a retaining wall and weather strip combined.



In genuine Barbourwelt there is no opening or seam under the rib of the welting. You can't even pry in there with the point of a knife. No imitation of Barbourwelt can stand this test.

No sewed-on imitation, no tucked-in rubber gasket can give you this protection. Only genuine *Barbourwelt* is made all in one piece, with a rib that you can't pry up or wear loose.

More than 260 manufacturers are making their best shoes with *Barbourwelt*,—*Stormwelt* for winter and *Dresswelt* for summer wear.

Buy the shoes you've always bought, from the retailer who has always served you, but ask for genuine *Barbourwelt* models and your shoes will look *new* a whole lot longer.

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years

BROCKTON, MASS.

BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* ◆ "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

(Continued from Page 174)

has fallen into disrepute by its common association in the language of the people with the ultra school of this thought—is found in the fates of the numerous initiated and constitutional measures voted on in the various states. There were many of these, and in most important instances the naturally antagonistic conservative influences prevailed.

There were three proposals for revision of state constitutions—in Maryland, Pennsylvania and South Dakota—and all were beaten. Also, propositions were beaten in Missouri and Illinois looking toward an easier and less complicated addition of amendments to the existing constitutions. The majority of the voters in these states seemed satisfied with their constitutions as they are, and with the present difficulty in changing them. An initiated bill for the state ownership and operation of water power was beaten in California, and, conversely, that state voted for twelve-round prize fights in place of the tame four-round affairs now allowed. The people of Massachusetts would not consent to the legislative indorsement of the child-labor amendment to the Federal Constitution. Missouri and Oregon defeated a workman's compensation measure, and Minnesota turned down a project for state owned and operated terminal elevators. Washington refused to allow cities to sell electric power without their limits, and Oregon and Washington refused to assent to a state-supervised pure-milk proposition. Two states abolished state income tax laws—Florida and one other—and Washington and Michigan defeated measures directed at parochial schools. All initialed proposals were rejected by Kansas, Washington, Colorado, Michigan, North and South Dakota and Arizona.

Of course there were many purely local measures involved, and some of these were beaten and some went through. The point of these elections is that the radical movement in politics and the radical political thought insist upon the extension of direct government as opposed to representative government and indicated by these various proposals. The initiative and the referendum is one of the main tenets of radicalism, and every proposal for revision of a constitution heads in that direction and is proposed by the radical element.

That these two schools of political thought are now operating under the great handicaps that politically exist is proved, first, by the defeat of most of these measures in the various states and, second, by the fact that there exists enough of a radicalism of various sorts in the country to get these measures on the ballot in the hope of putting them through. The conservatives would not have to defeat them if the radicals did not propose them.

The State of the Democracy

It is probable that the Republican Party, given its 1924 indorsement of conservatism, will set forth its claim of being the true political representative of conservatism in this country, and on the face of the returns, the claim must hold good. Hence the natural repository for the political radicalism in this country is the Democratic Party. It might make a future career for itself along those lines.

The stage is all set. After an acrimonious struggle between the radical and the conservative elements in the Democratic Party that lasted three weeks in the New York convention and accentuated the differences of policy as well as the geographical and other disabilities that are upon the Democracy, the convention nominated a conservative candidate in the person of John W. Davis, and sought to placate the Western radical sentiment in the party by naming Charles W. Bryan, of Nebraska, for Vice President. Davis was, and is, a conservative by breeding, education, association and employment. His defeat was a debacle.

Hence, as was shown in 1904, when Parker was nominated; as undoubtedly would have been shown in 1912, when the Democrats elected Wilson, had there been no Progressive Republican movement led by Roosevelt; and as was catastrophically shown in 1924, there is no nourishment for the Democracy in the nomination of a conservative. To be sure, it is true that there was small nourishment for that party in its three nominations of the radical Bryan, but, all that aside, conservatism, as expressed by the Democracy and as typified by the conservative Davis, has no political reward in a Democratic sense. They can't get away with it.

The probabilities all are that the Democrats will see that. Indeed, their most powerful leaders see it now. It was freely said after the New York convention that if Davis was beaten the Democrats would not nominate another conservative for President in a generation. Davis was not only beaten but routed, and the Democracy with him. Thus, if the Democracy desires to make a future for itself it has the opportunity now to take over the mission of liberalism, and become the exponent of it. President Coolidge has in mind certain plans for the liberalizing of the Republican Party, but it is not likely, in view of the present situation, that these will alter materially the natural conservative alignment of the Republicans. That party is best fitted, by all reasons and by the logic of present events, to remain as the conservative party. Wherefore, let us examine into that political chaos that retains the name and style of Democracy.

It is a resilient and a tenacious organization. It survived the Civil War, and has had four terms in the White House, sixteen years, since 1861. It lived through its three Bryan experiments, and even came to some semblance of life and virility after its Cox disaster in 1920. As it stands now, battered and broken, it isn't one party at all. It is three parties, each claiming its formulas and practices.

The Solid South

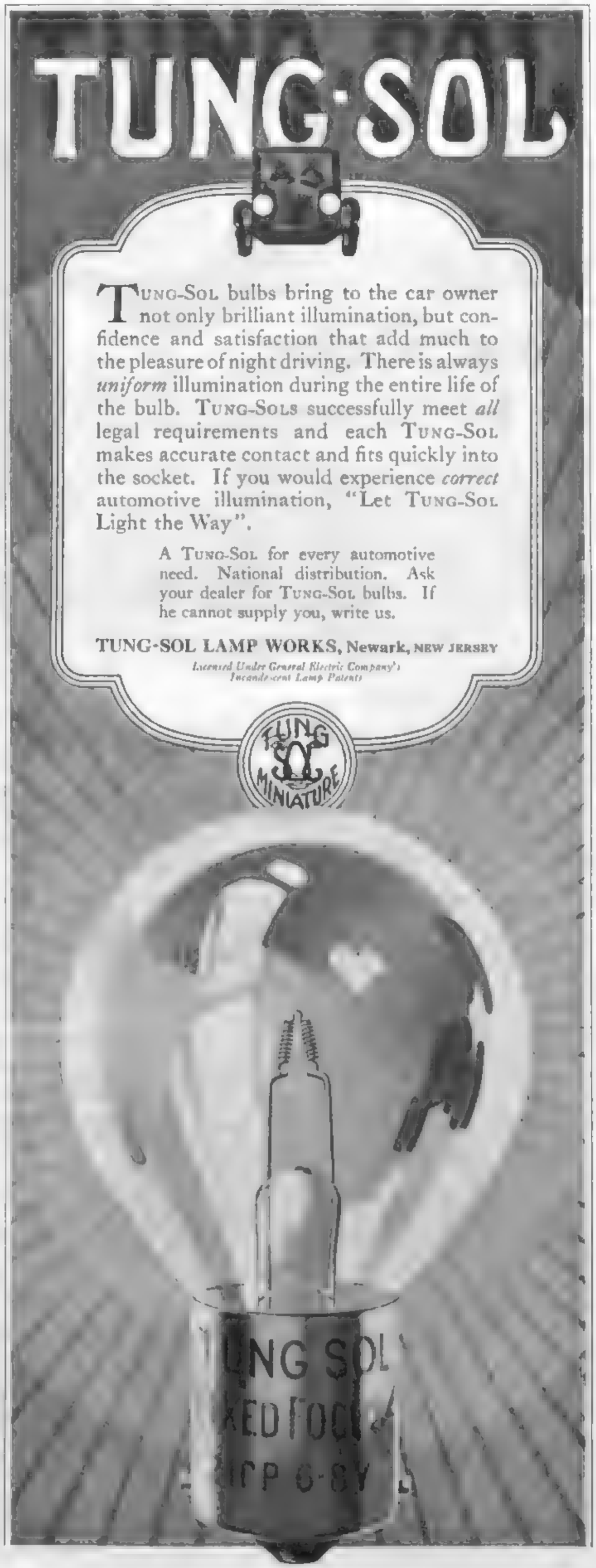
The main prop and reliance of Democracy, the section that keeps it alive and holds it to its tottering course along our political highway, is the South. Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia make up a solid block of states where any Democratic nominee for President, be he a Bryan, a Cleveland, a Cox or a Wilson, will invariably win. Any Presidential candidate with a Democratic label is sure of one hundred and fourteen electoral votes before he starts, no matter who he is, or what he is, so long as he is called a Democrat.

The usual political designation of the Democratic Party in the South is that it is rigidly conservative, although it has frequently sent the wildest sort of radicals to the United States Senate and House of Representatives. The South considers its political vagaries of this sort its own affair, and swings from conservatism to radicalism and back again as it feels inclined, insisting only that in all its political exhibitions it is always Democratic. Its heart is true to the principle, no matter what its practice may be.

It is probable the Democratic Party would have perished long ago if it had not had this solid and sustaining block of votes as a substantial foundation for its operations. This sectional comfort has kept it going. And the constant assertion that the Democracy of the South is conservative is based on a disregard of the facts. The South has always been for Bryan. It was for him in his Free Silver foray in 1896. It was for him in his anti-imperialism experiment in 1900. It was with him in his expediencies of 1908. And it was the radical section of the South that combined with portions of the West in holding McAdoo, a radical of sorts, so long in the balloting in the New York convention.

The South, as it seems, will always be politically opposed to Republicanism. In any event there is no apparent sign of a breaking down of its solid Democracy. And the South is adaptable politically so long as it can operate within the nominal limits of national Democracy. All the South wants is the label. Thus, as any effective opposition party in our present state of politics must be in opposition to the adopted and confirmed conservatism of the Republicans, it is reasonable to suppose that the inclusion of the South in a Democratic Party that is radical in whatever degree it is radical would not be impossible.

The second sectional division of the Democratic Party is the radical West. The West is normally Republican territory, and most of its voting in the past has been along normal Republican lines always with the propertied and conservative angle. At times the West has gone off on radical tangents, but usually it is safely Republican in its demonstrations. This has made it necessary for the Democrats of the West to be more radical than the Democrats elsewhere, because there was nothing else for them to be. Ordinarily in the minority,


TUNG·SOL
TUNG-SOL bulbs bring to the car owner not only brilliant illumination, but confidence and satisfaction that add much to the pleasure of night driving. There is always *uniform* illumination during the entire life of the bulb. TUNG-SOLS successfully meet *all* legal requirements and each TUNG-SOL makes accurate contact and fits quickly into the socket. If you would experience *correct* automotive illumination, "Let TUNG-SOL Light the Way".
A TUNG-SOL for every automotive need. National distribution. Ask your dealer for TUNG-SOL bulbs. If he cannot supply you, write us.
TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS, Newark, NEW JERSEY
Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents
TUNG SOL MINIATURE

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail the coupon below and your foot measurement

Stop Foot Pains in 10 Minutes

This New, *Guaranteed* Way

WE guarantee to stop foot and leg pains in 10 minutes. To avoid doubts and delays we offer you a FREE TEST. If our method fails it will cost you nothing. So don't suffer needlessly. Mail the coupon below.

When forward arch sags the bones spread as shown above. Foot is thrown out of balance. Pain results.

This shows condition corrected, and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace.

The cause of practically all foot troubles is a weakening of the muscles holding up the arches of the foot. If you have tired, aching, burning sensations of the feet, if your shoes feel uncomfortable after wearing, if you have pains in the heel, toes, instep, arch or ball of the foot, if you have a dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee, if you have cramping of the toes or callouses on the soles of the feet, or shooting pains when you step on uneven surfaces, then you should delay no longer.

Make this TEST. Fill out the coupon and mail it with your foot measurements, as described below. We *guarantee* to stop the pain.

What science now knows

The 26 bones of the foot form two arches. One, so slight you hardly notice it, between the big toe and little toe. The other is the instep arch. These arches are held up by bands of muscles and ligaments. Overstrain or illness may weaken these muscles. They fail to function properly and the bones spread. The arch sags. Sensitive nerves and blood vessels are crushed by the displaced bones. Pain results.

This sagging of the arches may be so slight you can't notice it. But if your feet hurt give them instant attention. The pains show indications of fallen arches which impair efficiency and lower vitality and often unfit you for business or pleasure.

New scientific correction

Scientists have now found a new and simple way to correct arch weakness. Instead of the old-fashioned stiff arch props, metal plates and bunglesome pads science now offers you a simple, light, porous but firm and durable band of super-elastic webbing which is worn around the instep. This binds the spread bones, removes the strain and restores the foot arches to normal. The pressure on the nerves and blood vessels ceases. *The pain vanishes like magic.*

This simple band is the Jung Arch Brace. We spent years in perfecting it. Tests and experiments were multiplied. Noted authorities were consulted. The secret of its great success is in the stretch and tension of the band, in its contour and design. It slips on and off like a garter. Is worn unnoticed over or under the hosiery and *with any style shoe.* It takes up no room in the shoe. Makes the foot smaller so you can actually wear smaller, more stylish shoes

How pain is banished

Over two million foot sufferers praise the Jung Arch Brace. They tried it, largely on advice of physicians, and now their feet are free of all pain. What it does seems almost miraculous. Your step becomes springy, strong and youthful again. You walk [illegible] stand for hours [illegible] get tired. You because it seems incredible that so much can be attained so [illegible] we say a word of explanation. **Make this test at our risk.** We [illegible] ask you to make it. We ask you **to convince yourself** by actual trial.

No matter what other appliances or other braces you have tried, try a pair of Jung Arch Braces and learn what real foot comfort means. Soon you [illegible] and the braces. You won't need them again.

Make this test at our risk

Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist [illegible] with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them to your dealer and get your money back. **You run no risk**

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper ½ an inch wide measure around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes, where the forward end of the brace is shown in the diagram above. Mail us this measure with coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" style) to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend the "Miracle" style, extra wide, $1.50. Specify which you want when ordering. **Make this test at our risk.** If you don't get delightful relief in two weeks return them and get your money back.

© J. A. B. Co. 1925

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.

141 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

In Canada address Kirkham & Roberts, 141 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Toronto.

Canadian prices: Wonder $1.25, Miracle $1.75

C. O. D. [illegible] in U. S. only

Write for this Free Book

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

JUNG'S "The Original" ARCH BRACES

Tear This Coupon Out Now!

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,
141 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurement.

.....Wonder Style, $1.00 per pair

.....Miracle Style, $1.50 per pair

On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

Name.....

Address.....

P. O.....State.....

I wear size.....above.....width of last

My dealer is.....

their only feasible appeal has been the directly opposite appeal from Republicanism, and most Democratic radicalisms of the past, as well as the greatest exploitation of them, have been Western.

Until 1916 there wasn't much to the Democracy of the West, although Bryan and Free Silver did well there in 1896, but with the election of Wilson, which was accomplished in the West and by the aid of Republican votes, the Democrats took on some semblance of organization there, and operated pertly until the Harding tornado of 1920. In the recent election they were wrecked and inconsequential. The Davis vote was small. Here and there they voted for their candidate, but to a great extent they split between La Follette and Coolidge. The conservative Democrats went to Coolidge to make sure that La Follette would get nowhere, and the hopeful Democrats went to La Follette with the idea of throwing the election into the Congress and thereby securing, possibly, the seating of Bryan in the White House. Their theory was that even so thin a slice of bread as Bryan would be better than no bread at all.

A formulated radical opposition to the Republican Party, centered in a revamped Democratic Party, would find much favor among the bulk of the Democrats in the West. The conservative Western Democrats are so in the habit of voting the Republican ticket that their inclusion in the Republican Party, on a conservative and radical division, would be almost automatic.

Democracy's third sectional division is the East, and the Eastern Democrats are conservative. Such strength as the Democrats have had in the East in the past has come in the industrial centers. The industrial East has been its largest asset. Now the industrial East is, largely, conservative in its view. On appearances, it should be rather susceptible to labor influences, but it had no direct opportunity for expression of its labor preferences until 1924, when many of the professional labor leaders tried to lead the labor vote to La Follette. Thereupon, as has been shown, the labor vote refused to be led, and showed a most enthusiastic Coolidge conservatism in every Eastern state.

Democratic Thunder

Tying in the industrial Eastern Democracy with the radical West and the amenable South will be quite a job, especially as the Eastern Democrats can point to the deterring fact that the only Presidents the Democrats have had in sixty-five years were Grover Cleveland of New York and Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. However, it might be done, or partly done.

It is patent that the two-party system is best adapted to the successful conduct of our democracy—or of any other democracy. England, where government is far closer to real democracy than it is in this country, has virtually gone back to two parties after a short trial of three-party government. The two dominant parties in England now are the Conservative Party and the Labor—or radical—Party. The Liberal Party, for many years the great opposition party, has dwindled to almost nothing, for the reason that its liberalism did not give the required outlet for the radical voters. A two-party system in this country, continued on the basis of Democracy and Republicanism before this last election, will be a fraud. There were two parties, it is true, but there wasn't an outstanding issue between them, save the desire for power and patronage.

Now comes the opportunity for the Democrats to make themselves into real opposition. They cannot steal the Republican conservative thunder. They must get out on their own. And the only place to go is to a rational, logical liberalism, and thus give our two inherent political trends of thought adequate mediums for political expression.

This is a difficult thing to do. The advantage the conservative has is that he stands for a simple program that contemplates the absolute preservation of constitutional rights and guaranties, subject to such sane modifications as are demanded by the progress of the times. The disadvantage of the radical is that what he stands for scatters from a complete nationalization of all industry and resources and the extreme multiplication of popular government to envelop all phases of human activity, production and relations of whatever nature, to minor regulations of the social and political order that seem, to the milder radicals, not out of consonance with conditions.

The range is wide. It runs from the demand that those who have little shall be given complete control and profit of what those who have more or much have secured, to the demand for a greater but not revolutionary equality. It ranges from the demand that railroads, for example, shall be government owned and controlled, to the demand for lower freight rates by some governmental action. On the one hand it seeks to put the Supreme Court under the revisionary control of Congress, and on the other it expends itself in requests for opportunities for direct action on state, Federal and municipal affairs.

The Indefinable Radical

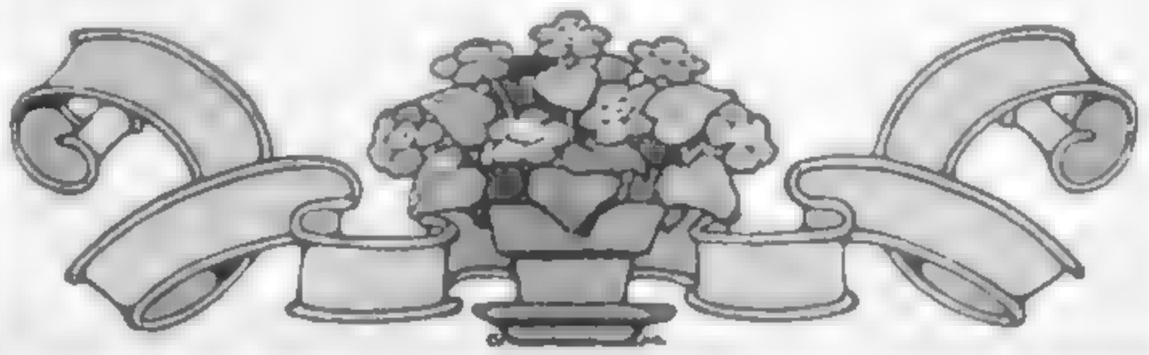
It is not at all difficult to define a conservative. It is almost impossible to define a radical. And that wide range that radicalism takes has exponents at both its outer and its inner extremities in the Democratic Party and in the adjuncts to it, or, rather, in those men who naturally would be adjuncts, such as La Follette and his professional political followers. There are those who believe in the unlimited extension of the power of the Government and in the multiplication of that Government to control all the destinies of all the people, and those who do not go so far, but are naturally radical in their degree.

Inasmuch as this country is a democracy, it should present to all its people the free right to express their political convictions at all times, and the only way that can be done is by the erection and maintenance of two major political parties that shall represent the two outstanding schools of that political thought and conviction. These are the conservative thought and conviction, and the radical thought and conviction. The Republican Party now represents and embodies conservatism in its larger measure, although it is shot through with radicalism.

The Democratic Party, shot through with conservatism, has the opportunity, if intelligently taken, to represent and embody radicalism and become a real opposition party instead of the time-serving expedient, wrecked thing it now is.

It is the belief of those Americans who know their country best that the greatest measure of success, prosperity, happiness and progress will come to all our people by the continued political domination of a conservatism that will continue along the lines that have made us great, but will meet economic and social progress with fostering political progress, and not with the dangerous experiment of political socialisms and theories. The recent election has strengthened that belief to certainty that our national, underlying, popular conviction is just that. But this is a democracy. In a democracy every man is entitled to his political opinion, with all economic and social embellishments, and to a medium for the political expression of that opinion. That is the rational future of radicalism in this country. That is a work for the Democratic Party.

Probably if the Democracy takes up that work it will continue as a minority party, but at least it will be an intelligent minority party, which is something it has not been for many years.



Motor Cars of a Different School

The development of the New Case Ten-Year Car has been accomplished with mathematical certainty by *adding* greater reliability, better performance and economy, and further comfort to a car already proven fine —and *subtracting* those elements that cause minor troubles and hasten depreciation.

In the production of this new car, guesswork has been eliminated. Case Engineers know the "Endurance Factor" of every part. They measure durability with the same certainty as engineers measure dimensions. Every improvement in design and manufacture is based on this fundamental knowledge.

This scientific, orderly method of refinement and improvement, used by Case for many years, has developed each part to a high degree of perfection. By properly co-ordinating these parts of known endurance, a Ten-Year Car has been produced.

The performance of this new car will be a delightful revelation even to those accustomed to the finest cars. It will appeal to those who see the fallacy of buying a motor car every two or three years and demand ten years of superior performance, unfailing reliability and enduring style.

The chassis embodies important improvements not found in any other car. By charmingly simple lines its good appearance has been made permanent. Whether you will be driving one of these cars in its tenth year or not (and someone will), you can be sure of its continuous, quiet and economical operation.

Are People Buying Too Many Automobiles ?

CASE MOTOR CAR DIVISION
RACINE, WISCONSIN

J. I. CASE T. M. COMPANY
AN INSTITUTION THAT IN 84 YEARS HAS ATTAINED WORLD-WIDE LEADERSHIP IN A FUNDAMENTAL INDUSTRY

Sales records indicate that 75% of all the cars bought in 1925 will be traded, sold or junked before the close of 1928. To the original owner this represents a huge loss. This is a tremendous economic waste —a sacrifice to bad engineering and construction, high pressure selling methods, faddish lines and too many models.

Are people buying too many automobiles —and would *better* cars solve this problem? We seek an expression nationally on this question.

If you want "The Secret of Long Life," a booklet revealing the heretofore confidential story of the development of the New Case—the Ten-Year Car, sign your name to the ballot and a copy will be mailed free.

Use This Secret Ballot

Will better automobiles help solve this problem?

YES ◄ CHECK HERE ► NO

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Please send "Secret of Long Life."

Name .....

Note: You need not sign your name unless you want the booklet

"THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BEST"

The HORN *with the* "WHY"

When you first hear Radio through the Jewett Superspeaker, you marvel at the amazing accuracy and volume of the reproduction.

Yet there is no mystery in Superspeaker performance; it is based on laws you yourself can easily understand.

One could never jam the massed harmony of a full brass band through the eye of a needle. So The Superspeaker horn is ample in size for the work it must do.

Also sound, as you know, moves in a direct line. The Superspeaker throat is, therefore, straight as an organ pipe, thus eliminating all bugling effect. And its inner surface is smooth and glossy, never tripping or confusing the waves of music or voice.

But most important of all is The Superspeaker's absolute immunity to harmonic vibration. It adds no notes of its own to the round, natural message with which it fills your room. So it "violins" only to a violin—"trombones" only to a trombone—rings only to a real bell. Non-metallic materials, in tapered and laminated construction, are the secret here.

Finally, to reflect its message into your home theater, The Superspeaker provides a sounding board shaped like a shell—the model used for generations by acoustical engineers.

Just listen to The Superspeaker! Compare its performance with that of any other loud speaker in the world. The difference will amaze you.

No extra batteries—Exclusive air-gap adjustment to modify results from nearby stations, and increase strength of those from far away—A true musical instrument, built and guaranteed by the million-dollar company whose name it bears. Sweep the ether with a Superspeaker!

JEWETT RADIO & PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
5684 TWELFTH STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The
Superspeaker
Trademark Registered

THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS

(Continued from Page 15)

"We want a say in the business," I said; "all of us."

"Nothing doing," said Dave. "I'm not going to make my business any family affair. I've got a family of my own to take care of, you know."

"There you have it, mother," said Annie. "His family comes first. And did you hear him call it his business?"

"There's no question of first or second," said Dave. "This is purely a business matter, and I'm not going to bring the family rows into the office."

"Why don't you step out?" I said.

"Are you ready to buy me out?" he shot back.

"Why don't you buy us out?" I countered.

"Give me a few days," he said. "Nothing would suit me better than to separate my interest from the family's. I imagine I can raise the money on my credit."

"But I don't want Dave to cut loose from the family," protested my mother worriedly. "He's the only one understands the business."

"There are plenty of other businesses, mother," said I. "You'll find that all the brains in this family aren't in Dave's head. That money could be invested in bonds or stocks and it would pay a nice income without any trouble. It could be put into a good apartment house, for that matter."

"It could," admitted Dave unwillingly. "Where are you thinking of buying?"

"Never you mind," I said. "You've shown your colors, Dave."

"They want it," said my mother. "If they lose the money, Dave, they will have to suffer. I wish you could all stay together, Dave, and stop quarreling."

"No, mother," he said angrily, "we won't all stay together, not when it means that I must be the goat, do all the work and get nothing for it but abuse. If you're going to support these four grown-up people like four helpless children ——"

"How dare you presume to tell my mother what she shall do with her own money!" exclaimed Gladys, and her eyes flashed. "I won't sit here and listen to this. No, Jerry, I will not be quiet, not where my mother is concerned."

"You can pay the money into my mother's account," said Genevieve, "and she'll decide what shall be done with it."

Genevieve, being unmarried, was closer to my mother than either of my other sisters, and had more influence with her.

Dave fought to hold control of the money, but that made us only the more resolved, and he went out at last with instructions to look about for funds to buy out the family interest in David Allison & Company.

He found credit at his bank, and within two weeks the entire sum was paid into my mother's account in the Undercliff Trust Company.

I had been considering investments for the money, and soon offered them something very good for the entire amount; but the family was opposed to putting all our eggs into one basket. Genevieve insisted on taking a trip to Palm Beach, urging that Annie had gone there the previous winter with George Jenkins and that she was sick of hearing about Palm Beach from Annie. Gladys said that we should expect to live as well as we had lived while my father was alive and before Dave had got control. To oblige her and to accommodate the rest, I bought a car. Naturally, I couldn't take them all out all the time, and girls outside the family noticed the car and wanted to ride in it once in a while. My family couldn't expect to make a mere chauffeur out of me; I was entitled to some consideration in view of all I was doing for them. But Annie misrepresented my attitude, and said that my mother should have a car for her own use; so Annie bought a car. If I should be perfectly frank, I'd say that Annie bought that car for herself, and that all her fine talk about my mother was just so much east wind. Be that as it may, when the spring came around again somebody picked up one of the bulky envelopes the trust company was sending us monthly and announced in frightened accents that we had only $35,000 in the bank.

"That one is for October," I said, glancing over her shoulder. "Here's the April statement." I slit the envelope and glanced at the foot of the long yellow sheet. "Good Lord, this shows only twenty-six thousand four hundred!"

"We couldn't have spent all that money," said Genevieve, snatching the sheet from me.

"We spent it," I said grimly. "Somebody spent it. Now perhaps you'll take my advice and cut down expenses and invest what is left."

"We'll start by selling your car."

"My mother's car!" I said indignantly. "Oh, no, madam; sell Annie's."

This brought on a discussion that grew warm. I was obdurate in insisting that my mother, having become used to owning a car, should not descend in the scale of living. Annie maintained her pretense that her car had been bought for my mother's use, as hollow a fraud as I ever heard defended. As we were opposed, and as the other girls joined hands against us, my mother listened to them and said that if we did not sell the cars we should at least have no more money to support them.

"I hate automobile riding anyway," she said, "and always did. Norman, you get rid of that car or I'll go out in the barn and burn it. Mark my words!"

The force of hard necessity had brought the family to see at last the wisdom of my advice, and I set out to find a good investment for my mother's capital.

I had become acquainted with a real-estate broker named Irving Schliemann, and I went now to his office. It was a modest place, a dark little store on Manhattan Street tenanted by the broker in common with an expressman and a transient person who took bets on horse races, but there was nothing modest about Schliemann's business. In the window, propped up on a hill of cigar-store certificates—somebody in the office bought and sold those—was a small blackboard on which was chalked, "I have One Million Dollars to Lend on Bond and Mortgage!"

But Schliemann put on no false front: he was as approachable as anybody. Indeed, he had himself approached me and made my acquaintance. He used to promenade before the ferry house and hail travelers and hook his cane over their arms, saying to them, "Looking to buy a house?" Knowing the broker well, and having failed to find him at the ferry, I went on to his office; and seeing him at his desk, said to him, "Mr. Schliemann, you remember me? You offered me a house for sale last fall, an apartment house, the greatest bargain you'd ever seen in forty years' experience"

"Yes, yes, my boy; sit down," he said cordially, and he reached for his cane and pounded it on the floor between his knees and fastened his clear blue eyes upon me. "I offered you a house, did I? Where was that house, if you remember? I can't recall. I don't handle anything but extraordinary bargains, you know. Simply can't do it. My clients won't buy anything else, the fact is."

"It was an apartment house on Edgecombe Avenue," I said. "It belonged to a man called Bencher, and you told me that he had to have forty-five thousand dollars that very afternoon, as he was going to fail in business."

"I remember," he said, striking his pink and wrinkled forehead. "Positively the greatest bargain I've seen in forty years in business! Why? Do you want to buy it? You'll have to take it within twenty-four hours, my boy. Grab it!"

"But didn't Mr. Bencher fail in business?" I asked in surprise.

"Changed his mind," said Mr. Schliemann. "Times were bad then and he changed his mind. But this time he's going to fail without fail. Can't disappoint people all the time, you know. It doesn't do. Lose confidence in him. Wolf, wolf—understand?"

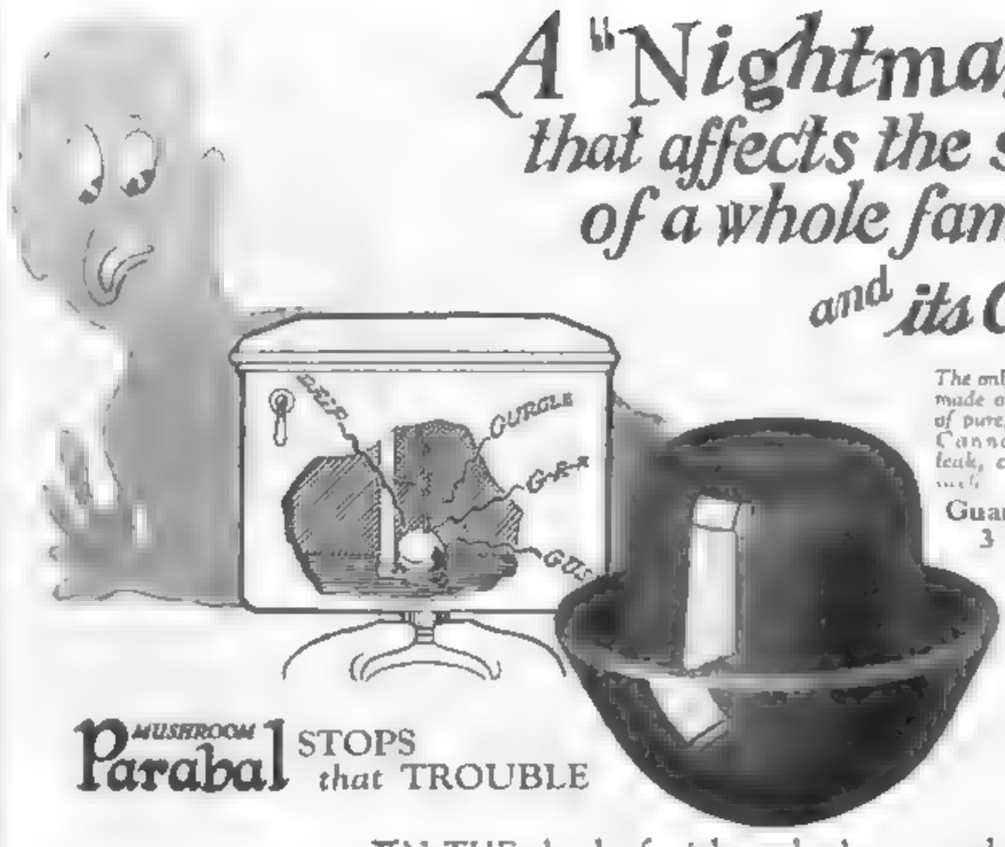
"Not entirely," said I. "However, I'm not interested in the Bencher house, as I have no forty-five thousand dollars. I have only twenty-five thousand to invest."

"Then give him only twenty-five!" said Mr. Schliemann, patting my knee. "What do you care about his troubles? He has to take what he can get. He'll probably take twenty-five, and, at that price, it's not a buy—it's a steal. You're robbing him. Upon my word, it's plain larceny!"

"But I shouldn't like to take advantage of the man," I said.

"You're not taking advantage of him, exactly."

"But you said it was plain larceny, Mr. Schliemann."



A "Nightmare" that affects the sleep of a whole family—and its Cure

The only tank ball made of one piece of pure, live gum Cannot break, leak, collapse or rot

Guaranteed 3 Years

MUSHROOM Parabal STOPS that TROUBLE

IN THE dead of night, what's worse than the gurgling "snore" of a closet tank caused by a leaking tank ball? When company calls, what is more embarrassing?

And from the financial view point—what is more wasteful? The average leak of a faulty tank ball wastes 355 gallons of water per day—which in metered cities costs $25.00 a year.

Have your Master Plumber install a Mushroom Parabal now. He alone can end this "nightmare" of annoyance and expense to you.

At Master Plumbers' only, $1.25

A W W PRODUCT

In buying a new home make sure that the toilet tank is equipped with the Mushroom Parabal

Made by
WOODWARD-WANGER Co
1106-1114 Spring Garden St.
Philadelphia

Quality Plumbing Specialties Since 1906

MUSHROOM Parabal

Make any radiator HOT *and do it yourself*

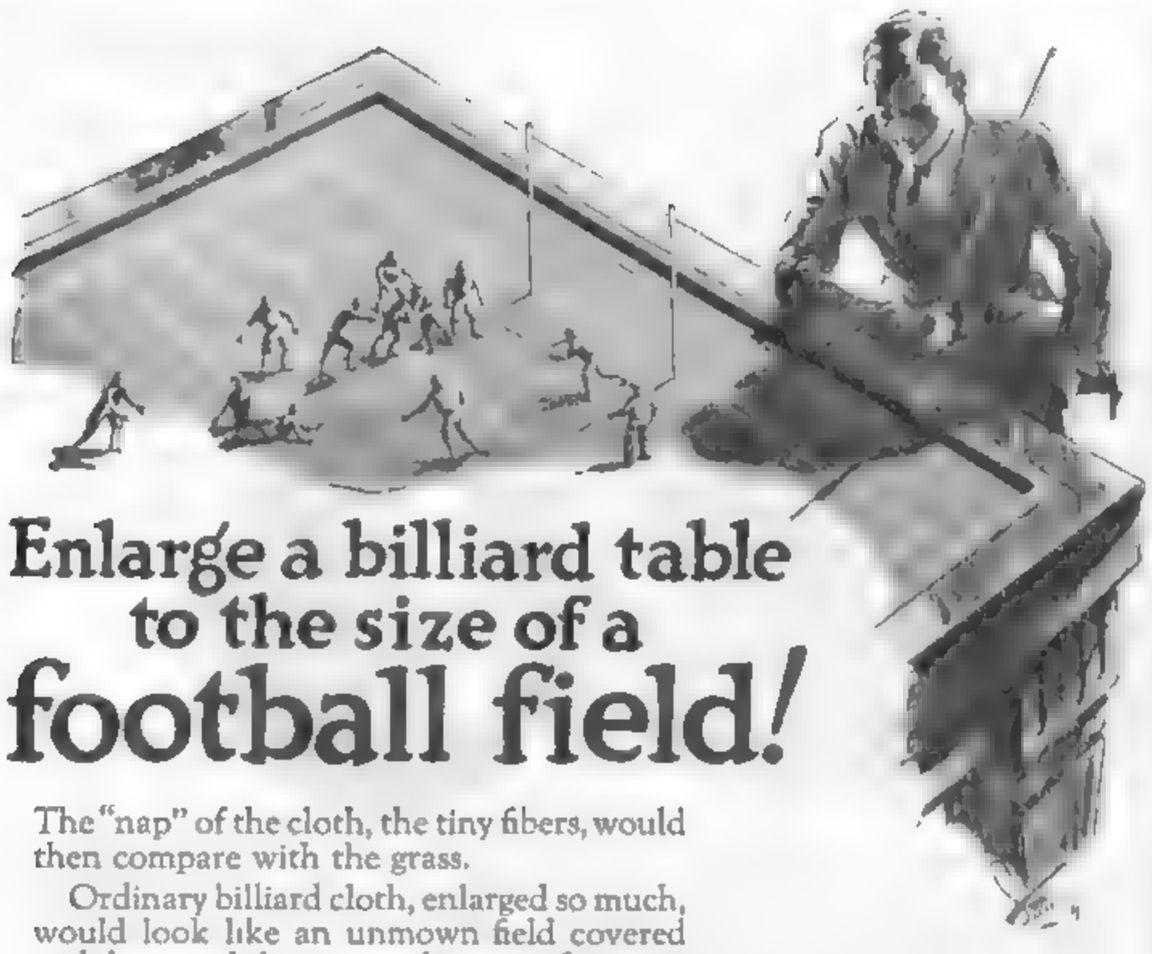
IT will cost you just $1.60 for an AIRID. AIRID lets *all* the cold air out and keeps in *all* the steam. Result—a hot radiator.

AIRID needs no "fixing" because it is non-adjustable—never leaks—and makes no noise. Any pair of hands can put it on any steam radiator in two minutes.

Made and guaranteed by the
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Specialties Department, 1807 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

AIRID
AIR-VALVES

SOLD AT ALL HEATING AND PLUMBING SHOPS



Enlarge a billiard table to the size of a football field!

The "nap" of the cloth, the tiny fibers, would then compare with the grass.

Ordinary billiard cloth, enlarged so much, would look like an unmown field covered with long and short scraggly grass of uneven length, with bunches of stubble in it.

Simonis Billiard Cloth would seem like a well-kept lawn tennis court, with short, closely-cropped grass, of even length.

Billiard cloth affects your game

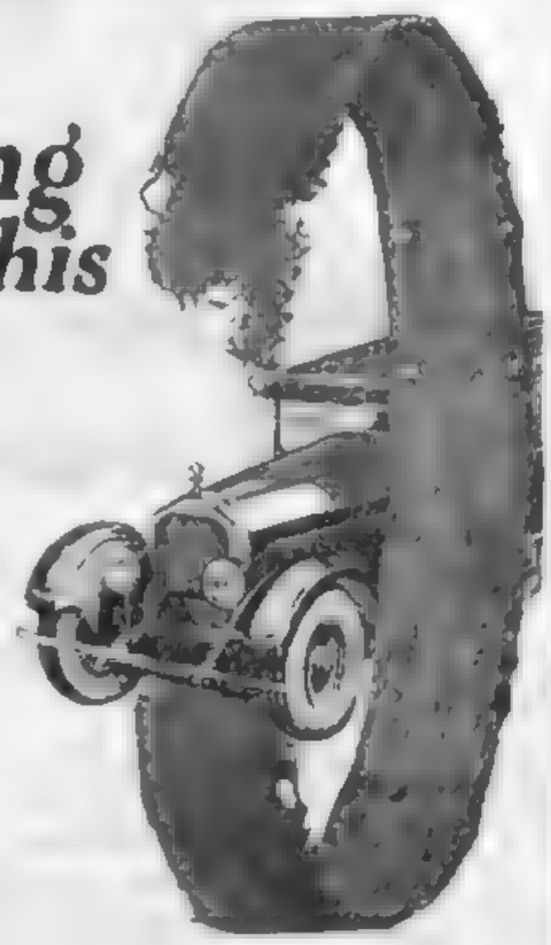
No matter how well you play, your game is affected by the cloth on the table. You will get better, surer results on tables covered with Simonis Cloth.

Tell them to use Simonis Billiard Cloth on the tables in the room where you play regularly. It will pay them—it will improve your game.

HENRY W. T. MALI & CO.
Sole Importers of Simonis Cloth since 1826
25 Madison Ave., New York

Simonis Billiard Cloth

Maybe Your Brake Lining Looks like this



SURELY you wouldn't trust life and safety to these flimsy shreds, yet your brake lining may look like this. Projecting rivets rip and pulverize brake lining. Incorrect application of brake lining wears away the surface. The result? Accident, trouble, constant expense.

Drive to the brake specialist who relines brakes by the GARCO METHOD. He will inspect your brakes and if the lining is unsafe he will reline the brakes with GARCO Asbestos Brake Lining applied by the famous GARCO METHOD—safe and sure.

Why take chances with doubtful brake service when you can go to the authorized brake specialist who relines brakes by the—

GARCO METHOD OF RELINING BRAKES

Let us send you the name of the nearest GARCO Service Station.

GENERAL ASBESTOS & RUBBER CO., CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Well I wouldn't call it larceny, my boy But it's certainly a great bargain"

"I'm afraid it's too great a bargain, Mr. Schliemann," I said. "You said it was already a bargain at forty-five thousand dollars. No, I'm afraid this is taking advantage of a man's need, Mr. Schliemann. It's ghoulish. It exemplifies some of the worst features of the capitalistic system—its competitiveness and grasping for profits. I'm not a heartless speculator in human necessities, Mr. Schliemann. I want an even exchange of labor in the form of money for labor in the form of a commodity, and anything more is exploitation. I couldn't reconcile it with my conscience, Mr. Schliemann."

He stared at me, passing his hand over his white hair; I saw that he had begun to sweat.

"I shouldn't call it an extraordinary bargain exactly," he said

"Are you sure that I won't make a profit on it?" I said doubtfully.

He gasped and stood up abruptly.

"You don't sound right," he said, pounding with his cane. "You've got something up your sleeve. Do you want to buy this house, or don't you? There's a statement of the house—rent, thirty-one thousand dollars; first, second and third mortgages, three hundred and five thousand dollars; net profit, twelve thousand a year. Why, my boy, I've been forty years in the business, and I say that this is undoubtedly and unquestionably ——" He coughed and struck his chest. "But you have the figures. Study them out for yourself."

I took his neatly typed statement home. The girls were at once enthusiastic for the purchase, and they took my mother over in the afternoon and viewed the house from every angle. It was a large and handsome structure and they could not believe that we could buy it for only twenty-five thousand dollars. My mother wanted to have Dave see the house first, but the girls vetoed that. She yielded at last, and signed a contract in the office of Mr. Schliemann; and in due course we received a deed and a policy of title insurance.

The management of the apartment house had the attraction of novelty during the first month, but thereafter it palled upon us. There was quite a little work in it—tenants to be interviewed, apartments to be let, rents to be collected, and so on. Genevieve collected the rents for the month, and then she declared in a fit of temper that she wasn't going to be made a slave of.

"If that's your attitude," said I, "you don't need to expect to wish any thank-you job on me when I have important work of my own to attend to. No, indeed, madam."

It was finally arranged that the girls should do the work in rotation, each having charge during one week. This involved continual misunderstandings and duplications, but it was the alternative to absolute neglect. I assumed charge of the finances, the payment of monthly bills and of taxes and interest and installments on the mortgages.

Having by this stroke of business secured for the family a steady income approximating twelve thousand a year, I returned to my literary labors. I gave over the idea of writing a novel, perceiving that my ideas could be set out better in the straight prose form. I visualized a work like Plato's Republic or Thomas More's Utopia, but my work should bring the theories of these philosophers up to date and check them by modern experience. If I was oppressed at times by doubts of my preparedness to offer to the world a new social and economic plan, these doubts were dissipated by recalling the even greater lack of practical experience which other thinkers had brought to their tasks. Karl Marx, a journalist who had had never a spare dollar, had written Das Kapital, a work the wisdom of whose conclusions is disputed only by ignorant bankers and brutal employers of labor. Great communists had had nothing to share; men who wrote most convincingly of the brotherhood of man had been obliged to devote themselves to bombing the bourgeoisie. It followed then that practical experience was no guide to the formulation of broad principles; it was to be distrusted; and, when it seemed to contradict, it was to be rejected. I would show mankind living as one great family, motivated only by love, sharing everything in common, without thought of profit or private gain or advantage.

I was reading Campanella's City of the Sun, checking against it Morris' News From Nowhere, when my mother suddenly opened the door behind me, saying, "What's this paper a man just gave me? Goodness, Norman, open the window! You'll dry up your lungs with all those cigarettes you smoke"

"What's what?" I said aggrievedly. "Mother, you mustn't disturb me when I'm doing creative work." But I took the paper from her and looked it over. "It seems to be about the house," I said. "It says on the cover here 'Foreclosure.' Good Lord, what is this? It says we haven't paid our interest on the third mortgage. What's Genevieve mean by forgetting to tell me that interest was due?"

"You were supposed to attend to that," called Genevieve.

"But you were supposed to tell me when it was due," I said disgustedly. "You'd better hurry up over to the house and see what's the matter."

"I know what's the matter," she said. "I just came from there. A man just came in with another paper and said that he was the receiver appointed by the court and that he was going to collect the rents hereafter."

"Why, he can't do that!" I said. "I don't know much about these things, but I know he can't do that. Perhaps you'd better call up Dave, mother. He'll know."

"I'll call up Dave, children," said my mother quietly. She did not look at all well.

Dave came over at once. He was quite useless in the emergency, as these so-called practical men generally are.

"I spoke to the lawyer over the telephone," he said. "The lawyer told me that the interest was overdue and that he wants that third mortgage of sixty thousand dollars paid off."

"What can we do, Dave?" said my mother.

"I'm afraid that we can't do anything," he said helplessly, sitting down on the sofa beside her. "The house is mortgaged already for more than it's worth. We can't replace that mortgage or even a considerable part of it. It's a bad situation."

Mother began to cry. He spoke to her harshly, saying, "Nothing is going to happen to you, mother. I'll look out for you."

"I'm thinking of these poor children," she wept. "What will happen to them, Dave?"

"They can go to work," he said, looking at me in a most unbrotherly way. "Children? Norman here is twenty-eight and never did a tap of work in his life."

"Because I won't prostitute my genius to hack work," I exclaimed.

"You and your genius!" sneered Genevieve. "You give me a pain. You've got a genius for dodging work and blaming your troubles on other people."

"Why didn't you let Dave manage the business?" cried Annie, white with venom.

"Now you can talk, can't you?" I retorted. "This whole trouble came out of women's gossip. I'm willing to let Dave manage our affairs. He can start in right now!"

This unexpected offer made them speechless; and, as is women's way when overcome in argument, they threatened to resort to violence. But then my mother rose from the sofa and quelled the incipent riot, saying some very bitter things which I am sure she did not mean and which I shall not repeat here.

We lost the Undercliff house. It seemed that my mother's inexperience had been taken advantage of and that she had been made to assume the third mortgage. The house sold at foreclosure for less than the total of the mortgages, and there was a deficiency judgment which Dave compromised by transferring to my mother's creditor her old homestead. My mother went to live with Dave and we other children had to shift for ourselves.

Annie forgave George Jenkins and went back to live with him. George isn't at all a bad fellow, and I think Annie would never have come to a break with him if she hadn't had my mother to fall back on. A man's entitled to be master in his own house, and no wife should go around with a chip on her shoulder. A household without a master is simply a madhouse. I had never had any sympathy with Annie as against George. I knew her too well, and she couldn't pull the wool over my eyes.

Jerry Bellows had to make more money immediately, and he took a job in a commercial laboratory. He invented bellosite, you know. It has six times the nonconductivity of rubber, and he sold the process

(Continued on Page 185)

Observing Eyes

A fashionably dressed woman was recently exposed as an imposter, because a cashier noticed her ungloved hand. He knew that the woman she impersonated would have been more fastidious in the care of her nails.

The cashier had observing eyes, but so have many of the guests you entertain in your home. It is very easy to be judged by a careless detail or two.

A house may be fashionably decorated and richly furnished, but a few little incidentals can betray its hostess as uninformed or careless in the fine points of good taste.

For instance, the bathroom. No room comes so intimately under the scrutiny of your guests. Here every item should be tasteful and of fine quality. Yes, even to the toilet paper—for there are well recognized differences in the quality of this important accessory, as in everything else.

A. P. W. Satin Tissue is almost always found in perfectly appointed homes. Its superior quality is recognized in well-informed circles everywhere.

Made exclusively of pure wood pulp, firm and velvety in texture and sharply perforated, A. P. W. Satin Tissue will prove a revelation to those who have not yet made its acquaintance.

Four Rolls of A. P. W. Satin Tissue are a Year's Supply

A.P.W. PAPER CO. ALBANY N.Y.

The rolls of Toilet Paper listed below are now identified by the A P W checker doll wrapper

A. P. W. Satin Tissue—Pure White—Fort Orange—Cross Cut—Bob White and Onliwon toilet paper and paper towels.

A. P. W. Paper Co.,
Albany, N. Y.

Send for a Rag Doll

Send one wrapper from any brand of A P W paper with this coupon and ten cents, for a cute three-color cloth doll, 12 inches high (ready to be cut out and stuffed)

Get a Doll's House Free

$2.00 buys, from your dealer, 4 rolls (a year's supply) of A. P. W. Satin Tissue, packed in an attractive, gaily colored doll's house—or sent postpaid upon receipt of price and this coupon filled in with your dealer's name

S. E. P.—1 Dealer's Name

Why I* Recommend MASON TIRES

To maintain myself permanently as a progressive, prosperous tire merchant, I know that I must build my business on satisfaction.

I want every purchaser to become a permanent customer and to bring me other customers—therefore, I recommend Mason tires.

I have confidence in the Mason product because I know that back of it is an organization that fully realizes and accepts its responsibility to the consumer.

I also know that the Mason company possesses this advantage. They skillfully select only the toughest and most sinewy cotton available and spin their entire requirements in their own mills, thereby producing an absolutely unvarying cord.

This is the basis of the uniformity, sturdiness and super-flexing quality of Mason tires—the comfortable cushioning and long, trouble-free mileage—which justifies me in recommending them to my best friends.

* It will pay you to buy your tires from a responsible tire merchant—one who is building a permanent business on the firm foundation of satisfied customers—a merchant who will sell you only the kind of tire that will merit your continued patronage. Ask the Mason dealer to show you the tire most suitable for your needs.

MASON TIRES

(Continued from Page 182)

to the Universal Electric Company for fifty thousand dollars cash and 2 per cent of the gross sales. A wonderful thing, but a lucky hit, unquestionably; you'd appreciate that if you knew Jerry. When he couldn't perfect the stuff while he was in our house, where he had nothing to do but experiment, it should stand to reason that he'd fail when he was employed in a commercial laboratory and had to give his time and attention to so many other things. Yes, my brother-in-law invented that stuff; and though I can't say that I had ever had much faith in him, I can say that he got his start in our cellar and that the family did what they could for him. We take pride in bellosite; it's a family invention in a way, rightly regarded. Gladys won't admit it; you'd appreciate that if you knew Gladys.

I went into journalism, starting on the desk of the New York Star and Advertiser. It is strange, when you come to think of it, that journalism has furnished more creative thinkers than has any other profession, from Karl Marx to Trotzky and back again—think them over. Their perception of social and economic laws has been genuinely intuitive, triumphs of reason over the empirical and mechanical process of evolution.

My literary experience stood me in good stead with the Star and Advertiser. They had no literary editor at the time, and their book reviewing was deplorably haphazard. Books coming into the office for review were looked on as reporters' perquisites. Almost anybody could take one home and then ventilate his crude opinion on Saturday's page, keeping the book for pay. Scientific treatises were dispatched with respectful but curt notices, even where an idiotic line was not added to the effect that they lacked sustained story interest; utter trash of the popular sort was treated at length and with bubbling enthusiasm. The paper had no critical standing. Its reviews reflected the taste of the general public and were read only by the multitude who wished to buy gift books or something to read.

True critics know that what the public likes is always balderdash. I, having failed to secure a popular audience, was peculiarly fitted for the office of criticism. This apparent paradox arises from the fact that the successful writer gives over experiment with new forms and is intent on repeating with the same mechanism, whereas the man who has tried at length and has continuously failed has acquainted himself with all forms of expression, and can speak with equal authority on Hokusai, psychoanalytic novels, motion-picture scenarios, political manifestoes, Westerns, Russians, odes, epics and occasional verse.

My reviews soon attracted wide attention. Publishers of best sellers came to the office and arranged for extra advertising space, popular writers sent in signed letters in supposed rebuttal, a select group of free thinkers in matters literary became my steady readers and their bright and piquant letters soon required a column to themselves. The general public, it is true, was turned back to the news and sporting pages; but that was no real loss. Literature is the domain of the select few; the trespass upon it of the generality is a disturbing feature of democratic education. I am literary editor of the Star and Advertiser at a large increase in salary.

I confess that my treatise has not progressed. Even my projected chapters on the place of journalism have undergone modification in my mind. That is an insidious effect of experience; one's best ideas are stultified by inconsequent happenings, and one cannot so easily take a broad view. I looked back with regret to the days under the high front porch in Undercliff when my mind was so clear, when I had so much time to think and to discuss principles with kindred spirits. And my mind has become grosser, less keen; it has altered under the stress of making a living; doubts afflict me as to the maturity and validity of some of my early work. We are all creatures of evolution. It may be that I shall come at last to accept experience as a valid test of theory, and that I shall lack courage to launch a generalization. I shall have identified myself with the capitalistic system; already the managing editor appeals to me as a rather human sort. And the road to self-expression lies through financial independence. And I have engendered pride in my ability to stand on my own feet. I can still tell myself that it's a false pride, and that the artist can be unashamedly parasitic.

I had lost sight of Genevieve. Last week I was in Bugheim's Big Store on Thirty-fourth Street, going there to attend a bargain sale of neckties—Solid Silk, Three for a Dollar. The bargain counter was in the usual state of chaos, mobbed by energetic women, tossed and pulled and twitched until the cravats looked like a polychrome bushel of eels. I managed to get to it edgewise, and to lay hold of three passable cravats before I was shouldered away. I wandered in the outskirts of the crowd, looking for somebody to whom I might pay my dollar; but the salespeople had evidently given up the struggle, if indeed they had ever looked on the sale as other than a sporting event. I loitered on toward the main aisle, and was then caught in a tide of customers and was borne swiftly toward an exit. I am slight of frame, and I had been compelled to do my shopping during the busiest hour. I should certainly have halted short of the street even had I not been aided by a hand that was suddenly laid on my forearm. My rescuer turned me half about, gave an expert push and pull, and there I was, motionless in the slack to one side of the main aisle.

"Pardon me," she said, in a voice that was velvety but still less than cordial, "you took three neckties from the counter back there and you didn't pay for them. I was watching you."

I did not recognize Genevieve at first glance, and, strange to say, she had not recognized her brother Norman. I saw before me this commanding figure in a smart broadcloth suit and a then fashionable turban hat; and supposing that she was merely a customer, I was about to explain the condition from which she had extricated me, and perhaps to add a word of inquiry as to her interest in the matter, when I sensed familiarity in those sharp though rosy features and in those widely opened brown eyes.

"Genevieve!" I cried.

"Why, it's Norman!" she said, relaxing into glad laughter. "Of all people! Think of meeting you like this, and I haven't seen one of the family in an age. Come in here where we can talk."

She led me swiftly into the furniture department, and we seated ourselves in an atmosphere of homelike elegance, in the living room of Four Rooms Complete for $698. We had a good talk, summoning up old times with elaborately easy laughter, that laughter which springs from feelings too deep for tears.

"But why did you stop me, Genevieve?" I said.

"Call me Gene," she said, "like you used to when we were children. . . . Why, Norm, I'm working here. Yes, I'm the head store detective. S-sh! Even the salespeople, most of them, don't know who I am. I have an eye on them when they don't know it. It's absolutely necessary work; you can't imagine how much they get away with. Of course, it's not just what I'd like."

She caught her lower lip in her teeth and looked down with a wistful smile. Then she shook her shoulders and brightened, and said, "Are you going to Dave's for mother's birthday?"

"That's true," said I; "Friday is mother's birthday. I'd forgotten it, Gene. What are you going to give her?"

"I'm giving her a silk shawl. Silk, you know, real silk. Twenty-seven dollars! Of course, I don't pay the full price, you know. I have my employe's discount to come off."

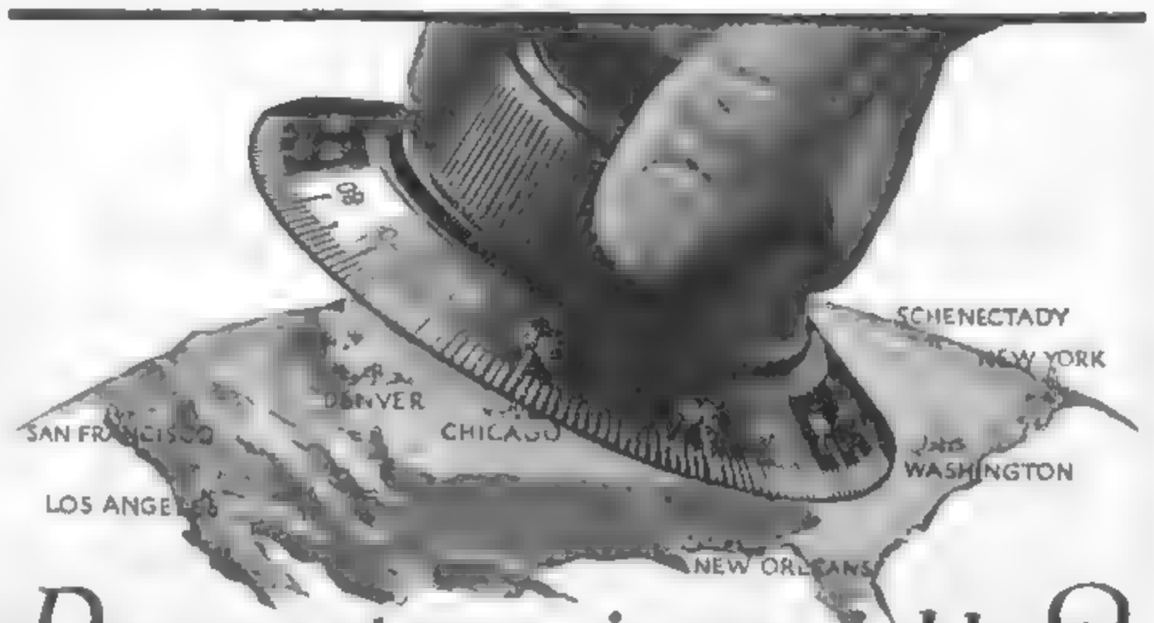
"I think I'll give her a silk umbrella," I said. "Mother never had an umbrella in the old days, did she, Gene?—not a good one."

"Not for her very own," said Gene. "Let me buy it for you, Norm. I know what mother would like, and I'll get the discount."

"Very good," I said. "Well, Gene, I'll see you at Dave's. Here's ten dollars for the umbrella."

"Never mind that, Norman. I needn't pay for it right away."

"Oh, no, no," I said decidedly. "I'm paying for that umbrella. Here's your



Do you tune-in quickly?

What a difference a good dial makes

THERE'S a big difference in dials—some are much easier to read than others. Experience the pleasure and comfort of tuning in with greater ease and speed than ever before—use Na-Ald Super De Luxe Dials. No eye-strain nor finger-cramps when you turn the big generous-sized knob. It fits your fingers naturally.

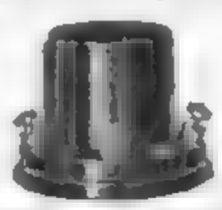
It took engineers and optical experts months of careful study to perfect the scientific design of Na-Ald Dials. Stop watch tests developed the best possible position of the numbers and the lengths, spacing and width of lines.

You can obtain genuine Alden processed Bakelite Dials at radio, electrical and hardware stores everywhere. Be sure you have these beautiful Na-Ald Dials in the set you build or buy.

Write for free booklet "What to Build," giving tested, selected circuits.

ALDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Also makers of the famous Na-Ald Sockets
Dept. E2, Springfield, Mass.

No. 400 De Luxe, 75 cents



Alden Processed
NA-ALD
Sockets and Dials

No. 3044, 75 cents

Pay Your Bills With Girls' Club Money

ARE you worrying about bills? Wondering where the money to pay them is coming from?

Don't do it! There's a way to solve this problem. A way you'll like. A plan that will bring you spare money right away. Here's the coupon that brings the details!

The Manager of THE GIRLS' CLUB
360 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please tell me how I can earn money by your plan.

Name

Street

City

State

EVEN if you are busy—if you are a mother, or a business woman, a stay-at-home, or a teacher, you can profit in the Girls' Club. Members are earning from $5 to $200 a month right now—in *spare* time.

Why shouldn't you share with them the joys of extra money all your own? Why shouldn't you, too, have "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime," when you write your first check on your very own bank account? We've plenty of room for you!

Come Join Us

Our way of earning is a pleasant way. It is open to you! No waiting! No fees to pay! No training necessary! Send us the coupon above; we'll tell you all about it.

What We Buy

WOULD you like to know some of the things women have bought with Girls' Club dollars this past week? Here is a partial list: Dresses; hats; rugs; vacuum sweepers; woolen blankets, sweaters, scarfs, shoes and lots more. Let us help you buy the things you want. We can—and we *will!*

YOUR QUESTION:

How Can I Make More Money?

OUR ANSWER:

Sell Us Your Spare Hours

Hundreds of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

You are invited to share in the earnings.

You will find the work easy and pleasant, and, above all, profitable

W C Cowgill
(Oregon)
$1.00 an Hour

Commissions

For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

Monthly Bonus

In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $300.00 a month.

John Meeker
(Ohio)
$75.00 Every Week

Weekly Salary Contract

Or, if you prefer, and if you can produce a reasonable monthly quota, you may receive a weekly salary contract—up to $50.00 a week—in addition to commissions.

George Bockoven
(Arizona)
$75.00 in One Month

Territory

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work. Unlimited territory offers unlimited opportunity.

O. W. Hendee
(Nebraska)
$175 a Month

Your Profits

The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit for part-time or full-time work:

A. B. Arment
(Ohio)
$100.00 in One Month

Average Subscription Production of	Total Monthly Profits About
Less than 3 a week	$ 4.20
Less than 1 a day	15.35
Less than 8 a week	16.50
Less than 2 a day	30.00
Less than 17 a week	37.00
Less than 3 a day	47.00
Less than 4 a day	64.00
Less than 7 a day	113.00
Less than 10 a day	167.00
Less than 14 a day	244.00
Less than 18 a day	330.00
You can devote 25 minutes to each sale and still earn	348.00

W. H. Guscott
(Ohio)
$90.00 Extra in One Month

ACT NOW If you want to take advantage of this money-making opportunity to lay the foundation of a successful subscription business, send, now, the coupon below. There's no obligation:

CUT HERE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
363 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The offer you describe looks good to me. Please rush full particulars.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

money. Well, Gene, good-by. I hope Mr. Bugheim didn't see that or he'll discharge you for holding a petting party in his sample parlor. Good-by until Friday, Gene."

At the birthday party I took Dave aside and said to him, "See here, Dave, it's not the square thing for you to bear the whole burden of supporting mother. I've got a right to contribute; I'm getting a hundred a week now, you know, and I have a contract. I want to pay my share."

"Oh, that's not at all necessary, Norman," he said. "And still, I know exactly how you feel about it. I'd feel the same way myself. We'll make some satisfactory arrangement if you insist. Gene spoke about the same thing last week; and I know Gladys and Annie want to kick in "

"Mother must be financially independent, Dave, as she always was," I said. "I think we ought to pay a regular amount into her account, so that she will feel free to go and come as she pleases. She would probably like to visit around. Certainly, it won't be like the old days, Dave. The family is broken up now. Well, that's inevitable, I suppose. It's sad, but it's biology."

"No, it won't be like the old days," he said pensively.

We had a great chat about the open fire late in the evening. Dave has one of those up-to-date flats with wood-burning fireplaces. We were all there Gene and Gladys with Jerry, and Annie with George Jenkins and George Jenkins, Jr., Dave and his group—a nice old family party. I had been expatiating upon some advanced ideas of mine, talking about the beauties and joys of communal living; Dave had put a stick in that punch. They were unversed in advanced ideas, and I had to meet some of the stock arguments that people urge against communism and the theories of the great Russian philosophers. I'm used to that. On this occasion, of course, I was particularly convincing, as I had before me the example of our own family.

"Look at us now," I said. "We are the victims of the disrupting principle that is inherent in all capitalist societies. No cooperation; everybody for himself. We're together tonight, but are we a family? No, we're only an aggregation of individuals. It's biological, I admit. The mature individual parts from the parent stem. The competitive struggle for life exists throughout the length and breadth of the universe. But why have we intelligence if we are to bow meekly to these laws of Nature?

"As I look back upon the days that are gone, perhaps forever—thank you, Dave, but I won't have another—the days when we were all together as a family, as a little commune, sharing a common purse, working always for the group with no thought of private advantage, when the sorrow of one of us was the sorrow of all the others—well, we had our little spats and differences; what family doesn't?—I say that those were the golden days."

"The happy days, Norman," said Gene, smiling tenderly at the roaring fire. "Those were the happy days." She put out her hand searchingly and I covered it with mine in a fleeting caress.

"Yes," I said, "the happy days." If my voice trembled momentarily it was nothing that I am ashamed of. "Weren't they, mother?"

"Yes," said mother in a tone that was slightly flat; and then she broke unexpectedly into hearty laughter. She straightened and looked about at us with merry eyes, trying, with her unfailing courage and good humor, to banish from us the sweet but mournful memory of the days that were past.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

January 10, 1925

Cover Design by Arthur Garratt

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Tenth-Word Love—*Charles Brackett*	6
Koot Hoomi—*Will Levington Comfort*	10
Those Were the Happy Days—*Thomas McMorrow*	14
The Seeds of Time—*Henry Milner Rideout*	16
Gossip Insurance—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	20
Featherheads—*Sophie Kerr*	42
The Ear to the Ground—*Joseph Lister Rutledge*	47

ARTICLES

Great Britain Must Decide—*Richard Washburn Child*	3
Overbalance of Power—*Wythe Williams*	5
Under the Horse Tents—*Courtney Ryley Cooper*	8
The Future of Radicalism—*Samuel G. Blythe*	12
American Leadership in Aeronautics—*Brigadier General Mitchell*	18
After Lenine—What?—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	25
The Making of a Stockbroker—*Edwin Lefèvre*	28
Glimpses of Our Government: Looking Forward—*William C. Redfield*	38
The Reign of Reeds and Rhythm—*Earl Chapin May*	52

SERIALS

Andrew Bride, of Paris (Second part)—*Henry Sydnor Harrison*	22
Barter (Conclusion)—*Henry C. Rowland*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)

The $13.50 Ready-Set is a good looking camera that takes pictures 2½ x 4¼.

The now famous Ready-Set has made picture-taking easy

Here's a camera that's got thousands of people taking pictures again! Intelligent people who had given up in despair are now enthusiastic, for the Ansco Ready-Set gets such clear, beautiful pictures.

Maybe *you* have had trouble! Lots of people do. Some forget to focus—or judge the distance poorly. Then what shutter speed and what opening is the right one? Many fine cameras are made for the expert, who demands a lot of features that just get in the way of the average person.

The No. 1-A Ready-Set has done away with all those chances to go wrong. No focusing, no judging of distance is required, for 10, 25, 100 feet are all one to the Ansco Ready-Set. As for the shutter, not even a box camera is so simple. You set either for snapshots or for time exposures. On time the opening is automatically made smaller. Finally, there's the automatic two-way finder that prevents chopped off heads and arms, a wonderfully helpful feature.

Sunshine, and someone to take the pictures—that's all the $13.50 Ready-Set asks for fine results. If you've failed continually, try the Ready-Set with Ansco Film, and get good pictures from the start.

Why people are now getting better pictures

Ansco Speedex Film—the good film in the red box with the yellow band; meets a wider range of light conditions. Just try it, using ordinary common sense and you'll prove it for yourself.

The 1925 Juniorette—is a Ready-Set model with no focusing or time adjustments to worry you. Price $10.50.

The de Luxe Automatic—winds its own film automatically so you no longer get any blanks or double exposures. Price $75.

The Vest Pocket Ansco—the only self-opening camera made. A fixed-focus model. Price $12.50.

The $25.00 Ready-Set—is as easy to use as a box camera; a de luxe fool-proof model; comes with fine suede case.

And the Dollar Ansco—the little marvel of the camera world.

Semi-Automatic cameras have a "plus" and a "difference" that gets you better pictures

Take a picture, press a lever, and presto—you're ready for another! The *camera* winds the film. It's automatic, and your eye doesn't have to leave the finder.

Like putting your foot on the starter instead of getting out to crank your automobile. For the charming pose that changes while you wind the film by hand, for the sudden opportunity that passes in a matter of seconds, the Semi-Automatic Ansco is a wonderful performer. And a most remarkable camera for all-round use.

Go into any good camera and film place and ask them to show you how the Semi-Automatic works (or we'll send you a booklet for the asking). It has a fine Rapid Rectilinear lens and costs only $30.

Illustrated catalog sent free on request.

This Ansco Camera automatically winds its own film, which is as great an aid to picture-taking as the repeater was to sportsmen. Price $30.00. Takes pictures size 2½ x 4¼.

So—now—it's easy to get good pictures

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Emergency Coupon—Use only if your dealer cannot supply you.

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the items checked. I enclose $.....

☐ One Ready-Set camera. Price $13.50.
☐ One Semi-Automatic camera. Price $30.00.
☐ Four rolls (or proportionate number if size is 3¼ x 4¼ or larger) of Ansco Speedex Film. Price $4.00

Name _____

Address _____

Size of film _____ No. _____ Cam. Model _____

For Dealers

Pin your card or letterhead to this coupon for immediate information about the new Ansco Sales Plan.

S. E. P.—1-10

Music Master Gives Life to Radio Voices

WORLD fame comes to singers through a mysterious something in the voice—a personal quality that grips the hearers and holds them in a spell of delight.

When voices with delicate modulations and elusive sweetness of tone are broadcast, only a master instrument can reproduce them faithfully. Such an instrument is MUSIC MASTER.

Two celebrated opera stars sing the Duet of the Flowers from Madame Butterfly. Hear the quality of greatness in their voices, as it can be heard only through MUSIC MASTER.

Radio impulses entering the sensitive precision instrument in the base are translated into sound waves, undistorted and faithful to the original voice or instrument. In the tapered tone chamber of cast aluminum these sound waves grow clear and bell-like and, finally, the full, mature tones pour forth in rich resonance through the MUSIC MASTER amplifying bell of natural wood.

MUSIC MASTER is a musical instrument—*the musical instrument of radio.* Hear it at your dealer's; or, better still, have one sent to your home to prove with your own set.

Dealers Everywhere

Connect MUSIC MASTER in place of headphones. No batteries required. No adjustments.

MODEL VI 14 inch bell $30
MODEL VII 21 inch bell $35
MODEL VIII Cabinet Type With "Full Floating" Wood Horn $35

Music Master Corporation

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

Tenth and Cherry Streets

Chicago **PHILADELPHIA** *Pittsburgh*

Music Master
RADIO REPRODUCER

ONE CROSBY TOO MANY

OF COURSE she said, "Bring him along. We'll be glad to have him too," when Mabel Crosby telephoned that her Cousin Bob had arrived unexpectedly for the week-end. But Bob would make nine at a dinner table set for eight—and set with all the "company" silverware, at that. Tonight, again, somebody's place would be sparsely and oddly set. This had happened too often. Why didn't she get more silverware!

IS YOUR SILVERWARE EQUAL TO THE UNEXPECTED GUEST?

Can you welcome the extra guest with the assurance that you have enough silverware to set his place correctly? Or does his appearance mean that at least one place at table will be set with odd and makeshift pieces?

Perhaps you despair of making your silver service complete, because you feel that to purchase all you need would be too expensive. Probably you do not realize that in "1847 Rogers Bros." you may add to your present silverware reasonably and in as small quantities as you desire. You will find all the niceties of table setting—bouillon spoons, salad forks, coffee spoons, serving pieces—each unsurpassed in beauty, each durable enough for a lifetime.

The sensible thing is to make your silverware equal to any occasion. Leading dealers carry the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

You will find our booklet A-90, "*Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense,*" full of suggestions for successful entertaining. It's free. Write for your copy today. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

ANCESTRAL SALAD FORK

Ancestral Goblet, Service Plate and Candlestick

Pieces like these, made in 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns, will add immensely to the graciousness and completeness of your table settings.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

A new Victor product

The Music Arts Library of Victor Records

Just as a certain amount of reading is part of everybody's life experience, so too there is a proportionate amount of music with which every man and woman wishes to be familiar. That is the key-note of the Music Arts Library of Victor Records, six volumes of which are now ready. The Music Arts Library of Victor Records represents a great variety of achievement by the world's greatest artists, and provides a wholly new outlook on the collecting of recorded music. With one exception these volumes, finely bound, printed and illustrated, may be obtained for the price of the records contained in them. Ask the nearest dealer to show you the Library, or write to us for a descriptive circular.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Real Victrolas are *marked* Victrola

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

One of the volumes of The Music Arts Library of Victor Records

Six volumes now ready

Victrola No. 370
Mahogany, $275; electric, $315